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# THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

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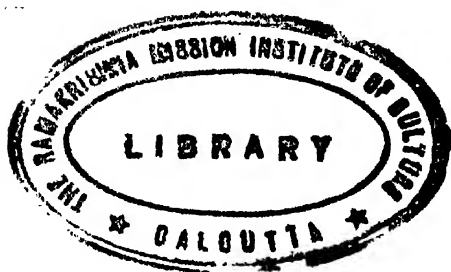


ST. MATTHEW (Eighth Century.)

*The Manuscript was formerly in the ~~French~~ library of St. Genevieve, and was purchased by Harley, Lord Oxford, in 1724, now forming part of the Harleian Collection in the British Museum.*

## St. Matthew<sup>7c</sup>

The MS. was formerly in the French Library at St. Genevieve, and was purchased by Harley, Lord Oxford, in 1724, now forming part of the Harleian Collection in the British Museum. In the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris there is now a MS. of very similar character which is assigned to the ninth century, and it is possible that the British Museum MS. may be of the same period, though there are many indications of its being the work of the preceding century





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# THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

EDITED BY  
RICHARD GARNETT

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LEON VALLÉE

Librarian at the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, since 1871

ALOIS BRANDL

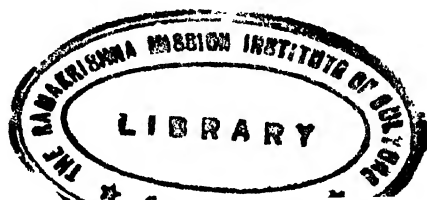
Professor of Literature in the Imperial University of Berlin

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## LE DRAME MODERNE

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

QUAND je parle ici du drame moderne, il va sans dire que je n'entends parler que de ce qui a lieu dans les régions vraiment nouvelles et peu peuplées encore de la littérature dramatique. Plus bas, dans les théâtres ordinaires, le drame ordinaire et traditionnel subit, il est vrai, d'une manière très lente, l'influence du théâtre d'avant-garde, mais il est inutile d'attendre les trainards quand on a l'occasion d'interroger les éclaircurs.

Ce qui, dès le premier coup-d'œil, semble caractériser le drame d'aujourd'hui, c'est d'abord l'affaiblissement et, pour ainsi parler, la paralysie progressive de l'action extérieure, ensuite une tendance très ardente à descendre plus avant dans la conscience humaine et à accorder une part plus grande aux problèmes moraux, et enfin la recherche encore bien tâtonnante d'une sorte de poésie nouvelle, plus spirituelle, plus abstraite que l'ancienne. On ne saurait le nier, il y a sur les scènes actuelles beaucoup moins d'aventures violentes et extraordinaires. Le sang y est plus rarement versé, les passions y sont moins excessives, l'héroïsme moins tendu, le courage moins farouche et moins matériel. On y meurt encore, il est vrai, car on mourra toujours dans la réalité, mais la mort n'est plus, ou du moins on peut espérer que bientôt elle ne sera plus le cadre indispensable, le but inévitable de tout poème dramatique. Il est peu fréquent, en effet, dans notre vie, qui est cruelle peut-être, mais qui ne l'est que d'une manière cachée et silencieuse, il y est peu fréquent que les plus violentes de nos crises se terminent par la mort ; et le théâtre, encore qu'il soit plus lent que tous les autres

arts à suivre l'évolution de la conscience humaine, doit finir cependant par en tenir compte, lui aussi, dans une certaine mesure.

Il est certain que les anecdotes antiques et fatales qui constituent tout le fond du théâtre classique, que les anecdotes italiennes, espagnoles, scandinaves ou légendaires qui forment la trame de toutes les œuvres de l'époque shakspearienne et aussi,—pour ne pas passer entièrement sous silence un art infiniment moins spontané,—de toutes celles du romantisme allemand et français, il est certain, dis-je, que ces anecdotes n'offrent plus pour nous l'intérêt immédiat qu'elles offraient en un temps où elles étaient quotidiennement et très naturellement possibles, en un temps, où, tout au moins, les circonstances, les sentiments, les mœurs qu'elles évoquaient n'étaient pas encore éteints dans l'esprit de ceux qui les voyaient reproduites devant eux.

Mais ces aventures ne correspondent plus pour nous à une réalité profonde, vivante et actuelle. Si un jeune homme aime aujourd'hui, au milieu d'obstacles qui représentent plus ou moins, dans un autre ordre d'idées et d'événements, ceux qui entravèrent l'amour de Roméo, nous savons parfaitement que rien de ce qui fait la poésie et la grandeur des amours de Roméo et de Juliette n'embellira son aventure. Il n'y aura plus là l'atmosphère enivrante d'une vie seigneuriale et passionnée. Il n'y aura plus de combats dans les rues, plus d'intermèdes somptueux ou sanglants, plus de poison mystérieux, plus de tombeau fastueux. Il n'y aura plus la grande nuit d'été, qui n'est si grande, si savoureuse et si compréhensible que parce qu'elle est déjà toute pleine de l'ombre d'une mort inévitable et héroïque. Otez tous ces beaux ornements à l'histoire de Roméo et de Juliette, et vous n'aurez plus que le très simple et très ordinaire désir d'un malheureux adolescent de noble cœur, vers une jeune fille que des parents obstinés lui refusent. Toute la poésie, toute la splendeur, toute la vie personnelle de ce désir est faite de l'éclat, de la noblesse, du tragique propres au milieu où il s'épanouit, et il n'est pas un baiser, pas un murmure d'amour, pas un cri de colère, de douleur ou de désespoir qui n'emprunte toute sa grandeur, toute sa grâce, toute sa tendresse, tout son héroïsme, en un mot, toutes les

images à l'aide desquelles il est rendu visible, aux objets, aux êtres qui l'entourent; car ce qui fait la beauté, la douceur d'un baiser, par exemple, c'est bien moins le baiser lui-même, que le lieu, l'heure et les circonstances où il se donne. Au reste, on pourrait faire la même observation si on supposait un homme de nos jours jaloux comme Othello, ambitieux comme Macbeth, malheureux comme le roi Lear, indécis, inquiet et accablé d'un devoir troublant et irréalisable comme Hamlet.

Ces circonstances ne sont plus. L'aventure du Roméo moderne, à ne considérer que les événements extérieurs qu'elle ferait naître, ne fournirait pas la matière d'un acte. On me dira qu'un poète actuel voulant mettre sur la scène quelque analogue poème de l'amour adolescent est parfaitement libre de choisir dans le passé un milieu plus décoratif et plus fertile en incidents héroïques et tragiques que le milieu où nous vivons. Il est vrai; mais quel est le résultat de cet expédient?—C'est que des sentiments, des passions, qui ont besoin pour se développer, pour aller jusqu'au bout d'eux-mêmes, de l'atmosphère d'aujourd'hui (car les passions, les sentiments d'un poète moderne sont, malgré lui, entièrement et exclusivement modernes) sont brusquement transplantés dans un monde où tout les empêche de vivre. Ils n'ont plus la foi, et on leur impose l'espoir de récompenses et la crainte de châtimens éternels. Ils croient pouvoir compter dans leur détresse sur une foule de forces nouvelles, enfin humaines, équitables et sûres, et les voilà dans un siècle où tout se décide par la prière ou par l'épée. Ils ont profité, à leur insu peut-être, de toutes nos acquisitions morales, et on les replonge brusquement au fond de jours où le moindre geste est déterminé par des préjugés qui doivent les faire sourire ou les faire trembler. Que voulez-vous qu'ils y fassent, et comment espérer qu'ils y puissent réellement vivre?

Mais ne nous arrêtons pas davantage aux poèmes nécessairement artificiels qui naissent de cet impossible mariage du passé et du présent. Prenons le drame qui répond véritablement à notre réalité, comme la tragédie grecque répondait à la réalité grecque, et le drame de la Renaissance aux réalités de la Renaissance. Il se



déroule dans une maison moderne, entre des hommes et des femmes d'aujourd'hui. Les noms des protagonistes invisibles, qui sont les passions et les sentiments, sont à peu près les mêmes qu'autrefois. On voit l'amour; on voit la haine, l'ambition, l'envie, l'avidité, la jalousie, le sens de la justice, l'idée du devoir, la pitié, la pitié, la bonté, le dévouement, l'apathie, l'égoïsme, l'orgueil, la vanité, etc. etc. Mais si les noms sont à peu près les mêmes, à quel point l'aspect, l'allure, les qualités, l'étendue, l'influence, les habitudes intimes de ces acteurs idéaux ne se sont-ils pas modifiés! Ils n'ont plus une seule de leurs armes, plus un seul de leurs merveilleux ornements de jadis. Il n'y a presque plus de cris, très rarement du sang, peu de larmes visibles. Le bonheur ou le malheur des êtres se décide dans une étroite chambre, autour d'une table, au coin du feu. On aime, on souffre, on fait souffrir, on meurt sur place, dans son coin, et c'est grand hasard si une porte ou une fenêtre s'entr'ouvre un moment sous la pression d'un désespoir ou d'une félicité extraordinaire. Il n'y a plus de beauté accidentelle et adventice, il n'y a plus de poésie extérieure.—Et quelle poésie, pour peu qu'on aille au fond des choses, n'emprunte presque tout son charme et toute son ivresse à des éléments extérieurs?—Enfin, il n'y a plus de Dieu qui élargit ou domine l'action; il n'y a plus de destin inexorable qui forme aux gestes les plus insignifiants de l'homme un fond mystérieux, tragique et solennel, une atmosphère féconde et sombre qui parvenait à ennoblir jusqu'à ses crimes les moins excusables, jusqu'à ses plus misérables faiblesses. Il subsiste, il est vrai, un inconnu terrible, mais il est si divers, si ondoyant, si incertain, si arbitraire, si contestable pour peu qu'on le précise le moins du monde, qu'il est fort dangereux de l'évoquer, fort difficile aussi de s'en servir de bonne foi pour agrandir jusqu'au mystère les gestes, les paroles, les actions des hommes que nous coudoyons chaque jour. C'est ainsi qu'on a essayé tour à tour de remplacer par la problématique et redoutable énigme de l'hérédité, par la grandiose mais improbable énigme de la justice immanente, par plus d'une autre encore, la vaste énigme de la Providence ou de la Fatalité de jadis. Mais ne peut-on pas observer que ces jeunes énigmes nées d'hier

paraissent déjà plus vieilles, plus inconsistantes, plus arbitraires, plus invraisemblables que celles dont elles ont pris la place dans un accès d'orgueil ?

Dès lors, où chercher la grandeur, la beauté qui ne peuvent plus se trouver dans l'action visible, ni dans les paroles qui n'ont plus guère d'images attrayantes attendu que les paroles ne sont que des sortes de miroirs qui reflètent la beauté de ce qui les entoure ? et la beauté du monde nouveau où nous vivons ne semble pas encore avoir envoyé ses rayons jusqu'à ces miroirs un peu lents. Où chercher enfin cette poésie et cet horizon qu'il est pour ainsi dire impossible de trouver encore dans un mystère qui existe toujours, mais qui s'évapore dès qu'on essaye de lui donner un nom ?

Il semble que le drame moderne se soit confusément rendu compte de tout cela. Ne pouvant plus s'agiter au dehors, n'ayant plus d'ornements extérieurs, n'osant plus faire sérieusement appel à une divinité, à une fatalité déterminées, il s'est replié sur lui-même, il a tenté de retrouver dans les régions de la psychologie et dans celles de la vie morale, l'équivalent de ce qu'il avait perdu dans la vie décorative et expansive d'autrefois. Il a descendu plus avant dans la conscience humaine ; mais ici il s'est heurté à des difficultés inattendues et singulières.

Descendre plus avant dans la conscience humaine, cela est permis et facile au penseur, au moraliste, au romancier, à l'historien, au poète lyrique même ; mais le poète dramatique ne peut à aucun prix être un philosophe inactif ou un contemplateur. Quoiqu'on fasse, quelque merveille qu'on puisse un jour imaginer, la loi souveraine, l'exigence essentielle du théâtre sera toujours l'*action*. Quand le rideau se lève, le haut désir intellectuel que nous avons apporté semble se transformer soudain, et le penseur, le moraliste, le mystique ou le psychologue qui est en nous cède la place au spectateur instinctif qui veut "voir se passer quelque chose." Si étrange que soit cette transformation ou cette substitution, elle est incontestable, et tient apparemment à l'influence de la foule, à une indéniable faculté de l'âme humaine, qui paraît douée d'un organe spécial, primitif et presque imperfectible, pour penser,

pour jouir, pour s'émouvoir "en masse." Il n'est alors si admirables, si profondes et si nobles paroles qui bientôt ne nous importunent si elles ne changent rien à la situation, si elles n'aboutissent à un acte, si elles n'amènent un conflit décisif, si elles ne hâtent une solution définitive.

Mais d'où naît l'action dans la conscience de l'homme ? A un premier degré, elle naîtra de la lutte de diverses passions opposées. Mais dès qu'elle s'élève un peu, et, à y regarder de bien près, dès le premier degré même, on peut dire qu'elle ne naît guère que d'une lutte entre une passion et une loi morale, entre un devoir et un désir. Aussi le drame moderne s'est-il plongé avec délices dans tous les problèmes de la morale contemporaine, et il est permis d'affirmer qu'en ce moment il se nourrit presque exclusivement de l'agitation de ces divers problèmes.

Cela a commencé par les drames d'Alexandre Dumas fils, qui mettaient en scène les conflits moraux les plus élémentaires, et vivaient tout entiers sur des interrogations telles, que le moraliste idéal qu'il faut toujours supposer dans le spectateur, ne se les pose même pas au cours de son existence spirituelle, tant la réponse est évidente. Faut-il pardonner à l'épouse ou à l'époux infidèles ?—Est-il bon de se venger de l'infidélité par l'infidélité ? Un enfant naturel a-t-il des droits ? Le mariage d'inclination est-il préférable au mariage d'argent ? Les parents ont-ils le droit de s'opposer à un mariage d'amour ? Le divorce est-il permis quand un enfant est né du mariage ? L'adultère de la femme est-il plus grave que celui du mari ? etc. etc. Au reste, pour le dire en passant, tout le théâtre français d'aujourd'hui, et une bonne partie du théâtre étranger, qui n'en est que le reflet, s'alimentent uniquement de questions de ce genre, et des réponses gravement superflues qu'on y fait.

Mais d'autre part, à la pointe extrême de la conscience humaine, cela se termine dans les drames de Björnson, d'Hauptmann et surtout dans les drames d'Ibsen. Ici, nous arrivons au bout des ressources de la dramaturgie nouvelle. En effet, plus on descend dans la conscience de l'homme, moins on y trouve de conflits. On ne peut descendre très avant dans une conscience qu'à condition que cette

conscience soit très éclairée, car il est indifférent de faire dix pas ou mille pas au fond d'une âme plongée dans les ténèbres, on n'y trouvera rien d'imprévu, rien de nouveau, les ténèbres étant partout semblables à elles-mêmes. Or, une conscience très éclairée a des passions et des désirs infiniment moins exigeants, infiniment plus pacifiques, infiniment plus patients, infiniment plus salutaires, infiniment plus abstraits et plus généraux qu'une conscience ordinaire. De là, bien moins de luttes, et, en tout cas, des luttes bien moins ardentes entre ces passions agrandies et assagies par le fait même qu'elles sont plus hautes et plus vastes; car si rien n'est plus sauvage, plus bruyant et plus dévastateur qu'un petit ruisseau encaissé, rien n'est plus tranquille, plus silencieux, plus bienfaisant qu'un fleuve qui s'élargit.

Et d'un autre côté, cette conscience éclairée s'inclinera devant infiniment moins de lois, admettra infiniment moins de devoirs nuisibles ou douteux. Il n'est, pour ainsi dire, pas de mensonge, pas d'erreur, pas de préjugé, pas de convention, pas de demi-vérité qui ne puisse prendre, et qui ne prenne réellement lorsque l'occasion s'en présente, la forme d'un devoir dans une conscience incomplète. C'est ainsi que l'honneur au sens chevaleresque et conjugal du mot (j'entends par ceci l'honneur du mari, qu'on fait dépendre de la faute de la femme), la vengeance, une sorte de pudeur et de chasteté malades, l'orgueil, la vanité, la piété envers les dieux, mille autres illusions, ont été et sont encore la source intarissable d'une foule de devoirs absolument sacrés, absolument inébranlables pour un grand nombre de consciences inférieures. Et ces soi-disant devoirs sont les pivots de presque tous les drames de l'époque romantique et de la plupart de ceux d'aujourd'hui. Mais dans une conscience qu'une saine et vivante lumière a suffisamment pénétrée, il devient très difficile d'acclimater un de ces sombres devoirs impitoyables et aveugles qui poussent fatalement l'homme vers le malheur ou vers la mort. Il ne s'y trouve plus d'honneur, il ne s'y trouve plus de vengeance, il ne s'y trouve plus de conventions qui réclament du sang. On n'y rencontre plus de préjugés qui exigent des larmes, on n'y voit plus de justice qui veuille le malheur. Il n'y règne plus de dieux qui

ordonnent des supplices, ni d'amour qui demande la mort ; et quand le soleil est entré dans la conscience du sage, comme il faut espérer qu'il entrera un jour dans la conscience de tous les hommes, on n'y distingue plus qu'un seul devoir qui est de faire le moins de mal et le plus de bien possible, et d'aimer les autres comme on s'aime soi-même ; et de ce devoir-là ne naissent guère de drames.

Aussi, voyez ce qui a lieu dans les drames d'Ibsen. On y descend parfois très avant dans les profondeurs de la conscience humaine ; mais le drame ne demeure possible que parce qu'on y descend avec une lumière singulière, une sorte de lumière rouge, sombre, capricieuse et, pour ainsi dire, maudite, qui n'éclaire que d'étranges fantômes. Et, en fait, presque tous les devoirs qui constituent le principe actif des tragédies d'Ibsen sont des devoirs exaspérés et maladifs, des devoirs non plus situés en deçà mais au delà de la conscience sainement éclairée ; et les devoirs que l'on croit découvrir par delà cette conscience touchent souvent de bien près à une sorte de folie chagrine et malade.

Il est bien entendu, pour dire ici toute ma pensée, que cette remarque n'enlève rien à mon admiration pour le grand poète scandinave ; car s'il est vrai qu'Ibsen n'a ajouté que bien peu d'exemples, bien peu de préceptes et bien peu d'éléments salutaires à la morale contemporaine, il est le seul qui au théâtre ait entrevu et mis en œuvre une poésie nouvelle, et qui soit parvenu à l'envelopper d'une sorte de beauté et de grandeur farouche et assombrie (trop farouche et trop assombrie même pour qu'elle puisse être générale et définitive), qui ne doit rien à la poésie, à la beauté, à la grandeur des drames violemment enlumines de l'antiquité et de la Renaissance.

Mais en attendant qu'il y ait dans la conscience humaine plus de passions utiles et moins de devoirs néfastes, qu'il y ait par conséquent sur la scène de ce monde plus de bonheur et moins de tragédies, un grand devoir de charité et de justice, qui offusque tous les autres, subsiste pour le moment au fond du cœur de tous les hommes de bonne volonté. Et peut-être est-ce de la lutte de ce devoir contre notre égoïsme, notre indifférence et notre ignorance que doit naître le véritable drame de notre siècle. Hauptmann a

tenté de l'en tirer dans *Les Tisserands*, Björnson dans *Au delà des Forêts*, Mirbeau dans *Les Mauvais Bergers*, de Curel dans *Le Repas du Lion*, mais en dépit de ces très honorables tentatives, il n'a pas été fait jusqu'ici. Une fois cette étape franchie dans la vie réelle comme sur la scène, il sera peut-être permis de parler d'un théâtre nouveau, d'un théâtre de paix, de bonheur et de beauté sans larmes.

*Maurice Maeterlinck*



## THE MODERN DRAMA

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

WHEN I speak of the modern drama, it must be well understood that I refer only to what is actually happening in those regions of dramatic literature which truly are new, for all that they may be, as yet, but sparsely inhabited. Lower down, in the ordinary theatre, it may well be that the ordinary and traditional drama is in its turn undergoing, be it ever so slowly, the influence of the theatre of the advance-guard; but it were useless to wait for the laggards when it lies in our power to question those in the van.

The first glance that we throw on the drama of the day would seem to reveal, as its chief characteristic, the weakening, the progressive paralysis, so to speak, of exterior action; further, a most ardent tendency to penetrate ever more deeply into human consciousness, and attribute still greater importance to moral problems; and last of all we are struck by the search, so far still very timid, for a kind of new beauty that shall be more spiritual, more abstract, than was the old. It cannot be denied that adventures on the stage of to-day have become far less extraordinary and far less violent. Bloodshed has grown less frequent, passions less turbulent; heroism has become less rigid, courage less material and ferocious. People still die on the stage, it is true, as in reality they still must die; but death has ceased—or will cease, let us hope, very soon—to be the indispensable setting, the inevitable end, of every dramatic poem. It is rarely, indeed, in our own life—which, though it be cruel perhaps, is cruel only in hidden and silent ways—it is rarely



indeed in our life that death puts an end to the more violent of our crises; and for all that the theatre is slower than the rest of the arts to follow the evolution of human consciousness, it will still be at last compelled, in some measure, to take this into account.

There is no doubt but what the ancient and fatal legends which constitute the entire basis of the classic theatre: and the Italian, Scandinavian, Spanish, or mythical legends, which build up the plot of works of the Shakespearian period, as also of the period of German and French romanticism (which last we must not pass by without mention, though its art is infinitely less spontaneous)—there is no doubt but what all these are no longer able to offer us the immediate interest they bore at a time when they appeared most natural, when their occurrence was daily possible; at a time when, at any rate, the circumstances, manners, and sentiments they evoked were not yet extinct in the minds of those who witnessed their reproduction.

But to us these adventures no longer correspond with a deep, and actual, and living reality. If a youth of our own time loves, and is confronted by obstacles not unlike those which, in another order of ideas and events, beset Romeo's love, we know perfectly well that nothing of all that which made the poetry and grandeur of Romeo and Juliet's love will shed beauty upon his adventure. The entrancing atmosphere of a magnificent, passionate life no longer abides with us; nor have we the brawls in the street, the sanguinary or sumptuous episodes, mysterious poisons, or fastidious tombs. Gone, too, is that grand summer's night—the night that owed all its grandeur, its charm, its comprehensibleness even, to the shadow of an heroic, inevitable death, that already lay heavy upon it. Strip the story of Romeo and Juliet of all these beautiful ornaments, and we have only the very simple and ordinary desire of a noble-hearted, unfortunate youth for a young girl whose hand is denied him by her obdurate parents. All the poetry, the splendour, the personal life of this desire is derived from the brilliance, nobility, tragedy, which fitly form the environment wherein it flowers; nor is there a kiss, a whisper of love, a cry of

anger, grief, or despair, but owes all its grandeur, tenderness, heroism, and grace—every image, in a word, that has helped it to visible form—to the objects and beings that surround it; as, for instance, the beauty and sweetness of a kiss are contained far less in the kiss itself than in the circumstance, hour, and place of its giving. And the same remarks would hold good if we chose to imagine a man of our time to be jealous as Othello was jealous, possessed of Macbeth's ambition; as unhappy as King Lear; or, like Hamlet, wavering and restless, crushed by an impossible, harassing duty.

These conditions no longer exist. The adventure of the modern Romeo—to consider only the external events to which it would give rise—would not furnish material enough for a single act. Some will say that a modern poet who desires to put on the stage an analogous poem of youthful love, is perfectly justified in borrowing from days gone by a setting more decorative, more fertile in heroic incident, than is offered by these times of ours. True: and yet what would the result be of such an expedient? Would not the feelings and passions that demand, for their fullest, most perfect development, the atmosphere of to-day—for the modern poet's feelings and passions must, himself notwithstanding, be entirely and exclusively modern—would not these be suddenly thrust into a world where all things prevented their living? They no longer have faith; and yet they are charged with the fear of eternal punishment and the hope of eternal reward. They have learned to cling in their sorrow to a mass of new forces, that at length have grown trustworthy, human, and sure; and behold them placed in a century wherein prayer and the sword decide all. They have profited, it may be unconsciously, by all our moral acquirements; and they are suddenly flung far back into days when the slightest gesture was governed by prejudices that awaken only their terror or smile. In such an atmosphere what can they do—how hope that they truly can live there?

But we need not dwell any longer on the necessarily artificial poems that spring from the impossible marriage of past and present. Let us consider the drama that actually does represent

the reality of our time, as the Greek drama and that of the Renaissance represented the reality of theirs. It is in a modern house, and between men and women of to-day, that this drama unfolds itself. The names of the invisible protagonists—which are the passions and feelings—these are the same, more or less, as of old. We see love, hatred, ambition, jealousy, envy, and greed; the sense of justice and idea of duty; pity, goodness, devotion, plety, apathy, selfishness, vanity, pride, etc., etc., etc. But although the names of these ideal actors have not changed, how great is the modification of their aspect and qualities, their extent, and habits, and influence; not one of their ancient weapons is left them, not one of the marvellous ornaments of days long gone. It is seldom that cries are heard now; and bloodshed is rare, while tears are but seldom seen. It is in a small room, round a table, close to the fire-side, that the joys and the sorrows of men are determined. We suffer, or bring suffering to others, we love and we die, there, in our corner, wherever we happen to be; and it were by most singular chance that a window or door would for one instant fly open under the pressure of extraordinary despair or rejoicing. Accidental, adventitious beauty exists no longer; nor is there poetry now in externals.—And what poetry is there—if we choose to probe into the heart of things—but borrows nearly all of its charm, nearly all of its ecstasy, from external elements? And, finally, there is no longer a God to widen the sphere of the action, or master it; nor is there an inexorable fate to form a mysterious, solemn, and tragical background for the slightest gesture of man, and enwrap it with a sombre, fecund atmosphere, capable of ennobling even his most contemptible weaknesses, his least excusable crimes. There does yet abide with us, it is true, a terrible unknown; but it is so diverse and evasive, it becomes so arbitrary, uncertain, and contestable the moment we make the slightest attempt to determine it, that it is dangerous indeed to evoke it, and a matter of extreme difficulty loyally to avail ourselves of it in order to heighten the mystery, the gestures, and actions, and words of the men we pass by every day. The endeavour has been made; the formidable, problematic enigma of heredity, the grandiose but improbable

enigma of inherent justice, and others besides, have each in their turn been seized on as a substitute for the vast enigma of the Providence or fatality of old. And it is curious to note how these youthful enigmas, born but of yesterday, already seem to be older, more inconsistent, more arbitrary, and more improbable than were those whose places they took in an access of pride.

Where shall we look, then, for the grandeur and beauty that can no longer be found in visible action, or in the words that have lost their attractive images—for words are only a species of mirror which reflects the beauty of all that surrounds it, and the beauty of this new world in which we have being does not seem as yet to have reached with its rays these somewhat reluctant mirrors. Where shall we seek this horizon and poetry, that it seems impossible to find in a mystery which still exists, it is true, but evaporates the moment we try to give it a name?

All this would appear to have been vaguely realised by the modern drama. Incapable of exterior development, deprived of exterior ornament, no longer venturing to make serious appeal to a special fatality or divinity, it has fallen back on itself, and endeavoured to discover, in the regions of moral life and in those of psychology, the equivalent of all that it once possessed in the decorative, expansive life of former days. It has penetrated further into human consciousness; but here it has encountered strange and unexpected difficulties.

It is legitimate, and easy for the thinker, the moralist, historian, novelist, even for the lyric poet, to open up new ground in the consciousness of man; but at no price whatever may the dramatic poet be an inactive observer or philosopher. Do what we will, and whatever the marvels we may some day imagine, it is always *action* that will be the sovereign law, the essential demand, of the theatre. It would seem as though the rise of the curtain brought about a sudden transformation in the lofty intellectual thought we bring with us; as though the thinker, psychologist, mystic, or moralist in us makes way for the mere instinctive spectator, who wants to see something happen? This transformation or substitution is incontestable, however strange it

may seem, and is due perhaps to the influence of the crowd, to an inherent faculty of the human soul, that appears to possess a special sense, primitive and scarcely susceptible of improvement, by virtue of which men think, and enjoy, and feel, *en masse*. And there are no words so admirable, profound, and noble but they will soon weary us if they leave the situation unchanged, if they lead to no action, bring about no decisive conflict, or hasten no definite solution.

But whence is it that action arises in the consciousness of man? In its lowest form it will spring from the struggle between diverse conflicting passions. But no sooner has it risen somewhat—and a closer inspection will show that this is true of the lower forms also—than it would seem to arise only from the conflict between a passion and a moral law, between a desire and a duty. And the modern drama has flung itself with delight into all the problems of contemporary morality, and it is fair to assert that at this moment it confines itself almost exclusively to the discussion of these different problems.

This movement was initiated by the dramas of Alexandre Dumas fils, dramas which brought the most elementary of moral conflicts on to the stage; dramas, indeed, whose entire existence was based on problems such as the spectator, who must always be assumed to be an ideal moralist, would never put to himself in the course of his whole spiritual existence, so evident is their solution. Should the faithless husband or wife be forgiven? Is it well to revenge infidelity by infidelity? Has the illegitimate child any rights? Is the marriage of inclination preferable to the marriage for money? Have parents the right to oppose a marriage which has love for its basis? Is divorce permissible when a child is born of the union? Is the sin of the adulterous wife greater than that of the adulterous husband? etc., etc., etc. And it may here be said that the entire French theatre of to-day, and a considerable portion of the foreign theatre, which is only its echo, exist solely on questions of this kind and the entirely superfluous answers provided to them.

But, on the other hand, the loftiest point of human conscious-

ness is reached by the dramas of Björnson, of Hauptmann, and, above all, by the dramas of Ibsen. Here we attain the limit of the resources of modern dramaturgy. For, in truth, the further we go into the consciousness of man, the less struggle do we find. We cannot penetrate far into any consciousness unless that consciousness be very enlightened; for it matters not whether the steps we take in the depths of the soul that is plunged in darkness be one or a thousand, we shall find therein naught that is new, that we have not expected; for darkness everywhere will be like unto itself. Whereas a consciousness that is truly enlightened possesses passions and desires that are infinitely less exacting, more peaceful and patient, more salutary, abstract, and general than are those that have their abode in the ordinary consciousness. And therefore it follows that we shall come across far less struggle, or that at least the struggle will be far less violent, between these passions that have been enhanced and ennobled by the mere fact of their having become loftier and vaster; for if there be nothing more savage, destructive, and turbulent than a dammed-up stream, there is nothing more tranquil, beneficent, and silent than the river whose banks ever widen.

And, again, this enlightened consciousness will bow down before infinitely fewer laws, will admit infinitely fewer duties that are doubtful or harmful. It may be said that there is scarcely a falsehood or error, a prejudice, half-truth, or convention that is not capable of assuming—that does not really assume, when the occasion presents itself—the form of a duty in an incomplete consciousness. Of such is honour in the chivalrous, conjugal sense of the word (I refer to the honour of the husband, which is supposed to depend on the wife's fidelity); of such are revenge, and a kind of morbid prudishness and chastity; of such are pride, vanity, piety to the gods, and a thousand other illusions, all of which have been, and are still, the unquenchable source of a multitude of duties which are looked upon as absolutely sacred and inviolable by a vast number of inferior consciousnesses. And these so-called duties are the pivots of almost all the dramas of the Romantic period, as of most of those of to-day. But none of these sombre, blind, and

pitiless duties, which so fatally impel mankind to death and disaster, will readily take root in the consciousness that a healthy, living light has adequately penetrated; in such there will be no room for honour or vengeance, or conventions that clamour for blood. Prejudices that call for tears will no longer be found there, or the justice that demands unhappiness. The gods who insist on sacrifice, the love that asks for death, all these will have been dethroned; and when the sun has entered into the consciousness of him who is wise, as we may hope it will some day enter into the consciousness of all men, no duties will be discovered therein but one alone, which is that it behoves us to do the least possible harm and the utmost good, and love others as we love ourselves; and from this duty no drama can spring.

And now let us see what takes place in Ibsen's dramas. Here we descend at times very far into the depths of human consciousness, but the drama remains possible only because in our descent there goes with us a singular light, red, as it were, and sombre, capricious,—unhallowed, we almost might call it,—a light that illumines only strange phantoms. And in truth nearly all the duties which form the active principles of Ibsen's tragedies are embittered and morbid; they are duties whose home is without, and no longer within, the healthy, enlightened consciousness; and duties we believe to have discovered outside this zone are often most closely akin to a sort of morbid and gloomy madness.

It must not be imagined, however,—as it would indeed be far from my thoughts—that these remarks of mine in any way detract from my admiration for the great Scandinavian poet. And, indeed, if it be true that Ibsen has offered but few helpful examples, elements, precepts, to the morality of our time, he is still the only dramatist who has seen a new poetry and set it forth on the stage, and succeeded in enwrapping it with a kind of sombre, ferocious beauty and grandeur (too ferocious and sombre even for it to be general or definite); as he is the only one who has borrowed nothing from the poetry, beauty, and grandeur of the violently illumined dramas of antiquity and the Renaissance.

But until such time as the human consciousness shall contain

more useful passions and fewer nefarious duties, and the theatre of the world shall consequently present to us more happiness and fewer tragedies, we must still recognise the existence, at this very moment, deep down in the hearts of all men of loyal intention, of a great duty of charity and justice which undermines all the others. And it is perhaps from the struggle of this duty against our egoism, indifference, and ignorance that the veritable drama of our century shall spring into being. Hauptmann has made the attempt in *Die Weber*, Björnson in *Au delà des Forces*, Mirbeau in *Les Mauvais Bergers*, de Curel in *Le Repas du Lion*, but all these very honourable endeavours notwithstanding, the achievement has been not yet. Once this gap has been bridged, on the stage as in actual life, it will be permissible perhaps to speak of a new theatre—a theatre of peace and happiness, and of beauty without tears.

*Translated by* ALFRED SUTRO.





## CHARLES THE BOLD.

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

[EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, a leading English historical scholar, was born in Staffordshire, August 2, 1823; became a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. His first preoccupation was with mediæval architecture, which led him to ecclesiastical and political antiquarian studies; he very early formed the design of writing the history of the genesis, achievement, and effects of the Norman Conquest; his detestation alike of the Turks and of the Austrian Empire which protected Europe from the Turks—as both built up on the ruins of the freedom of the East European states—was the basis of a vast quantity of essay and review writing on mediæval Europe; and there was hardly any historical subject which was not touched upon by his tireless industry, and his enormous and minute scholarship. His first work was a “History of Architecture” (1849); his next a series of lectures on the “History and Conquests of the Saracens” (1856); the chief of his many other works are the unfinished “History of Federal Government” (1863); his masterpiece, the “History of the Norman Conquest” (1867–1876; supplementary volume on the reign of William Rufus, in 1882); several works on early English history, the English constitution, etc.; “Historical Geography of Europe,” “General Sketch of European History,” and several others in this line; “Comparative Politics”; the “Continuity of History”; four volumes of “Historical Essays”; “Methods of Historical Study”; lectures at Oxford, where he was regius professor of modern history, and four volumes of a “History of Sicily” intended to fill fourteen (1891–1894). He died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892.]

THE position of Charles was a very peculiar one; it requires a successful shaking off of modern notions fully to take in what it was. He held the rank of one of the first princes in Europe without being a king, and without possessing an inch of ground for which he did not owe service to some superior lord. And more than this, he did not owe service to one lord only. The phrase of “Great Powers” had not been invented in the fifteenth century; but there can be no doubt that if it had been, the Duke of Burgundy would have ranked among

the foremost of them. He was, in actual strength, the equal of his royal neighbor to the west, and far more than the equal of his Imperial neighbor to the east. Yet for every inch of his territories he owed a vassal's duty to one or other of them. Placed on the borders of France and the Empire, some of his territories were held of the Empire and some of the French crown. Charles, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Flanders and Artois, was a vassal of France; but Charles, Duke of Brabant, Count of Burgundy, Holland, and a dozen other duchies and counties, held his dominions as a vassal of Caesar. His dominions were large in positive extent, and they were valuable out of all proportion to their extent. No other prince in Europe was the direct sovereign of so many rich and flourishing cities, rendered still more rich and flourishing through the long, and, in the main, peaceful administration of his father. The cities of the Netherlands were incomparably greater and more prosperous than those of France or England; and, though they enjoyed large municipal privileges, they were not, like those of Germany, independent commonwealths, acknowledging only an external superior in their nominal lord. Other parts of his dominions, the duchy of Burgundy especially, were as rich in men as Flanders was rich in money.

So far the Duke of Burgundy had some great advantages over every other prince of his time. But, on the other hand, his dominions were further removed than those of any prince in Europe from forming a compact whole. He was not king of one kingdom, but duke, count, and lord of innumerable duchies, counties, and lordships, acquired by different means, held by different titles and of different overlords, speaking different languages, subject to different laws, transmitted according to different rules of succession, and each subject to possible escheat to its own lord. These various territories, moreover, had as little geographical as they had political connection. They lay in two large masses, the two Burgundies forming one and the Low Countries forming the other, so that their common master could not go from one of his capitals to another without passing through a foreign territory.

And even within these two great masses, there were portions of territory intersecting the ducal dominions which there was no hope of annexing by fair means. The dominions of a neighboring duke or count might be acquired by marriage, by purchase, by exchange, by various means short of open rob-

bery. But the dominions of the free cities and of the ecclesiastical princes were in their own nature exempt from any such processes. If the Duke of Burgundy became also Duke of Brabant, the inhabitants simply passed from one line of princes to another ; no change was involved in their laws or in their form of government. But as Mr. Kirk well points out, the bishopric of Lüttich could never pass by marriage, inheritance, forfeiture, or purchase. Just as little could the free Imperial city of Besançon. The duke whose dominions hemmed them in could win them only by sheer undisguised conquest, a conquest too which must necessarily change the whole framework of their government. The rights of princely government were in no way affected by the transfer, even the violent transfer, of a duchy from one duke to another ; but the rights of the Church in one case, and the rights of civic freedom in the other, would have been utterly trampled underfoot by the annexation of a bishopric or a free city.

Charles too, lord of so many lordships, was also closely connected with many royal houses. In France he was not only the first feudatory of the kingdom, the Dean of the Peers of France : he was also a prince of the blood royal, with no great number of lives between him and the crown. On his mother's side he claimed descent from the royal houses of England and Portugal : he closely identified himself with England ; he spoke our language ; he played an active part in our politics ; he seems to have cherished a hope, one perhaps not wholly unreasonable, that, among the revolutions and disputed successions of our country, the extinction of both the contending houses might at last place the island crown upon his own brow. Looking to his eastern frontier, to the states which he held of the Empire, he was beyond all comparison the most powerful of the Imperial feudatories. The next election might place him upon the throne of the Cæsars, where he would be able to reign after a very different sort from the feeble Austrian whom he aspired to succeed or to displace. Or, failing of any existing crown, he might dream of having a crown called out of oblivion for his special benefit. Burgundy might again give its name to a kingdom, and his scattered duchies and lordships might be firmly welded together under a royal scepter. Perhaps no man ever had so many dreams, dreams which in any one else would have been extravagant, naturally suggested to him by the position in which he found himself by inheritance.

And now what sort of man was he who inherited so much, and whose inheritance prompted him to strive after so much more? We wish to speak of him as he was in his better days; towards the end of his life the effect of unexpected misfortunes darkened all his faults, even if it did not actually touch his reason. . . .

Charles was perhaps unlucky in the age in which he lived; he was certainly unlucky in the predecessor whom he succeeded and in the rival against whom he had to struggle. It may be, as Mr. Kirk says, that he was better fitted for an earlier age than that in which he lived; it is certain that he was quite unfit either to succeed Philip the Good or to contend against Lewis the Eleventh. One can have no hesitation in saying that Charles was morally a better man than his father. He had greater private virtues, and he was certainly not stained with greater public crimes. Yet Philip passed with unusual prosperity and reputation through a reign of unusual length, while the career of Charles was short and stormy, and he left an evil memory behind him. Philip, profligate as a man and unprincipled as a ruler, was still the Good Duke, who lived beloved and died regretted by his subjects. Charles, chaste and temperate in his private life, and with a nearer approach to justice and good faith in his public dealings than most princes of his time, was hated even by his own soldiers, and died unlamented by any one.

As in many other men, the virtues and the vices of Charles were closely linked together. He knew no mercy either for himself or for anybody else. Austere in his personal morals and a strict avenger of vice in others, he probably made himself enemies by his very virtues, where a little genial profligacy might have made him friends. His home government was strictly just; his ear was open to the meanest petitioner, and he was ready to send the noblest offender to the scaffold. But such stern justice was not the way to make himself popular in those days. A justice which knows not how to yield or to forgive is hardly suited for fallible man in any age, and in that age Charles sometimes drew blame upon himself by acts which we should now look on as crowning him with honor. His inexorable justice refused to listen to any entreaties for the life of a gallant young noble who had murdered a man of lower degree. In this we look on him as simply discharging the first duty of a sovereign; in his own age the execution seemed to men of all ranks to be an act of remorseless cruelty. In short,

Charles, as a civil ruler, practiced none of the arts by which much worse rulers have often made themselves beloved. He was chary of gifts, of praise, of common courtesy. No wonder then that so many of his servants forsook him for a prince who at least knew how to appreciate and to reward their services.

And what Charles was as a ruler he was even more conspicuously as a captain. In warfare his discipline was terrible ; he imposed indeed no hardship on the lowest sentinel which he did not equally impose upon himself ; but the commander who had no kind word for any one, and a heavy punishment for the slightest offense, did not go the way to win the love of his soldiers. His cruelty towards Dinant and Lüttich did not greatly exceed—in some respects it did not equal—the ordinary cruelty of the age ; but the cold and quasi judicial severity with which he planned the work of destruction is almost more repulsive than the familiar horrors of the storm and the sack.

It was his utter want of sympathy with mankind which made Charles the Bold hated, while really worse men have been beloved. The ambition of Philip the Good was more unprincipled than that of his son, but it was more moderate, and kept more carefully within the bounds of possibility. The means by which he gained large portions of his dominions, Holland and Hennegau especially, were perhaps more blameworthy than anything in the career of Charles, and in particular acts of cruelty and in violent outbursts of wrath there was little to choose between father and son. But Philip's ambition was satisfied with now and then seizing a province or two which came conveniently within his grasp ; he did not keep the world constantly in commotion ; he had no longing after royal or Imperial crowns, and indeed refused them when they came in his way ; his rule was on the whole peaceful and beneficent, and his very annexations, when they were once made, secured large districts from the horrors of border warfare. But Charles was always planning something, and the world was always wondering what he might be planning. He attacked and annexed so widely that it was no wonder if even those whom he had no mind to attack deemed it necessary to stand ready for him.

His loftiest flights of ambition were far from being so wild and reckless as they are commonly represented ; his dream of a new Burgundian kingdom was far from irrational ; still less was there anything monstrous either in a great French prince

aspiring to a paramount influence in France, or in a great German prince aspiring to the crown of the Empire. But the misfortune of Charles was that he was always aspiring after something ; he was always grasping at something which he had not, instead of enjoying what he had. Neither his own subjects nor strangers were allowed a moment's peace : wars with France, wars with Lüttich, Gelders annexed, Elsass purchased, Neuss besieged, Lorraine conquered, Provence bargained for, were enough to keep the whole world in commotion. The ten years of Charles' reign are as rich in events as the forty-eight years of his father.

Mr. Kirk is fond of enlarging on Charles' good faith ; and for a prince of the fifteenth century, the praise is not wholly undeserved. As compared with the contemporary kings of England and France, the Duke of Burgundy may fairly pass for a man of his word. He certainly did not openly trample on oaths and obligations like Edward the Fourth, nor did he carry on a systematic trade of secret intrigue like Lewis the Eleventh. Even in the affair of Péronne, to which Mr. Kirk frequently points as an exception to Charles' general straightforwardness, there seems to have been no deliberate treachery on Charles' part, though there certainly was a breach in words of the safeconduct which he had given to Lewis. The King sought an interview of his own accord ; it was to take place in the then Burgundian town of Péronne. The Duke gave the King a safeconduct, notwithstanding anything which had happened or might happen. While Lewis was at Péronne, Charles discovered, or believed that he had discovered, evidence that the King was plotting with the revolted people of Lüttich. Charles then kept him as a prisoner till he had signed an unfavorable treaty, and further obliged him to accompany him on his campaign against Lüttich, and to witness and take a part in the utter overthrow of his allies. Here was undoubtedly a breach of an engagement : according to the letter of the bond, Charles should have taken Lewis safe back into his own dominions, and should have declared war and pursued him the moment he had crossed the frontier. But, setting aside the literal breach of faith, to deal with Lewis as he did, to humble him before all the world, to make him follow where he was most unwilling to go, was quite in character with the stern and ostentatious justice of Charles. As a mere breach of faith, it was a light matter compared with the everyday career of Lewis

himself. But what shocked the feeling of the time was for a vassal to put his suzerain lord under personal duress. To rebel against such a lord and make war upon him was an ordinary business, but for a Duke of Burgundy to make a King of France his prisoner was a breach of all feudal reverence, a sacrilegious invasion of the sanctity of royalty, which carried men's minds back to a deed of treason more than five hundred years old.

We cannot look upon this business at Péronne as being morally of so deep a dye as the long course of insincerity pursued by Charles with regard to the marriage of his daughter. It is clear that he was possessed with a strong and not very intelligible dread of a son-in-law in any shape. Like many other princes, he shrank from the notion of a successor; he shrank especially from a successor who would not be one of his own blood, but the husband of his daughter, one who most likely would seek in her marriage and his affinity nothing but stepping stones to the ducal or royal crown of Burgundy. So far one can enter into the feeling; but it is clear that Charles first carried it to a morbid extent, and then made use of it for a disingenuous political purpose. He held out hopes of his daughter's hand to every prince whom he wished for the moment to attach to his interests, without the least serious intention of bestowing her upon any of them. Mary was used as the bait for Charles of Guienne, for Nicolas of Calabria, for Maximilian of Austria. Now this, though it might serve an immediate end, was a base and selfish policy, which could not fail to leave, as in the end it did leave, both his daughter and his dominions without any lawful or acknowledged protector. The feelings alike of a father and of a sovereign should have made Charles overcome his dread of an acknowledged successor, rather than run the risk of leaving a young girl to grapple unprotected with the turbulent people of Flanders and with such a neighbor as Lewis the Eleventh. It is here, we think, rather than in his formal breach of faith at Péronne, that we should look for the most marked exception to that general character for good faith and sincerity which is claimed for Charles by his biographer. It is certain that he piqued himself upon such a character, and that his conduct was on the whole not inconsistent with it. The worst deeds of his later career, his treatment of the princes of Lorraine and Würtemberg, his unprovoked attack on Neuss, his cruelties after the loss of



Elsass, were deeds of open violence rather than of bad faith. Through the whole of his dealings with Austria and Switzerland there runs a vein of conscious sincerity, a feeling that his own straightforwardness was not met with equal straightforwardness on the part of those with whom he had to deal.

Where then Charles failed was that he had neither the moral nor the intellectual qualities which alone could have enabled him to carry out the great schemes which he was ever planning. Success has often been the lot of brave, frank, and open-hearted princes, who have carried everything before them, and who have won hearts as well as cities by storm. Sometimes again it has fallen to the lot of a cold, crafty, secret plotter, like Charles' own rival and opposite. The gallant, genial René of Lorraine won the love of subjects and allies, and recovered the dominions which Charles had stolen from him. Lewis, from his den at Plessis, established his power over all France; he extended the bounds of France by two great provinces, and permanently attached the stout pikes and halberts of Switzerland to his interest. But Charles the Bold, always planning schemes which needed the genius and opportunities of Charles the Great, was doomed to failure in the nature of things. A prince, just, it may be, and truthful, but harsh and pitiless, who never made a friend public or private, whose very virtues were more repulsive than other men's vices, who displayed no single sign of deep or enlarged policy, but whose whole career was one simple embodiment of military force in its least amiable form,—such a prince was not the man to found an empire; he was the very man to lose the dominions which he had himself inherited and conquered.

And now we turn from the character of the man to the events in which he was the actor or the instrument. The history of Charles is a history of the highest and most varied interest. The tale, as a mere tale, as a narrative of personal adventure and a display of personal character, is one of the most attractive in European history. As such it has been chosen by Scott as the material for two of his novels, one of which, if not absolutely one of his masterpieces, at any rate ranks high among his writings. It is probably from "Quentin Durward" that most English readers have drawn their ideas of Lewis the Eleventh and of Charles the Bold; some may even have drawn their main ideas of the fights of Granson, Morat,

and Nancy from the hurried narrative in "Anne of Geierstein." In fact, a nobler subject, whether for romance or poetry or tragedy, can hardly be conceived than the exaltation and the fall of the renowned Burgundian Duke.

But to the historian the fate of Charles and his duchy has an interest which is far higher and wider than this. Chronologically and geographically alike, Charles and his duchy form the great barrier, or the great connecting link, whichever we choose to call it, between the main divisions of European history and European geography. The dukes of Burgundy of the house of Valois form a sort of bridge between the latter Middle Age and the period of the Renaissance and the Reformation. They connect those two periods by forming the kernel of the vast dominion of that Austrian house to which their inheritance fell, and which, mainly by virtue of that inheritance, fills such a space in the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the dominions of the Burgundian dukes hold a still higher historical position. They may be said to bind together the whole of European history for the last thousand years. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, the politics of Europe have largely gathered round the rivalry between the Eastern and the Western kingdoms — in modern language, between Germany and France. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, a succession of efforts have been made to establish, in one shape or another, a middle state between the two. Over and over again during that long period have men striven to make the whole or some portion of the frontier lands stretching from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Rhone into an independent barrier state. The first expression of the idea is to be seen in the kingdom of Lothar, the grandson of Charles the Great, a kingdom of which Provence and the Netherlands were alike portions. The neutralizations, or attempted neutralizations, of Switzerland, Savoy, Belgium, and Lüzelburg, have been the feebler contributions of the nineteenth century to the same work. Meanwhile various kingdoms and duchies of Burgundy and Lorraine have risen and fallen, all of them, knowingly or unknowingly, aiming at the same European object. That object was never more distinctly aimed at, and it never seemed nearer to its accomplishment, than when Charles the Bold actually reigned from the Zuyder Zee to the lake of Neufchâtel, and was not without hopes of extending his frontier to the gulf of Lyons.

To understand his position, to understand the position of the lands over which he ruled, it is not needful to go back to any of the uses of the Burgundian name earlier than the division of the Empire in 888. The old Lotharingia of forty years earlier, the narrow strip reaching from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean, had then ceased to exist as a separate state. Its northern portion had become the later Lotharingia, that border land between the Eastern and Western kingdoms, which for a hundred years formed an endless subject of dispute between them. Its southern portion had become what our Old-English Chroniclers emphatically call the "middel-riche"—the Middle kingdom, the state placed between France, Germany, and Italy. This is that Burgundy, sometimes forming one kingdom, sometimes two, which was at last annexed to the Empire, and of which Arles was the capital, where those Emperors who chose to go through a somewhat empty ceremony took the crown of their Burgundian kingdom. This kingdom took in the County Palatine of Burgundy, better known as Franche Comté, which, till the days of Lewis the Fourteenth, remained a fief of the Empire. It did not take in the duchy of Burgundy, the duchy of which Dijon was the capital, which was always a fief of the crown of France. Now there can be no doubt that Charles, Duke of the French Duchy, Count of the Imperial Palatinate, Duke, by inheritance, of the Lower Lorraine (or Brabant), Duke, by conquest, of the Upper Lorraine, had always before his eyes the memory of these earlier Burgundian and Lotharingian kingdoms. Holding, as he did, parts of old Lotharingia and parts of old Burgundy, there can be no doubt that he aimed at the re-establishment of a great Middle kingdom, which should take in all that had ever been Burgundian or Lotharingian ground. He aimed in short, as others have aimed before and since, at the formation of a state which should hold a central position between France, Germany, and Italy—a state which should discharge, with infinitely greater strength, all the duties which our own age has endeavored to throw on Switzerland, Belgium, and Savoy. . . .

This twofold position of Charles, as at once a French and a German prince, forms the key to his history. When he had turned away his thoughts from his schemes of preëminence within the French kingdom, the creation of such a middle state as we have spoken of was a natural form for his ambition to

take. His schemes of this kind form the great subject of the second of the two great divisions of his history. The second division then is undoubtedly the more important, but the former is by far the better known. It has the great advantage of being recorded by one of the few mediæval writers — if Philip of Comines is to count as a mediæval writer — who are familiar to many who are not specially given to mediæval studies. It is a plain straightforward tale, about which there is little difficulty or controversy, and it is so constantly connected with the history of our own country as to have special attractions for the English student. The German career of Charles holds a very different position. One or two facts in it, at least the names of one or two great battles, are familiar to the whole world. Every one can point the moral how the rash and proud Duke was overthrown by the despised Switzer at Granson, at Morat, and at Nancy. But the real character and causes of the war are, for the most part, completely unknown or utterly misrepresented.

Each of the two positions which were held by Charles assumes special importance in one of the two great divisions of his career. He succeeded to the ducal crown in 1467; but his practical reign may be dated from a point at least two years earlier, when the old age and sickness of Philip threw the chief management of affairs into his hands. What we have called his French career lasts from this point till 1472. In these years, both before and after the death of his father, he appears mainly as a French prince. His main policy is to maintain and increase that predominance in French politics which had been gained by his father. During this period, with the single exception of his wars with Lüttich, his field of action lies almost wholly within the kingdom of France; and Lüttich, though it lay within the Empire, had at this time a closer practical connection with France than with Germany. Charles' chief French dominions were the duchy of Burgundy and the counties of Artois and Flanders, the last being strictly a French fief, though circumstances have always tended to unite that province, together with some of its neighbors, into a system of their own, distinct alike from France and from Germany. There was also that fluctuating territory in Picardy, the towns on the Somme, so often pledged, recovered, ceded, and conquered within the space of so few years. These possessions made Charles the most powerful of French princes, to say nothing of the fiefs beyond the kingdom which helped to make him

well-nigh the most powerful of European princes. As a French prince, he joined with other French princes to put limits on the power of the crown, and to divide the kingdom into great feudal holdings, as nearly independent as might be of the common overlord. As a French prince, he played his part in the War of the Public Weal, and insisted, as a main object of his policy, on the establishment of the King's brother as an all but independent Duke of Normandy. The object of Lewis was to make France a compact monarchy; the object of Charles and his fellows was to keep France as nearly as might be in the same state as Germany. But, when the other French princes had been gradually conquered, won over, or got rid of in some way or other, by the crafty policy of Lewis, Charles remained no longer the chief of a coalition of French princes, but the personal rival, the deadly enemy, of the French King.

In the second part of his life his objects were wholly different. His looks were now turned eastward and southward, or, if they were turned westward, it was with quite different aims from those with which he went forth to fight at Montlhéry. His object now was, not to gain a paramount influence within the kingdom of France, not to weaken the French monarchy, in the character of one of its vassals, but to throw it into the shade, to dismember, perhaps to conquer it, in the character of a foreign sovereign. For this end probably, more than for any other, Charles sought to be King of the Romans, King of Burgundy, King of England. For this end he strove to gather together province after province, so as to form his scattered territories into a kingdom greater than that of France, a kingdom external and antagonistic to France. As he had found that the French monarchy was too strong for him in his character of a French vassal, he would no longer be a Frenchman at all. To curb and weaken the now hostile and foreign realm, he would form a state which should altogether hem it in from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. That is to say, he would call again into being that Middle kingdom, call it Burgundy or Lorraine as we will, which he had a better chance of calling into being than any man before or since.

And undoubtedly it would have been for the permanent interest of Europe if he had succeeded in his attempt. It would be one of the greatest of political blessings if a Duke or King of Burgundy or Lorraine could suddenly appear now [1864]. A strong independent power standing in the gap between France and Germany would release the world from

many difficulties, and would insure the world against many dangers. It would in fact accomplish, in a much more thoroughgoing way, the objects which modern statesmen have tried to accomplish by guaranteeing the neutrality of the smaller states on the same border. How vain such guaranties are the experience of the last few years has taught us. But the kingdom which Charles dreamed of, had it been held together long enough to acquire any consistency, would have needed no guaranty, but would have stood by its own strength. Such a state would indeed have had two great points of weakness, its enormous extent of frontier and the heterogeneous character of its population. But German and Italian neighbors would hardly have been more dangerous to Burgundy than they have been to France, and such a Burgundy would have been far better able to resist the aggressions of France than Germany and Italy have been. The population would certainly have been made up of very discordant elements, but they would have been less discordant than the elements to be found in the modern "empire" of Austria, and they would have had a common interest in a way in which the subjects of Austria have not. Perhaps indeed a common government and a common interest might in course of time have fused them together as closely as the equally discordant elements in modern Switzerland have been fused together.

Anyhow the great dream of Charles, the formation of a barrier power between France and Germany, is one which, if it only could be carried out, would be most desirable for Europe to have carried out. Statesmen of a much later age than Charles the Bold have dreamed of the kingdom of Burgundy as the needful counterpoise to the power of France. But though the creation of such a state would be highly desirable now, it does not follow that it was desirable then, still less does it follow that any prince or people of those days could be expected to see that it was desirable. With the map of Europe now before us, it seems madness in Switzerland, or in any other small and independent state, to league itself with France and Austria to destroy a Duke of Burgundy. That is to say, it is very easy to be a Prometheus after the fact. But neither princes nor commonwealths can be expected to look on so many centuries before them. Austria was in those days the least threatening of all powers. Its sovereigns were small German dukes, who had much ado to keep their own small dominions together.

In fact, the Duke of Austria with whom we have to do was only a titular Duke of Austria; his capital was not Vienna, but Innsbruck; his dominions consisted of the county of Tyrol and the Swabian and Alsatian lordships of his house. And it would have been only by a miraculous foresight of which history gives few examples that a citizen of Switzerland or of any other country could have perceived that France was a power more really dangerous to the liberties of Europe than Burgundy was. Lewis seemed to have quite enough to do to maintain his power in his own kingdom, while Charles seemed to ride through the whole world, going forth conquering and to conquer. In this case, as in all others, we must try to throw ourselves into the position of the times, and not to judge of everything according to the notions of our own age.



## QUENTIN DURWARD'S INITIATION.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."] ]

THE cavalier who awaited Quentin Durward's descent into the apartment where he had breakfasted, was one of those of whom Louis XI. had long since said that they held in their hands the fortunes of France, as to them were intrusted the direct custody and protection of the royal person.

Charles the Sixth had instituted this celebrated body, the

Archers, as they were called, of the Scottish Bodyguard, with better reason than can generally be alleged for establishing round the throne a guard of foreign and mercenary troops. The divisions which tore from his side more than half of France, together with the wavering and uncertain faith of the nobility who yet acknowledged his cause, rendered it impolitic and unsafe to commit his personal safety to their keeping. The Scottish nation was the hereditary enemy of the English, and the ancient, and, as it seemed, the natural allies of France. They were poor, courageous, faithful — their ranks were sure to be supplied from the superabundant population of their own country, than which none in Europe sent forth more or bolder adventurers. Their high claims of descent, too, gave them a good title to approach the person of a monarch more closely than other troops, while the comparative smallness of their numbers prevented the possibility of their mutinying, and becoming masters where they ought to be servants.

On the other hand, the French monarchs made it their policy to conciliate the affections of this select band of foreigners, by allowing them honorary privileges and ample pay, which last most of them disposed of with military profusion in supporting their supposed rank. Each of them ranked as a gentleman in place and honor; and their near approach to the King's person gave them dignity in their own eyes, as well as importance in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *coutelier*, from the large knife which he wore to dispatch those whom in the *mêlée* his master had thrown to the ground. With these followers, and a corresponding equipage, an Archer of the Scottish Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend and relation in those capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur.

The *coutelier* and his companion, not being noble or capable of this promotion, were recruited from persons of inferior quality; but as their pay and appointments were excellent, their masters were easily able to select from among their wandering countrymen the strongest and most courageous to wait upon them in these capacities.



Ludovic Lesly, or, as we shall more frequently call him, Le Balafré, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favored in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare his cheek bone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black, but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sunburnt swarthiness.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These brooches had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain General. The Archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white Saint Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind — his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel — a broad strong poniard (called the "Mercy of God") hung by his right side — the baldric for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man at arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafré; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while with

its rough mustaches he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

"Little good tidings, dear uncle," replied young Durward; "but I am glad that you know me so readily."

"I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bordeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts. But sit thee down — sit thee down — if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it. — Ho! old Pinch-Measure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant."

The well-known sound of the Scottish-French was as familiar in the taverns near Plessis as that of the Swiss-French in the modern *guinguettes* of Paris; and promptly — ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation, was it heard and obeyed. A flagon of champagne stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, saying, in excuse, that he had already drunk wine that morning.

"That had been a rare good apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew," said Le Balafre; "you must fear the wine pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But, come — come — unbuckle your Scottish mail bag — give us the news of Glen-houlakin — how doth my sister?"

"Dead, fair uncle," answered Quentin, sorrowfully.

"Dead!" echoed his uncle, with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy — "why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a headache, unless after reveling out my two or three days' furlough with the brethren of the joyous science — and my poor sister is dead! — And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?"

And, ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, "What! no? — I would have sworn that Allan Durward was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order — loved to look on a pretty woman too; and was somewhat strict in life withal — matrimony did all this for him. Now, I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock — I am scarce holy enough for that."

"Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year

since, when Glen-houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen-houlakin."

"Cross of Saint Andrew!" said Le Balafré, "that is what I call an onslaught! Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbors to Glen-houlakin—an evil chance it was; but fate of war—fate of war.—When did this mishap befall, fair nephew?" With that he took a deep draught of wine, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last by-past.

"Look ye there," said the soldier; "I said it was all chance—on that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is—and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand.—Here, Andrew—Andrew!"

Andrew, his yeoman, entered, dressed like the Archer himself in the general equipment, but without the armor for the limbs,—that of the body more coarsely manufactured—his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or ordinary cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafré twisted off, with his arm and strong-set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, "Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of Saint Martin's—greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say God save ye when we last parted at midnight. Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from Purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well-nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the balance of the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies of Angusshire, in what

way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?"

The coutelier nodded.

"Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine house ere the Monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddle girth and stirrup leather, till thou art as raw as Saint Bartholomew.— Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting."

So saying he filled him a brimful cup, which the coutelier drank off, and retired to do his patron's commission.

"And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter."

"I fought it out among those who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down," said Durward, "and I received a cruel wound."

"Not a worse slash than I received ten years since myself," said Le Balafré. — "Look at this now, my fair nephew," tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face. — "An Ogilvie's sword never plowed so deep a furrow."

"They plowed deep enough," answered Quentin, sadly; "but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned monk of Aberbrothick, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk."

"A monk!" exclaimed the uncle — "holy Saint Andrew! that is what never befell me. No one, from my childhood upward, ever so much as dreamed of making me a monk. — And yet I wonder when I think of it; for you will allow that, bating the reading and writing, which I could never learn, and the psalmody, which I could never endure, and the dress, which is that of a mad beggar — Our Lady forgive me! — [here he crossed himself] — and their fasts, which do not suit my appetite, I would have made every whit as good a monk as my little gossip at St. Martin's yonder. But I know not why, none ever proposed the station to me. — Oh so, fair nephew, you were to be a monk, then — and wherefore, I pray you?"

"That my father's house might be ended, either in the cloister or in the tomb," answered Quentin, with deep feeling.

"I see," answered his uncle — "I comprehend. Cunning rogues — very cunning! They might have been cheated, though; for, look ye, fair nephew, I myself remember the canon Robersart, who had taken the vows and afterward broke out of cloister and became a captain of Free Companions. He had a mistress, the prettiest wench I ever saw, and three as beautiful children. — There is no trusting monks, fair nephew, — no trusting them — they may become soldiers and fathers when you least expect it — but on with your tale."

"I have little more to tell," said Durward, "except that, considering my poor mother to be in some degree a pledge for me, I have induced to take upon me the dress of a novice, and conformed to the cloister rules, and even learned to read and write."

"To read and write!" exclaimed Le Balafré, who was one of that sort of people who think all knowledge is miraculous which chances to exceed their own. — "To write, say'st thou, and to read! I cannot believe it — never Durward could write his name that ever I heard of, nor Lesly either. I can answer for one of them — I can no more write than I can fly. Now, in Saint Louis' name, how did they teach it you?"

"It was troublesome at first," said Durward, "but became more easy by use; and I was weak with my wounds, and loss of blood, and desirous to gratify my preserver, Father Peter, and so I was the more easily kept to my task. But after several months' languishing, my good kind mother died, and as my health was now fully restored, I communicated to my benefactor, who was also Subprior of the Convent, my reluctance to take the vows; and it was agreed between us, since my vocation lay not to the cloister, that I should be sent out into the world to seek my fortune, and that, to save the Subprior from the anger of the Ogilvies, my departure should have the appearance of flight; and to color it, I brought off the Abbot's hawk with me. But I was regularly dismissed, as will appear from the hand and seal of the Abbot himself."

"That is right, that is well," said his uncle. "Our King cares little what other theft thou mayst have made, but hath a horror at anything like a breach of the cloister. And, I warrant thee, thou hadst no great treasure to bear thy charges?"

"Only a few pieces of silver," said the youth; "for to you, fair uncle, I must make a free confession."

"Alas!" replied Le Balafre, "that is hard. Now, though I am never a hoarder of my pay, because it doth ill to bear a charge about one in these perilous times, yet I always have (and I would advise you to follow my example) some odd gold chain or bracelet, or carcanet, that serves for the ornament of my person, and can at need spare a superfluous link or two, or it may be a superfluous stone for sale, that can answer any immediate purpose. — But you may ask, fair kinsman, how you are to come by such toys as this?" — (he shook his chain with complacent triumph) — "they hang not on every bush — they grow not in fields like the daffodils, with whose stalks children make knight's collars. What then! — you may get such where I got this, in the service of the good King of France, where there is always wealth to be found, if a man has but the heart to seek it, at the risk of a little life or so."

"I understood," said Quentin, evading a decision to which he felt himself as yet scarcely competent, "that the Duke of Burgundy keeps a more noble state than the King of France, and that there is more honor to be won under his banners — that good blows are struck there, and deeds of arms done; while the most Christian King, they say, gains his victories by his ambassadors' tongues."

"You speak like a foolish boy, fair nephew," answered he with the Scar; "and yet, I bethink me, when I came hither I was nearly as simple: I could never think of a King but what I supposed him either sitting under the high dais, and feasting amid his high vassals and Paladins, eating *blanc manger*, with a great gold crown upon his head, or else charging at the head of his troops like Charlemagne in the romaunts, or like Robert Bruce or William Wallace in our own true histories, such as Barbour and the Minstrel. Hark in thine ear, man — it is all moonshine in the water. Policy — policy does it all. But what is policy, you will say? It is an art this French King of ours has found out, to fight with other men's swords, and to wage his soldiers out of other men's purses. Ah! it is the wisest prince that ever put purple on his back — and yet he weareth not much of that neither — I see him often go plainer than I would think befitted me to do."

"But you meet not my exception, fair uncle," answered young Durward; "I would serve, since serve I must in a foreign land, somewhere where a brave deed, were it my hap to do one, might work me a name."

"I understand you, my fair nephew," said the royal man at arms, "I understand you passing well; but you are unripe in these matters. The Duke of Burgundy is a hot-brained, impetuous, pudding-headed, iron-ribbed dare-all. He charges at the head of his nobles and native knights, his liegemen of Artois and Hainault; think you, if you were there, or if I were there myself, that we could be much further forward than the Duke and all his brave nobles of his own land? If we were not up with them, we had a chance to be turned on the Provost Marshal's hands for being slow in making to; if we were abreast of them, all would be called well, and we might be thought to have deserved our pay; and grant that I was a spear's length or so in the front, which is both difficult and dangerous in such a *mêlée* where all do their best, why, my lord duke says, in his Flemish tongue, when he sees a good blow struck, '*Ha! gut getroffen!*' a good lance—a brave Scot—give him a florin to drink our health; but neither rank nor lands, nor treasures, come to the stranger in such a service—all goes to the children of the soil."

"And where should it go, in Heaven's name, fair uncle?" demanded young Durward.

"To him that protects the children of the soil," said Balafré, drawing up his gigantic height. "Thus says King Louis: 'My good French peasant—mine honest Jacques Bonhomme—get you to your tools, your plow and your harrow, your pruning knife and your hoe—here is my gallant Scot that will fight for you, and you shall only have the trouble to pay him.—And you, my most serene duke, my illustrious count, and my most mighty marquis, e'en rein up your fiery courage till it is wanted, for it is apt to start out of the course, and to hurt its master; here are my companies of ordnance—here are my French Guards—here are, above all, my Scottish Archers, and mine honest Ludovic with the Scar, who will fight, as well or better than you, with all that undisciplined valor which, in your father's time, lost Cressy and Azincour.' Now, see you not in which of these states a cavalier of fortune holds the highest rank, and must come to the highest honor?"

"I think I understand you, fair uncle," answered the nephew; "but, in my mind, honor cannot be won where there is no risk. Sure, this is—I pray you pardon me—an easy and almost slothful life, to mount guard round an elderly man whom no one thinks of harming, to spend summer day and

winter night up in yonder battlements, and shut up all the while in iron cages, for fear you should desert your posts — uncle, uncle, it is but the hawk upon his perch, who is never carried out to the fields!”

“Now, by Saint Martin of Tours, the boy has some spirit! a right touch of the Lesly in him; much like myself, though always with a little more folly in it. Hark ye, youth — Long live the King of France! — scarce a day but there is some commission in hand by which some of his followers may win both coin and credit. Think not that the bravest and most dangerous deeds are done by daylight. I could tell you of some, as scaling castles, making prisoners, and the like, where one who shall be nameless hath run higher risk, and gained greater favor, than any desperado in the train of desperate Charles of Burgundy. And if it pleases his Majesty to remain behind, and in the background, while such things are doing, he hath the more leisure of spirit to admire, and the more liberality of hand to reward the adventurers, whose dangers, perhaps, and whose feats of arms, he can better judge of than if he had personally shared them. Oh, ’tis a sagacious and most politic monarch!”

His nephew paused, and then said, in a low but impressive tone of voice, “The good Father Peter used to often teach me there might be much danger in deeds by which little glory was acquired. I need not say to you, fair uncle, that I do in course suppose that these secret commissions must needs be honorable.”

“For whom or for what take you me, fair nephew?” said Balafre, somewhat sternly; “I have not been trained, indeed, in the cloister, neither can I write or read. But I am your mother’s brother; I am a loyal Lesly. Think you that I am like to recommend to you anything unworthy? The best knight in France, Du Guesclin himself, if he were alive again, might be proud to number my deeds among his achievements.”

“I cannot doubt your warranty, fair uncle,” said the youth; “you are the only adviser my mishap has left me. But is it true, as fame says, that this King keeps a meager Court here at his Castle of Plessis? No repair of nobles or courtiers, none of his grand feudatories in attendance, none of the high officers of the crown; half-solitary sports, shared only with the menials of his household; secret councils, to which only low and obscure men are invited; rank and nobility depressed, and men raised from the lowest origin to the kingly favor — all this seems



unregulated, resembles not the manners of his father, the noble Charles, who tore from the fangs of the English lion this more than half-conquered kingdom of France."

"You speak like a giddy child," said Le Balafré; "and even as a child, you harp over the same notes on a new string. Look you: if the King employs Oliver Dain, his barber, to do what Oliver can do better than any peer of them all, is not the kingdom the gainer? If he bids his stout Provost Marshal, Tristan, arrest such or such a seditious burgher, take off such or such a turbulent noble, the deed is done and no more of it; when, were the commission given to a duke or peer of France, he might perchance send the King back a defiance in exchange. If, again, the King pleases to give to plain Ludovic le Balafré a commission which he will execute, instead of employing the High Constable, who would perhaps betray it, doth it not show wisdom? Above all, doth not a monarch of such conditions best suit cavaliers of fortune, who must go where their services are most highly prized, and most frequently in demand? — No, no, child; I tell thee Louis knows how to choose his confidants, and what to charge them with; suiting, as they say, the burden to each man's back. He is not like the King of Castile, who choked of thirst, because the great butler was not beside to hand his cup. — But hark to the bell of Saint Martin's! I must hasten back to the Castle. — Farewell — make much of yourself, and at eight to-morrow morning present yourself before the drawbridge, and ask the sentinel for me. Take heed you step not off the straight and beaten path, in approaching the portal! There are such traps and snaphances as may cost you a limb, which you will sorely miss. You shall see the King, and learn to judge him for yourself — farewell."

So saying, Balafré hastily departed, forgetting, in his hurry, to pay for the wine he had called for, a shortness of memory incidental to persons of his description, and which his host, overawed, perhaps, by the nodding bonnet and ponderous two-handed sword, did not presume to use any efforts for correcting. It might have been expected that, when left alone, Durward would have again betaken himself to his turret, in order to watch for the repetition of those delicious sounds which had soothed his morning reverie. But that was a chapter of romance, and his uncle's conversation had opened to him a page of the real history of life. It was no pleasing one, and for the present the recollections and reflections which it excited

were qualified to overpower other thoughts, and especially all of a light and soothing nature. Quentin resorted to a solitary walk along the banks of the rapid Cher, having previously inquired of his landlord for one which he might traverse without fear of disagreeable interruption from snares and pitfalls; and there endeavored to compose his turmoiled and scattered thoughts, and consider his future motions, upon which his meeting with his uncle had thrown some dubiety. He could not help being surprised that so near a relative had not offered him the assistance of his purse. He wronged his uncle, however, in supposing that this want of attention to his probable necessities was owing to avarice. Not precisely needing money himself at that moment, it had not occurred to Le Balafré that his nephew might be in exigencies; otherwise, he held a near kinsman so much a part of himself, that he would have provided for the weal of the living nephew, as he endeavored to do for that of his deceased sister and her husband. . .

On a slight eminence, rising above the rapid and beautiful Cher, in the direct line of his path, two or three large chestnut trees were so happily placed as to form a distinguished and remarkable group; and beside them stood three or four peasants, motionless, with their eyes turned upward, and fixed, apparently, upon some object amongst the branches of the tree next to them. The meditations of youth are seldom so profound as not to yield to the slightest impulse of curiosity, as easily as the lightest pebble, dropped casually from the hand, breaks the surface of a limpid pool. Quentin hastened his pace, and ran lightly up the rising ground, time enough to witness the ghastly spectacle which attracted the notice of these gazers — which was nothing less than the body of a man, convulsed by the last agony, suspended on one of the branches.

“Why do you not cut him down?” said the young Scot, whose hand was as ready to assist affliction as to maintain his own honor when he deemed it assailed.

One of the peasants, turning on him an eye from which fear had banished all expression but its own, and a face as pale as clay, pointed to a mark cut upon the bark of the tree, having the same rude resemblance to a *fleur-de-lis* which certain talismanic scratches, well known to our revenue officers, bear to a *broad arrow*. Neither understanding nor heeding the import of this symbol, young Durward sprung lightly as the ounce up into the tree, drew from his pouch that most necessary implement of a Highlander or woodsman, the trusty *skene-dhu*, and,

calling to those below to receive the body on their hands, cut the rope asunder in less than a minute after he had perceived the exigency.

But his humanity was ill seconded by the bystanders. So far from rendering Durward any assistance, they seemed terrified at the audacity of his action, and took to flight with one consent, as if they feared their merely looking on might have been construed into accession to his daring deed. The body, unsupported from beneath, fell heavily to earth in such a manner that Quentin, who presently afterward jumped down, had the mortification to see that the last sparks of life were extinguished. He gave not up his charitable purpose, however, without further efforts. He freed the wretched man's neck from the fatal noose, undid the doublet, threw water on the face, and practiced the other ordinary remedies resorted to for recalling suspended animation.

While he was thus humanely engaged, a wild clamor of tongues, speaking a language which he knew not, arose around him; and he had scarcely time to observe that he was surrounded by several men and women of a singular and foreign appearance, when he found himself roughly seized by both arms, while a naked knife, at the same moment, was offered to his throat.

"Pale slave of Eblis!" said a man, in imperfect French, "are you robbing him you have murdered?—But we have you—and you shall aby it."

There were knives drawn on every side of him as these words were spoken, and the grim and distorted countenances which glared on him were like those of wolves rushing on their prey.

Still the young Scot's courage and presence of mind bore him out. "What mean ye, my masters?" he said; "if that be your friend's body, I have just now cut him down, in pure charity, and you will do better to try to recover his life, than misuse an innocent stranger to whom he owes his chance of escape."

The women had by this time taken possession of the dead body, and continued the attempts to recover animation which Durward had been making use of, though with the like bad success; so that, desisting from their fruitless efforts, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the Oriental expressions of grief,—the women making a piteous wailing, and tearing their long black hair, while the men seemed to rend their gar-

ments, and to sprinkle dust upon their heads. They gradually became so much engaged in their mourning rites, that they bestowed no longer any attention on Durward, of whose innocence they were probably satisfied from circumstances. It would certainly have been his wisest plan to have left these wild people to their own courses, but he had been bred in almost reckless contempt of danger, and felt all the eagerness of youthful curiosity.

The singular assemblage, both male and female, wore turbans and caps, more similar, in general appearance, to his own bonnet, than to the hats commonly worn in France. Several of the men had curled black beards, and the complexion of all was nearly as dark as that of Africans. One or two, who seemed their chiefs, had some tawdry ornaments of silver about their necks and in their ears, and wore showy scarfs of yellow, or scarlet, or light green; but their legs and arms were bare, and the whole troop seemed wretched and squalid in appearance. There were no weapons among them that Durward saw, except the long knives with which they had lately menaced him, and one short crooked saber, or Moorish sword, which was worn by an active-looking young man, who often laid his hand upon the hilt, while he surpassed the rest of the party in his extravagant expression of grief, and seemed to mingle with them threats of vengeance.

The disordered and yelling group were so different in appearance from any beings whom Quentin had yet seen, that he was on the point of concluding them to be a party of Saracens, of those "heathen hounds," who were the opponents of gentle knights and Christian monarchs, in all the romances which he had heard or read, and was about to withdraw himself from a neighborhood so perilous, when a galloping of horse was heard, and the supposed Saracens, who had raised by this time the body of their comrade upon their shoulders, were at once charged by a party of French soldiers.

This sudden apparition changed the measured wailing of the mourners into irregular shrieks of terror. The body was thrown to the ground in an instant, and those who were around it showed the utmost and most dexterous activity in escaping under the bellies, as it were, of the horses, from the point of the lances which were leveled at them, with the exclamations of "Down with the accursed heathen thieves — take and kill — bind them like beasts — spear them like wolves!"

These cries were accompanied with corresponding acts of violence; but such was the alertness of the fugitives, the ground being rendered unfavorable to the horsemen by the thickets and bushes, that only two were struck down and made prisoners, one of whom was the young fellow with the sword, who had previously offered some resistance. Quentin, whom fortune seemed at this period to have chosen for the butt of her shafts, was at the same time seized by the soldiers, and his arms, in spite of his remonstrances, bound down with a cord, those who apprehended him showing a readiness and dispatch in the operation, which proved them to be no novices in matters of police.

Looking anxiously to the leader of the horsemen, from whom he hoped to obtain liberty, Quentin knew not exactly whether to be pleased or alarmed upon recognizing in him the down-looking and silent companion of Maître Pierre. True, whatever crime these strangers might be accused of, this officer might know, from the history of the morning, that he, Durward, had no connection with them whatever; but it was a more difficult question, whether this sullen man would be either a favorable judge or a willing witness in his behalf, and he felt doubtful whether he would mend his condition by making any direct application to him.

But there was little leisure for hesitation. "Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André," said the down-looking officer to two of his band, "these same trees stand here quite convenient. I will teach these misbelieving, thieving sorcerers to interfere with the King's justice, when it has visited any of their accursed race. Dismount, my children, and do your office briskly."

Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André were in an instant on foot, and Quentin observed that they had each, at the crupper and pommel of his saddle, a coil or two of ropes, which they hastily undid, and showed that, in fact, each coil formed a halter, with the fatal noose adjusted, ready for execution. The blood ran cold in Quentin's veins, when he saw three cords selected, and perceived that it was proposed to put one around his own neck. He called on the officer loudly, reminding him of their meeting that morning, claimed the right of a freeborn Scotsman, in a friendly and allied country, and denied any knowledge of the persons along with whom he was seized, or of their misdeeds.

The officer whom Durward thus addressed scarce deigned to look at him while he was speaking, and took no notice whatever of the claim he preferred to prior acquaintance. He barely

turned to one or two of the peasants who were now come forward, either to volunteer their evidence against the prisoners, or out of curiosity, and said gruffly, "Was yonder young fellow with the vagabonds?"

"That he was, sir, an it pleases your noble Provostship," answered one of the clowns; "he was the very first blasphemously to cut down the rascal whom his Majesty's justice most deservedly hung up, as we told your worship."

"I'll swear by God, and Saint Martin of Tours, to have seen him with their gang," said another, "when they pillaged our *métairie*."

"Nay, but, father," said a boy, "yonder heathen was black, and this youth was fair; yonder one had short curled hair, and this hath long fair locks."

"Ay, child," said the peasant, "and perhaps you will say yonder one had a green coat and this a gray jerkin. But his worship, the Provost, knows that they can change their complexions as easily as their jerkins, so that I am still minded he was the same."

"It is enough that you have seen him intermeddle with the course of the King's justice, by attempting to recover an executed traitor," said the officer. — "Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, dispatch."

"Stay, signior officer!" exclaimed the youth, in mortal agony — "hear me speak — let me not die guiltlessly — my blood will be required of you by my countrymen in this world, and by Heaven's justice in that which is to follow."

"I will answer for my actions in both," said the Provost, coldly; and made a sign with his left hand to the executioners; then, with a smile of triumphant malice, touched with his forefinger his right arm, which hung suspended in a scarf, disabled probably by the blow which Quentin had dealt him that morning.

"Miserable, vindictive wretch!" answered Quentin, persuaded by that action that private revenge was the sole motive of this man's rigor, and that no mercy whatever was to be expected from him.

"The poor youth raves," said the functionary: "speak a word of comfort to him ere he make his transit, Trois-Eschelles; thou art a comfortable man in such cases, when a confessor is not to be had. Give him one minute of ghostly advice, and dispatch matters in the next. I must proceed on the rounds. — Soldiers, follow me!"

The Provost rode on, followed by his guard, excepting two or three, who were left to assist in the execution. The unhappy youth cast after him an eye almost darkened by despair, and thought he heard, in every tramp of his horse's retreating hoofs, the last slight chance of his safety vanish. He looked around him in agony, and was surprised, even in that moment, to see the stoical indifference of his fellow-prisoners. They had previously testified every sign of fear, and made every effort to escape; but now, when secured, and destined apparently to inevitable death, they awaited its arrival with the utmost composure. The scene of fate before them gave, perhaps, a more yellow tinge to their swarthy cheeks; but it neither agitated their features, nor quenched the stubborn haughtiness of their eye. They seemed like foxes, which, after all their wiles, and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit.

They were undaunted by the conduct of the fatal executioners, who went about their work with more deliberation than their master had recommended, and which probably arose from their having acquired by habit a kind of pleasure in the discharge of their horrid office. We pause an instant to describe them, because, under a tyranny, either despotic or popular, the character of the hangman becomes a subject of great importance.

These functionaries were essentially different in their appearance and manners. Louis used to call them Democritus and Heraclitus, and their master, the Provost, termed them, *Jean-qui-pleure*, and *Jean-qui-rit*.

Trois-Eschelles was a tall, thin, ghastly man, with a peculiar gravity of visage, and a large rosary around his neck, the use of which he was accustomed piously to offer to those sufferers on whom he did his duty. He had one or two Latin texts continually in his mouth on the nothingness and vanity of human life; and, had it been regular to have enjoyed such a plurality, he might have held the office of confessor to the jail, in commendam with that of executioner. Petit-André, on the contrary, was a joyous-looking, round, active, little fellow, who rolled about in execution of his duty as if it were the most diverting occupation in the world. He seemed to have a sort of fond affection for his victims, and always spoke of them in kindly and affectionate terms. They were his poor honest fel-

lows, his pretty dears, his gossips, his good old fathers, as their age or sex might be; and as Trois-Eschelles endeavored to inspire them with a philosophical or religious regard to futurity, Petit-André seldom failed to refresh them with a jest or two, as if to induce them to pass from life as something that was ludicrous, contemptible, and not worthy of serious consideration.

I cannot tell why or wherefore it was, but these two excellent persons, notwithstanding the variety of their talents, and the rare occurrence of such among persons of their profession, were both more utterly detested than perhaps any creatures of their kind, whether before or since; and the only doubt of those who knew aught of them was, whether the grave and pathetic Trois-Eschelles, or the frisky, comic, alert Petit-André was the object of the greatest fear, or of the deepest execration. It is certain they bore the palm in both particulars over every hangman in France, unless it were perhaps their master, Tristan l'Hermite, the renowned Provost Marshal, or *his* master, Louis XI.

It must not be supposed that these reflections were of Quentin Durward's making. Life, death, time, and eternity were swimming before his eyes—a stunning and overwhelming prospect, from which human nature recoiled in its weakness, though human pride would fain have borne up. He addressed himself to the God of his fathers; and when he did so, the little rude and unroofed chapel, which now held almost all his race but himself, rushed on his recollection. “Our feudal enemies gave my kindred graves in our own land,” he thought, “but I must feed the ravens and kites of a foreign land, like an excommunicated felon!” The tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes. Trois-Eschelles, touching one shoulder, gravely congratulated him on his heavenly disposition for death, and pathetically exclaiming, “*Beati qui in Domino moriuntur*,” remarked, the soul was happy that left the body while the tear was in the eye. Petit-André, slapping the other shoulder, called out, “Courage, my fair son! since you must begin the dance, let the ball open gayly, for all the rebecs are in tune,” twitching the halter at the same time, to give point to his joke. As the youth turned his dismayed looks, first on one and then on the other, they made their meaning plainer by gently urging him forward to the fatal tree, and bidding him be of good courage, for it would be over in a moment.



In this fatal predicament, the youth cast a distracted look around him. "Is there any good Christian who hears me," he said, "that will tell Ludovic Lesly of the Scottish Guard, called in this country Le Balafré, that his nephew is here basely murdered?"

The words were spoken in good time, for an Archer of the Scottish Guard, attracted by the preparations for the execution, was standing by, with one or two other chance passengers, to witness what was passing.

"Take heed what you do," he said to the executioners; "if this young man be of Scottish birth, I will not permit him to have foul play."

"Heaven forbid, Sir Cavalier," said Trois-Eschelles; "but we must obey our orders," drawing Durward forward by one arm.

"The shortest play is ever the fairest," said Petit-André, pulling him onward by the other.

But Quentin had heard words of comfort, and, exerting his strength, he suddenly shook off both the finishers of the law, and, with his arms still bound, ran to the Scottish Archer. "Stand by me, countryman," he said, in his own language, "for the love of Scotland and Saint Andrew! I am innocent—I am your own native landsman. Stand by me, as you shall answer at the last day." 167245

"By Saint Andrew! they shall make at you through me," said the Archer, and unsheathed his sword.

"Cut my bonds, countryman," said Quentin, "and I will do something for myself."

This was done with a touch of the Archer's weapon; and the liberated captive, springing suddenly on one of the Provost's guard, wrested from him a halbert with which he was armed; "and now," he said, "come on, if you dare!"

The two officers whispered together.

"Ride thou after the Provost Marshal," said Trois-Eschelles, "and I will detain them here, if I can.—Soldiers of the Provost's guard, stand to your arms."

Petit-André mounted his horse, and left the field, and the other Marshals-men in attendance drew together so hastily at the command of Trois-Eschelles, that they suffered the other two prisoners to make their escape during the confusion. Perhaps they were not very anxious to detain them; for they had of late been sated with the blood of such wretches, and like other

ferocious animals, were, through long slaughter, become tired of carnage. But the pretext was, that they thought themselves immediately called upon to attend to the safety of Trois-Eschelles; for there was a jealousy, which occasionally led to open quarrels, betwixt the Scottish Archers and the Marshal-guards, who executed the orders of their Provost.

"We are strong enough to beat the proud Scots twice over, if it be your pleasure," said one of these soldiers to Trois-Eschelles.

But that cautious official made a sign to him to remain quiet, and addressed the Scottish Archer with great civility. "Surely, sir, this is a great insult to the Provost Marshal, that you should presume to interfere with the course of the King's justice, duly and lawfully committed to his charge; and it is no act of justice to me, who am in lawful possession of my criminal. Neither is it a well-meant kindness to the youth himself, seeing that fifty opportunities of hanging him may occur, without his being found in so happy a state of preparation as he was before your ill-advised interference."

"If my young countryman," said the Scot, smiling, "be of opinion I have done him an injury, I will return him to your charge without a word more dispute."

"No, no! — for the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed Quentin. "I would rather you swept my head off with your long sword — it would better become my birth, than to die by the hands of such a foul churl."

"Hear how he revileth," said the finisher of the law. "Alas! how soon our best resolutions pass away! — he was in a blessed frame for departure but now, and in two minutes he has become a contemner of authorities."

"Tell me at once," said the Archer, "what has this young man done?"

"Interfered," answered Trois-Eschelles, with some earnestness, "to take down the dead body of a criminal, when the *fleur-de-lis* was marked on the tree where he was hung with my own proper hand."

"How is this, young man?" said the Archer; "how came you to have committed such an offense?"

"As I desire your protection," answered Durward, "I will tell the truth as if I were at confession. I saw a man struggling on a tree, and I went to cut him down out of mere humanity. I thought neither of *fleur-de-lis* nor of clove gilly-

flower, and had no more idea of offending the King of France than our Father the Pope."

"What a murrain had you to do with the dead body, then?" said the Archer. "You'll see them hanging, in the rear of this gentleman, like grapes on every tree, and you will have enough to do in this country if you go a gleaning after the hangman. However, I will not quit a countryman's cause if I can help it. — Hark ye, Master Marshals-man, you see this is entirely a mistake. You should have some compassion on so young a traveler. In our country at home he has not been accustomed to see such active proceedings as yours and your master's."

"Not for want of need of them, Signior Archer," said Petit-André, who returned at this moment. "Stand fast, Trois-Eschelles, for here comes the Provost Marshal; we shall presently see how he will relish having his work taken out of his hand before it is finished."

"And in good time," said the Archer, "here come some of my comrades."

Accordingly, as the Provost Tristan rode up with his patrol on one side of the little hill which was the scene of the altercation, four or five Scottish Archers came as hastily up on the other, and at their head the Balafré himself.

Upon this urgency, Lesly showed none of that indifference toward his nephew of which Quentin had in his heart accused him; for he no sooner saw his companion and Durward standing upon their defense, than he exclaimed, "Cunningham, I thank thee. — Gentlemen — comrades, lend me your aid. — It is a young Scottish gentleman — my nephew — Lindsay — Guthrie — Tyrie, draw, and strike in!"

There was now every prospect of a desperate scuffle between the parties, who were not so disproportioned in numbers but that the better arms of the Scottish cavaliers gave them an equal chance of victory. But the Provost Marshal, either doubting the issue of the conflict, or aware that it would be disagreeable to the King, made a sign to his followers to forbear from violence, while he demanded of Balafré, who now put himself forward as the head of the other party, "What he, a cavalier of the King's Bodyguard, purposed by opposing the execution of a criminal?"

"I deny that I do so," answered the Balafré. — "Saint Martin! there is, I think, some difference between the execution of a criminal, and the slaughter of my own nephew?"

"Your nephew may be a criminal as well as another, Signior," said the Provost Marshal; "and every stranger in France is amenable to the laws of France."

"Yes, but we have privileges, we Scottish Archers," said Balafré; "have we not, comrades?"

"Yes, yes," they all exclaimed together. "Privileges — privileges! Long live King Louis — long live the bold Balafré — long live the Scottish Guard — and death to all who would infringe our privileges!"

"Take reason with you, gentlemen cavaliers," said the Provost Marshal; "consider my commission."

"We will have no reason at your hand," said Cunningham; "our own officers shall do us reason. We will be judged by the King's grace, or by our own Captain, now that the Lord High Constable is not in presence."

"And we will be hanged by none," said Lindsay, "but Sandie Wilson, the auld Marshals-man of our ain body."

"It would be a positive cheating of Sandie, who is as honest a man as ever tied noose upon hemp, did we give way to any other proceeding," said the Balafré. "Were I to be hanged myself, no other should tie tippet about my craig."

"But hear ye," said the Provost Marshal, "this young fellow belongs not to you, and cannot share what you call your privileges."

"What we *call* our privileges, all shall admit to be such," said Cunningham.

"We will not hear them questioned!" was the universal cry of the Archers.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said Tristan l'Hermite. — "No one disputes your privileges; but this youth is not one of you."

"He is *my* nephew," said the Balafré, with a triumphant air.

"But no Archer of the Guard, I think," retorted Tristan l'Hermite.

The Archers looked on each other in some uncertainty.

"Stand to it yet, comrade," whispered Cunningham to Balafré. — "Say he is engaged with us."

"Saint Martin! you say well, fair countryman," answered Lesly; and raising his voice, swore that he had that day enrolled his kinsman as one of his own retinue.

This declaration was a decisive argument.

"It is well, gentlemen," said the Provost Tristan, who was aware of the King's nervous apprehension of disaffection creep-

ing in among his Guards. — “You know, as you say, your privileges, and it is not my duty to have brawls with the King’s Guards, if it is to be avoided. But I will report this matter for the King’s own decision; and I would have you to be aware that, in doing so, I act more mildly than perhaps my duty warrants me.”

So saying, he put his troop into motion, while the Archers, remaining on the spot, held a hasty consultation what was next to be done.

“We must report the matter to Lord Crawford, our Captain, in the first place, and have the young fellow’s name put on the roll.”

“But, gentlemen, and my worthy friends and preservers,” said Quentin, with some hesitation, “I have not yet determined whether to take service with you or no.”

“Then settle in your own mind,” said his uncle, “whether you choose to do so, or be hanged — for I promise you that, nephew of mine as you are, I see no other chance of your ’scaping the gallows.”

This was an unanswerable argument, and reduced Quentin at once to acquiesce in what he might have otherwise considered as no very agreeable proposal; but the recent escape from the halter, which had been actually around his neck, would probably have reconciled him to a worse alternative than was proposed.

“He must go home with us to our caserne,” said Cunningham; “there is no safety for him out of our bounds, whilst these manhunters are prowling about.”

“May I not then abide for this night at the hostelry, where I breakfasted, fair uncle?” said the youth — thinking, perhaps, like many a new recruit, that even a single night of freedom was something gained.

“Yes, fair nephew,” answered his uncle, ironically, “that we may have the pleasure of fishing you out of some canal or moat, or perhaps out of a loop of the Loire, knit up in a sack, for the greater convenience of swimming — for that is like to be the end on’t. — The Provost Marshal smiled on us when we parted,” continued he, addressing Cunningham, “and that is a sign his thoughts were dangerous.”

“I care not for his danger,” said Cunningham; “such game as we are beyond his birdbolts. But I would have thee tell the whole to the Devil’s Oliver, who is always a good friend

to the Scottish Guard, and will see Father Louis before the Provost can, for he is to shave him to-morrow."

"But hark you," said Balafré, "it is ill going to Oliver empty-handed, and I am as bare as the birch in December."

"So are we all," said Cunningham. "Oliver must not scruple to take our Scottish words for once. We will make up something handsome among us against the next pay day; and if *he* expects to share, let me tell you, the pay day will come about all the sooner."

"And now for the Chateau," said Balafré; "and my nephew shall tell us by the way how he brought the Provost Marshal on his shoulders, that we may know how to frame our report both to Crawford and Oliver."



## CHARLES THE BOLD AND LOUIS XI.

By PHILIPPE DE COMINES.

[PHILIPPE DE COMINES, or COMMINES, French statesman and historian, was born in Flanders in 1445; in 1463 became a palace official of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; in 1472, being sent by Charles on a mission to Louis XI., the latter saw his value, and made offers which induced him to transfer his services to Louis,—he doubtless also foreseeing the pending downfall of Charles. Louis gave him a valuable fief, and he became by marriage Lord of Argenton. After Louis' death in 1483, Comines was imprisoned by Charles VIII., but ultimately regained favor, and remained in it until his death in 1509, under Louis XII. His "Memoirs" of his own time are the first French history proper.]

### A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ADVANTAGE WHICH THE KNOWLEDGE OF LETTERS, AND MORE ESPECIALLY OF HISTORY, IS TO PRINCES AND GREAT LORDS.

IT is the highest act of imprudence for any prince to put himself into the power of another, especially if they be at war; and it is no less advantageous to them to be well acquainted in their youth with the passages and surprising accidents of former times; for history shows them at large the success of such assemblies, the frauds, artifices, and perjuries wherewith they have inveigled, imprisoned, and killed such as, relying upon the honor of their enemies, have put themselves into their hands. I do not say that everybody has met with such treach-

erous dealings, but one example is sufficient to make many people more wise, and teach them to be careful of themselves.

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THE OCCASION OF THE KING'S BEING SEIZED AND SECURED  
IN THE CASTLE OF PÉRONNE BY THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY. — 1468.

The king at his coming to Péronne had quite forgot his sending of two ambassadors to Liège to stir them up to a rebellion against the duke, and they had managed the affair with such diligence that they had got together such a considerable number, that the Liégeois went privately to Tongres (where the Bishop of Liège and the Lord of Humbercourt were quartered with more than 2000 men) with a design to surprise them. The bishop, the Lord of Humbercourt, and some of the bishop's servants, were taken, but the rest fled and left whatever they had behind them, as despairing to defend themselves. After which action the Liégeois marched back again to Liège, which is not far from Tongres; and the Lord of Humbercourt made an agreement for his ransom with one Monsieur William de Ville, called by the French *Le Sauvage*, a knight, who, suspecting the Liégeois would kill him in their fury, suffered the Lord of Humbercourt to escape, but was slain himself not long after. The people were exceedingly overjoyed at the taking of their bishop. There were also taken with him that day several canons of the church, whom the people equally hated, and killed five or six of them for their first repast; among the rest there was one Monsieur Robert, an intimate friend of the bishop's, and a person I have often seen attending him armed at all points, for in Germany this is the custom of the prelates. They slew this Robert in the bishop's presence, cut him into small pieces, and in sport threw them at one another's heads. Before they had marched seven or eight leagues, which was their full journey, they killed about sixteen canons and other persons, the majority of whom were the bishop's servants; but they released some of the Burgundians, for they had been privately informed that some overtures of peace had already been made, and they were forced to pretend that what they had done was only against their bishop, whom they brought prisoner along with them into their city. Those who fled (as I said before) gave the

alarm to the whole country, and it was not long before the duke had the news of it. Some said all of them were put to the sword; others affirmed the contrary (for in things of that nature, one messenger seldom comes alone); but there were some who had seen the habits of the canons who were slain, and supposing the bishop and the Lord of Humbercourt had been of the number, they positively averred that all that had not escaped were killed, and that they had seen the king's ambassadors among the Liégeois, and they mentioned their very names.

All this being related to the duke, he gave credit to it immediately; and falling into a violent passion against the king, he charged him with a design of deluding him by his coming thither; ordered the gates both of the town and castle to be suddenly shut up, and gave out, by way of pretense, that it was done for the discovery of a certain casket which was lost, and in which there were money and jewels to a very considerable value. When the king saw himself shut up in the castle, and guards posted at the gates, and especially when he found himself lodged near a certain tower in which a Count of Vermandois had caused his predecessor, one of the Kings of France, to be put to death, he was in great apprehension. I was at that time waiting upon the Duke of Burgundy in the quality of chamberlain, and (when I pleased) I lay in his chamber, as was the custom of that family. When he saw the gates were shut, he ordered the room to be cleared, and told us who remained, that the king was come thither to circumvent him; that he himself had never approved of the interview, but had complied purely to gratify the king; then he gave us a relation of the passages at Liège, how the king had behaved himself by his ambassadors, and that all his forces were killed. He was much incensed, and threatened his majesty exceedingly; and I am of opinion that if he had then had such persons about him as would have fomented his passion, and encouraged him to any violence upon the king's person, he would certainly have done it, or at least committed him to the tower.

None were present at the speaking of these words but myself and two grooms of his chamber, one of whom was called Charles de Visen, born at Dijon, a man of honor, and highly esteemed by his master. We did not exasperate, but soothed his temper as much as possibly we could. Some time after he used the same expressions to other people; and the news being



carried about the town, it came at last to the king's ear, who was in great consternation; and indeed so was everybody else.

[Louis, caught in a trap, was forced to buy his release not only by renouncing his alliance with Liège, but by accompanying Charles on an expedition which stormed and sacked the city, with a horrible massacre. Charles, in a final campaign against the Swiss, was defeated and slain at Nancy, January 5, 1476.]

#### A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE VIRTUES OF THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY, AND THE TIME OF HIS HOUSE'S PROSPERITY.

I saw a seal ring of his, after his death, at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon a sardonyx that I have often seen him wear in a riband at his breast, which was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a varlet that waited on him in his chamber. I have often seen the duke dressed and undressed in great state and formality, and by very great persons; but, at his last hour, all this pomp and magnificence ceased, and both he and his family perished (as you have heard already) on the very spot where he had delivered up the constable not long before, out of a base and avaricious motive; but may God forgive him! I have known him a powerful and honorable prince, in as great esteem and as much courted by his neighbors (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition), as any prince in Europe, and perhaps more so; and I cannot conceive what should have provoked God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him, unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in attributing all the success of his enterprises, and all the renown he ever acquired, to his own wisdom and conduct, without ascribing anything to God: yet, to speak truth, he was endowed with many good qualities.

No prince ever had a greater desire to entertain young noblemen than he; or was more careful of their education. His presents and bounty were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and wished everybody should taste of his generosity. No prince was ever more easy of access to his servants and subjects. Whilst I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he became so, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and pompous in his dress, and in everything else, and, indeed, a little too much. He paid great honors to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertained them nobly. His ambitious desire

of glory was insatiable, and it was that which more than any other motive induced him to engage eternally in wars. He earnestly desired to imitate the old kings and heroes of antiquity, who are still so much talked of in the world, and his courage was equal to that of any prince of his time.

But all his designs and imaginations were vain, and turned afterwards to his own dishonor and confusion, for it is the conquerors and not the conquered that win renown. I cannot easily determine towards whom God Almighty showed his anger most, whether towards him who died suddenly, without pain or sickness, in the field of battle, or towards his subjects, who never enjoyed peace after his death, but were continually involved in wars against which they were not able to maintain themselves, upon account of the civil dissensions and cruel animosities that arose among them; and that which was the most insupportable was that the very people to whom they were now indebted for their defense and preservation were the Germans, who were strangers and not long since had been their enemies. In short, after the duke's death, there was not a man who wished them to prosper, whoever defended them. And by the management of their affairs, their understanding seemed to be as much infatuated as their master's was just before his death; for they rejected all good counsel, and pursued such methods as directly tended to their destruction; and they are still in great danger of a relapse into calamity, and it will be well if it turn not in the end to their utter ruin.

I am partly of the opinion of those who maintain that God gives princes, as He in His wisdom thinks fit, to punish or chastise their subjects: and He disposes the affections of subjects to their princes, as He has determined to exalt or depress them. Just so it has pleased Him to deal with the house of Burgundy; for after a long series of riches and prosperity, and sixscore years' peace under three illustrious princes, predecessors to Duke Charles (all of them of great prudence and discretion), it pleased God to send this Duke Charles, who continually involved them in bloody wars, as well winter as summer, to their great affliction and expense, in which most of their richest and stoutest men were either killed or taken prisoners. Their misfortunes began at the siege of Nuz, and continued for three or four battles successively, to the very hour of his death; so much so, that at the last, the whole strength of the country was destroyed, and all were killed or taken prisoners who had any zeal or affection

for the house of Burgundy, or power to defend the state and dignity of that family ; so that in a manner their losses equaled, if they did not overbalance, their former prosperity ; for as I had seen these princes puissant, rich, and honorable, so it fared with their subjects : for I think I have seen and known the greatest part of Europe, yet I never knew any province or country, though of a larger extent, so abounding in money, so extravagantly fine in their furniture, so sumptuous in their buildings, so profuse in their expenses, so luxurious in their feasts and entertainments, and so prodigal in all respects, as the subjects of these princes in my time ; and if any think I have exaggerated, others who lived in my time will be of opinion that I have rather said too little.

But it pleased God, at one blow, to subvert this great and sumptuous edifice, and ruin this powerful and illustrious family, which had maintained and bred up so many brave men, and had acquired such mighty honor and renown far and near, by so many victories and successful enterprises, as none of all its neighboring states could pretend to boast of. A hundred and twenty years it continued in this flourishing condition, by the grace of God, all its neighbors having, in the mean time, been involved in troubles and commotions, and all of them applying to it for succor or protection : to wit, France, England, and Spain, as you have seen by experience of our master the King of France, who in his minority, and during the reign of Charles VII., his father, retired to this court, where he lived six years, and was nobly entertained all that time by Duke Philip the Good. Out of England I saw there also two of King Edward's brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester (the last of whom was afterwards called King Richard the Third) ; and of the house of Lancaster, the whole family or very near, with all their party. In short, I have seen this family in all respects the most flourishing and celebrated of any in Christendom : and then, in a short space of time, it was quite ruined and turned upside down, and left the most desolate and miserable of any house in Europe, as regards both prince and subjects. Such changes and revolutions of states and kingdoms, God in His providence has wrought before we were born, and will do again when we are dead ; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of princes depends wholly on His Divine disposal.

A COMPARISON OF THE TROUBLES AND SORROWS WHICH KING LOUIS SUFFERED, WITH THOSE HE HAD BROUGHT UPON OTHER PEOPLE; WITH A CONTINUATION OF HIS TRANSACTIONS TILL THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.—1483.

He was continually discoursing on some subject or another, and always with a great deal of sense and judgment. His last illness (as I said before) continued from Monday to Saturday night. Upon which account I will now make comparison between the evils and sorrows which he brought upon others, and those which he suffered in his own person: for I hope his torments here on earth have translated him into Paradise, and will be a great part of his purgatory: and if, in respect of their greatness and duration, his sufferings were inferior to those he had brought upon other people, yet, if you consider the grandeur and dignity of his office, and that he had never before suffered anything in his own person, but had been obeyed by all people, as if all Europe had been created for no other end, but to serve and be commanded by him; you will find that little which he endured was so contrary to his nature and custom that it was more grievous for him to bear.

His chief hope and confidence was placed in the good hermit I spoke of (who was at Plessis, and had come thither from Calabria); he sent continually to him, believing it was in his power to prolong his life if he pleased, for, notwithstanding all his precepts, he had great hopes of recovering; and if it had so happened, he would quickly have dispersed the throng he had sent to Amboise, to wait upon the new king. Finding his hopes rested so strongly upon this hermit, it was the advice of a certain grave divine, and others who were about him, that it should be declared to him that there was no hope left for him but in the mercy of God; and it was also agreed among them, that his physician, Master James Coctier (in whom he had great confidence), should be present when this declaration was made him. This Coctier received of him every month ten thousand crowns, in the hope that he would lengthen his life. This resolution was taken to the end that he should lay aside all other thought, and apply himself wholly to the settlement of his conscience. And as he had advanced them, as it were, in an instant, and against all reason, to employments beyond their capacities, so they took upon them fearlessly to tell him a thing

that had been more proper for other people to communicate ; nor did they observe that reverence and respect towards him which was proper in such a case, and would have been used by those persons who had been brought up with him, or by those whom, in a mere whim, he had removed from court but a little before. But, as he had sent a sharp message of death to two great persons whom he had formerly beheaded (the Duke of Nemours, and the Count of St. Paul), by commissioners deputed on purpose, who in plain terms told them their sentence, appointed them confessors to arrange their consciences, and acquainted them that in a few hours they must resolve to die ; so with the same bluntness, and without the least circumstance of introduction, these imprudent persons told our king : "Sire, we must do our duty ; do not place your hopes any longer in this holy hermit, or anything else, for you are a dead man. Think therefore upon your conscience, for there is no remedy left." Every one added some short saying to the same purpose ; to which he answered, "I hope God will assist me, for perhaps I am not so ill as you imagine."

What sorrow was this to him to hear this news ! Never man was more fearful of death, nor used more means to prevent it. He had, all his life long, commanded and requested his servants, and me among the rest, that whenever we saw him in any danger of death, we should not tell him of it, but merely admonish him to confess himself, without ever mentioning that cruel and shocking word Death ; for he did not believe he could ever endure to hear so cruel a sentence. However, he endured that virtuously, and several more things equally terrible, when he was ill ; and indeed he bore them better than any man I ever saw die. He spoke several things which were to be delivered to his son, whom he called king ; and he confessed himself very devoutly, said several prayers suitable to the sacraments he received, and called for the sacraments himself. He spoke as judiciously as if he had never been ill, discoursed of all things which might be necessary for his son's instruction, and among the rest gave orders that the Lord des Cordes should not stir from his son for six months ; and that he should be desired to attempt nothing against Calais, or elsewhere, declaring that though he had designed himself to undertake such enterprises for the benefit of both the king and the kingdom, yet they were very dangerous, especially that against Calais, because the English might resent it ; and he left it in especial charge that for

five or six years after his death they should, above all things, preserve the kingdom in peace, which during his life he had never suffered. And indeed it was no more than was necessary ; for, though the kingdom was large and fertile, yet it was grown very poor, upon account of the marching and countermarching of the soldiers up and down, in their passage from one country to another, as they have done since, to an even worse extent. He also ordered that nothing should be attempted against Bretagne, but that Duke Francis should be suffered to live in peace ; that both he and his neighbors might be without fear, and the king and kingdom remain free from wars, till the king should be of age, to take upon himself the administration of affairs.

You have already heard with what indiscretion and bluntness they acquainted the king with his approaching death ; which I have mentioned in a more particular manner, because in a preceding paragraph I began to compare the evils which he had made others suffer, who lived under his dominion, with those he endured himself before his death ; that it might appear that, though they were not perhaps of so long a duration, yet they were fully as great and terrible, considering his station and dignity, which required more obedience than any private person, and had found more ; so that the least opposition was a great torment to him. Some five or six months before his death, he began to suspect everybody, especially those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son, and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him, but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter, and of his son-in-law the Duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the Duke of Bourbon was holding there, by his order.

At the time that the Count of Dunois and the said Duke of Bourbon returned from conducting the ambassadors, who had been at Amboise to attend the marriage of the Dauphin and the young queen, the king being in the gallery at Plessis, and seeing them enter with a great train into the castle, called for a captain of the guards, and commanded him to go and search the servants of those lords to see whether they had any arms under their robes, and ordered him to do it in discourse, so as no notice might be taken. Behold, then, if he had caused

many to live under him in continual fear and apprehension, whether it was not returned to him again ; for of whom could he be secure when he was afraid of his son-in-law, his daughter, and his own son ? I speak this not only of him, but of all other princes who desire to be feared, that vengeance never falls on them till they grow old, and then, as a just penance, they are afraid of everybody themselves ; and what grief must it have been to this poor king to be tormented with such terrors and passions ?

He was still attended by his physician, Master James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given fifty-four thousand crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates for himself and his friends ; yet this doctor used him very roughly indeed ; one would not have given such outrageous language to one's servants, as he gave the king, who stood in such awe of him that he durst not forbid him his presence. It is true he complained of his impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants ; because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, " I know well that some time or other you will dismiss me from court, as you have done the rest ; but be sure (and he confirmed it with a great oath) you shall not live eight days after it ; " with which expression the king was so terrified that ever after he did nothing but flatter and bribe him, which must needs have been a great mortification to a prince who had been humbly obeyed all his life by so many good and brave men.

The king had ordered several cruel prisons to be made ; some were cages of iron, and some of wood, but all were covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible locks, about eight feet wide and seven high ; the first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was immediately put in the first of them that was made, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since for his invention, and some from me as I lay in one of them eight months together in the minority of our present king. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a certain ring for the feet, which was extremely hard to be opened, and fitted like an iron collar, with a thick weighty chain, and a great globe of iron at the end of it, most unreasonably heavy, which engines were called the King's Nets. However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in

these prisons, with these nets about their legs, who afterwards came forth with great joy and honor, and received great rewards from the king. Among the rest, a son of the Lord de la Grutuse, in Flanders (who was taken in battle), whom the king married very honorably afterwards, made him his chamberlain, and seneschal of Anjou, and gave him the command of a hundred lances. The Lord de Piennes, and the Lord de Vergy, both prisoners of war, also had commands given them in his army, were made his or his son's chamberlains, and had great estates bestowed on them. Monsieur de Richebourg, the constable's brother, had the same good fortune, as did also one Roquebertin, a Catalonian, likewise prisoner of war; besides others of various countries, too numerous to be mentioned in this place.

This by way of digression. But to return to my principal design. As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment, and more terrible apprehension than those whom he had imprisoned; which I look upon as a great mercy towards him, and as part of his purgatory; and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no person, of what station or dignity soever, but suffers some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has caused other people to suffer. The king, towards the latter end of his days, caused his castle of Plessisles-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron in the form of thick grating, and at the four corners of the house four sparrow nests of iron, strong, massy, and thick, were built. The grates were without the wall on the other side of the ditch, and sank to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible, and each furnished with three or four points. He likewise placed ten bowmen in the ditches, to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle before the opening of the gates; and he ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire to the sparrow nests upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army, or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such an attack; his great apprehension was that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, might attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and having possessed themselves of it, partly by favor, and partly by force, might deprive him of the regal authority, and take upon themselves



the administration of public affairs, upon pretense he was incapable of business, and no longer fit to govern.

The gate of the Plessis was never opened, nor the draw-bridge let down, before eight o'clock in the morning, at which time the officers were let in ; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with pickets of archers in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that is closely guarded : nor was any person admitted to enter except by the wicket and with the king's knowledge, unless it were the steward of his household, and such persons as were not admitted into the royal presence.

Is it possible then to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) in a closer prison than he kept himself ? The cages which were made for other people were about eight feet square ; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers on his way to mass, but never passed through the court. Who can deny that he was a sufferer as well as his neighbors, considering how he was locked up and guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced ; and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and inclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, he also was much greater than common prisoners.

It may be urged that other princes have been more given to suspicion than he, but it was not in our time ; and, perhaps, their wisdom was not so eminent, nor were their subjects so good. They might too, probably, have been tyrants, and bloody-minded ; but our king never did any person a mischief who had not offended him first, though I do not say all who offended him deserved death. I have not recorded these things merely to represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince ; but to show that by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings (like those which he inflicted on other people), they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punishment which our Lord inflicted upon him in this world, in order to deal more mercifully with him in the next, as well in regard to those things before mentioned, as to the distempers of his body, which were great and painful, and much

dreaded by him before they came upon him; and likewise, that those princes who may be his successors may learn by his example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments, than our master had been: although I will not censure him, or say I ever saw a better prince; for though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else.



## THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

BY PULCI: BYRON'S TRANSLATION.

[LUIGI PULCI, an Italian poet, born at Florence in 1432; died about 1487. He was an intimate friend of Lorenzo de' Medici and Politian, and the author of "Il Morgante Maggiore" (first published in 1481), a burlesque epic, in twenty-eight cantos, with Roland as the hero. Apart from its literary excellence, the poem is valuable as a source of information regarding the early Tuscan dialect.]

IN THE beginning was the Word next God;  
 God was the Word, the Word no less was he:  
 This was in the beginning, to my mode  
 Of thinking, and without him naught could be:  
 Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,  
 Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,  
 One only, to be my companion, who  
 Shall help my famous, worthy old song through.

And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride  
 Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key  
 Of heaven, and hell, and everything beside,  
 The day thy Gabriel said "All hail!" to thee,  
 Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,  
 With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,  
 Be to my verses then benignly kind,  
 And to the end illuminate my mind. . . .

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom  
 The wisest and most famous was Orlando;  
 Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb  
 In Roncesvalles, as the villain planned to,

While the horn rang so loud, and knelled the doom  
 Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do;  
 And Dante in his comedy has given  
 To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

'Twas Christmas day; in Paris all his court  
 Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was,  
 The Dane; Astolfo there too did resort,  
 Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass  
 In festival and in triumphal sport,  
 The much-renowned St. Dennis being the cause;  
 Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,  
 And gentle Belinhieri too came there:

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone  
 Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,  
 Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salemon,  
 Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,  
 Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,  
 Were there, exciting too much gladness in  
 The son of Pepin: — when his knights came hither,  
 He groaned with joy to see them all together.

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed  
 Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.  
 While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,  
 Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;  
 Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need  
 To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king  
 One day he openly began to say:  
 "Orlando must we always then obey?"

"A thousand times I've been about to say,  
 Orlando too presumptuously goes on;  
 Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,  
 Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,  
 Each have to honor thee and to obey;  
 But he has too much credit near the throne,  
 Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided  
 By such a boy to be no longer guided.

"And even at Aspramont thou didst begin  
 To let him know he was a gallant knight,  
 And by the fount did much the day to win;  
 But I know *who* that day had won the fight

If it had not for good Gherardo been :  
 • The victory was Almonte's else ; his sight  
 He kept upon the standard, and the laurels  
 In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

- “If thou rememberest being in Gascony,  
 When there advanced the nations out of Spain,  
 The Christian cause had suffered shamefully,  
 Had not his valor driven them back again.  
 Best speak the truth when there's a reason why :  
 Know then, oh emperor ! that all complain :  
 As for myself, I shall repass the mounts  
 O'er which I crossed with two and sixty counts.

“’Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,  
 So that each here may have his proper part,  
 For the whole court is more or less in grief :  
 Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart ?”  
 Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,  
 As by himself it chanced he sat apart :  
 Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,  
 But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

And with the sword he would have murdered Gan,  
 But Oliver thrust in between the pair,  
 And from his hand extracted Durlindan,  
 And thus at length they separated were.  
 Orlando, angry too with Carloman,  
 Wanted but little to have slain him there ;  
 Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,  
 And burst and maddened with disdain and grief.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,  
 He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,  
 And on towards Brara pricked him o'er the plain ;  
 And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle  
 Stretched forth her arms to clasp her lord again :  
 • Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,  
 As “Welcome, my Orlando, home,” she said,  
 Raised up his sword to smite her on the head

Like him a fury counsels ; his revenge  
 On Gan in that rash act he seemed to take,  
 Which Aldabella thought extremely strange ;  
 But soon Orlando found himself awake ;

And his spouse took his bridle on this change,  
 And he dismounted from his horse, and spake  
 Of everything which passed without demur,  
 And then reposed himself some days with her.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,  
 And far as pagan countries roamed astray,  
 And while he rode, yet still at every pace  
 The traitor Gan remembered by the way;  
 And wandering on in error a long space,  
 An abbey which in a lone desert lay,  
 'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,  
 Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood  
 Descended from Angrante: under cover  
 Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,  
 But certain savage giants looked him over;  
 One Passamont was foremost of the brood,  
 And Alabaster and Morgante hover  
 Second and third, with certain slings, and throw  
 In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,  
 Nor leave their cells for water or for wood;  
 Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before  
 Unto the prior it at length seemed good;  
 Entered, he said that he was taught to adore  
 Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,  
 And was baptized a Christian; and then showed  
 How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot: "You are welcome; what is mine  
 We give you freely, since that you believe  
 With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;  
 And that you may not, cavalier, conceive  
 The cause of our delay to let you in  
 To be rusticity, you shall receive  
 The reason why our gate was barred to you:  
 Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

"When hither to inhabit first we came  
 These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,  
 As you perceive, yet without fear or blame  
 They seemed to promise an asylum sure:

From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,  
 'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;  
 But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard  
 Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;  
 For late there have appeared three giants rough;  
 What nation or what kingdom bore the batch  
 I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;  
 When force and malice with some genius match,  
 You know, they can do all — *we* are not enough:  
 And these so much our orisons derange,  
 I know not what to do, till matters change.

"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,  
 For just and holy works were duly fed;  
 Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain  
 That manna was rained down from heaven instead:  
 But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in  
 Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for bread.  
 From off yon mountain daily raining faster,  
 And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

"The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he  
 Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar trees, and oaks,  
 And flings them, our community to bury;  
 And all that I can do but more provokes."  
 While thus they parley in the cemetery,  
 A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,  
 Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,  
 So that he took a long leap under cover.

"For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed;  
 The manna's falling now," the abbot cried.  
 "This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,  
 Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied.  
 "Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;  
 That stone seems with good will and aim applied."  
 The holy father said, "I don't deceive;  
 They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,  
 And also made a breakfast of his own:  
 "Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow  
 Who flung at my good horse yon corner stone."

Said the abbot: "Let not my advice seem shallow:

As to a brother dear I speak alone;  
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,  
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts —

Such slings, clubs, ballast stones, that yield you must;  
You know that giants have much stouter hearts

Than us, with reason, in proportion just:  
If go you will, guard well against their arts,  
For these are very barbarous and robust."

Orlando answered, "This I'll see, be sure,  
And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

The abbot signed the great cross on his front,

"Then go you with God's benison and mine:"  
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,

As the abbot had directed, kept the line  
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;

Who, seeing him alone in this design,  
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,  
Then asked him, "If he wished to stay as servant?"

And promised him an office of great ease.

But, said Orlando, "Saracen insane!

I come to kill you, if it shall so please

God, not to serve as footboy in your train;

You with his monks so oft have broke the peace —

Vile dog! 'tis past his patience to sustain."

The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,

When he received an answer so injurious.

And being returned to where Orlando stood,

Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging

The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude,

As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;

It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good

And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,

So that he swooned with pain as if he died.

But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,

Said, "I will go, and while he lies along,  
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"

But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,

Especially Orlando, such a knight,  
As to desert would almost be a wrong.  
While the giant goes to put off his defenses,  
Orlando has recalled his force and senses:

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?  
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid;  
To the right about — without wings thou'rt too slow  
To fly my vengeance — currish renegade!  
'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."  
The giant his astonishment betrayed,  
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,  
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;  
To split the head in twain was what he schemed:  
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,  
And pagan Passamont died unredeemed,  
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,  
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:  
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,  
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word, —

Saying, "What grace to me thou'st this day given!  
And I to thee, oh Lord! am ever bound.  
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,  
Since by the giant I was fairly downed.  
All things by thee are measured just and even;  
Our power without thine aid would naught be found:  
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can  
At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said thus much, he went his way;  
And Alabaster he found out below,  
Doing the very best that in him lay  
To root from out a bank a rock or two.  
Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,  
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"  
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,  
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,  
That if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,  
And Roland not availed him of his targe,  
There would have been no need of a physician.



Orlando set himself in turn to charge,  
And in his bulky bosom made incision  
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he  
However by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,  
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,  
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,  
And shut himself at night within his berth.  
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad  
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,  
The door to open, like a crazy thing,  
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him;  
And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet  
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;  
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set  
At liberty from all the fears which racked him;  
And to the gate he came with great regret —  
“Who knocks here?” grumbling all the while, said he.  
“That,” said Orlando, “you will quickly see.

“I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,  
Sent by the miserable monks — repentance;  
For Providence divine, in you and others,  
Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.  
’Tis writ on high — your wrong must pay another’s;  
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.  
Know then, that colder now than a pilaster  
I left your Passamont and Alabaster.”

Morgante said, “Oh gentle cavalier!  
Now by thy God say me no villainy;  
The favor of your name I fain would hear,  
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy.”  
Replied Orlando, “So much to your ear  
I by my faith disclose contentedly;  
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,  
And, if you please, by you may be adored.”

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone,  
“I have had an extraordinary vision;  
A savage serpent fell on me alone,  
And Macon would not pity my condition;

Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone  
 . Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;  
 His timely succor set me safe and free,  
 And I a Christian am disposed to be."

Orlando answered: "Baron just and pious,  
 If this good wish your heart can really move  
 To the true God, who will not then deny us  
 Eternal honor, you will go above,  
 And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,  
 And I will love you with a perfect love.  
 Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud:  
 The only true God is the Christian's God.

"The Lord descended to the virgin breast  
 Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;  
 If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,  
 Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,  
 Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,  
 Your renegade god, and worship mine, —  
 Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."  
 To which Morgante answered, "I'm content."

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,  
 And made much of his convert, as he cried,  
 "To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."  
 To whom Morgante, "Let us go," replied;  
 "I to the friars have for peace to sue."  
 Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,  
 Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,  
 Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

"Since God has granted your illumination,  
 Accepting you in mercy for his own,  
 Humility should be your first oblation."  
 Morgante said, "For goodness' sake, make known —  
 Since that your God is to be mine — your station,  
 And let your name in verity be shown;  
 Then will I everything at your command do."  
 On which the other said, he was Orlando.

"Then," quoth the giant, "blessed be Jesu  
 A thousand times with gratitude and praise!  
 Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you  
 Through all the different periods of my days:

And, as I said, to be your vassal too  
 I wish, for your great gallantry always."  
 Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,  
 And onwards to the abbey went their way.

And by the way about the giants dead  
 Orlando with Morgante reasoned: "Be,  
 For their decease, I pray you, comforted;  
 And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me.  
 A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,  
 And our true Scripture soundeth openly,  
 Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,  
 Which the Lord never faileth to fulfill:

"Because his love of justice unto all  
 Is such, he wills his judgment should devour  
 All who have sin, however great or small:  
 But good he well remembers to restore.  
 Nor without justice holy could we call  
 Him, whom I now require you to adore.  
 All men must make his will their wishes sway,  
 And quickly and spontaneously obey.

"And here our doctors are of one accord,  
 Coming on this point to the same conclusion, —  
 That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord,  
 If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion  
 For their unfortunate relations stored  
 In hell below, and damned in great confusion, —  
 Their happiness would be reduced to naught,  
 And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

"But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all  
 Which seems to him, to them too must appear  
 Well done; nor could it otherwise befall:  
 He never can in any purpose err.  
 If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,  
 They don't disturb themselves for him or her;  
 What pleases God to them must joy inspire; —  
 Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

"A word unto the wise," Morgante said,  
 "Is wont to be enough, and you shall see  
 How much I grieve about my brethren dead;  
 And if the will of God seem good to me,

Just, as you tell me, 'tis in heaven obeyed —  
‘Ashes to ashes, — merry let us be!  
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,  
And carry them unto the holy monks.

“So that all persons may be sure and certain  
That they are dead, and have no further fear  
To wander solitary this desert in,  
And that they may perceive my spirit clear  
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain  
Of darkness, making his bright realm appear.”  
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,  
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

Then to the abbey they went on together,  
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.  
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither  
To their superior, all in breathless rout,  
Saying with tremor, “Please to tell us whether  
You wish to have this person in or out?”  
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,  
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

Orlando seeing him thus agitated,  
Said quickly, “Abbot, be thou of good cheer;  
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,  
And hath renounced his Macon false;” which here  
Morgante with the hands corroborated,  
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:  
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,  
Saying, “Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!”

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,  
And more than once contemplated his size:  
And then he said: “Oh giant celebrated!  
Know, that no more my wonder will arise,  
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,  
When I behold your form with my own eyes.  
You now a true and perfect friend will show  
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

“And one of our apostles, Saul once named,  
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,  
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,  
‘Why dost thou persecute me thus?’ said Christ;

And then from his offense he was reclaimed,  
And went forever after preaching Christ,  
And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding  
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise ;  
He who repents — thus writes the Evangelist —  
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies  
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.  
You may be sure, should each desire arise  
With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist  
Among the happy saints for evermore ;  
But you were lost and damned to hell before !"

And thus great honor to Morgante paid  
The abbot : many days they did repose.  
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,  
And sauntered here and there, where'er they chose,  
The abbot showed a chamber, where arrayed  
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows ;  
And one of these Morgante for a whim  
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,  
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,  
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case  
To go for water." "You shall be obeyed  
In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."  
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,  
And went out on his way unto a fountain,  
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,  
Which suddenly along the forest spread ;  
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares  
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head ;  
And lo ! a monstrous herd of swine appears,  
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,  
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours ;  
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,  
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,  
And passed unto the other side quite thorough ;  
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.

Another, to revenge his fellow-farrow,  
Against the giant rushed in fierce career,  
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,  
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,  
He gave him such a punch upon the head  
As floored him so that he no more arose,  
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead  
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,  
The other pigs along the valley fled;  
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,  
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder, and there were  
The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace  
On to the abbey, though by no means near,  
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.  
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear  
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,  
Marveled to see his strength so very great;  
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,  
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;—  
All animals are glad at sight of food:  
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work  
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,  
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.  
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,  
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;  
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been  
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,  
Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.  
The abbot, who to all did honor great,  
A few days after this convivial scene,  
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well trained,  
Which he long time had for himself maintained.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,  
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,  
Thinking that he a back of iron had,  
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;

But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,  
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.  
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"  
And still continued pricking with the spur.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,  
And said, "I am as light as any feather,  
And he has burst;—to this what say you, count?"  
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather  
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:—  
Let him go; Fortune wills that we together  
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still."  
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

"When there shall be occasion, you will see  
How I approve my courage in the fight."  
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,  
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;  
Nor will you napping there discover me.  
But never mind your horse, though out of sight  
'Twere best to carry him into some wood,  
If but the means or way I understood."

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,  
Since that to carry me he was so slack—  
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;  
But lend a hand to place him on my back."  
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still  
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake  
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,  
As you have done to him, will do to you.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,  
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.  
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read;  
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."  
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,  
"And you shall see what weight I can endure.  
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,  
With all the bells I'd carry yonder belfry."

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,  
But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."  
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell  
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot;"

And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,  
 • He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,  
 Orlando, in the legs — or if I have force;" —  
 And then he made two gambols with the horse.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;  
 So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy;  
 But secretly himself Orlando blamed,  
 Because he was one of his family;  
 And fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,  
 Once more he bade him lay his burden by:  
 "Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."  
 Morgante said, "I'll carry him for certain."

He did; and stowed him in some nook away,  
 And to the abbey then returned with speed.  
 Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay?"  
 Morgante, here is naught to do indeed."



## RINALDO AND ORLANDO.

By BOIARDO.

(Translated by J. A. Symonds.)

[MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO, count of Scandiano in the Modenese territory, was born there, perhaps about 1434; studied at the University of Ferrara; became versed in the classics and Oriental languages; a favorite at the court of Ferrara, was made governor of Reggio and captain of Modena. He died in 1494. He wrote sonnets and canzones, a comedy, and other small pieces; but his great work is the unfinished epic "Orlando Innamorato," well constructed and dramatic though heavy in style, which was Italy's first good romantic epic, and led to two far greater works — Ariosto's sequel the "Orlando Furioso," and Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata."]

### RINALDO AND FIORDELISA.

UPON his steed forthwith hath sprung the knight,  
 And with the dansel rideth fast away:  
 Not far they fared, when slowly waned the light,  
 And forced them to dismount and there to stay.  
 Rinaldo 'neath a tree slept all the night;  
 Close at his side the lovely lady lay:  
 But the strong magic of wise Merlin's well  
 Had on the baron's temper cast a spell.



He now can sleep anigh that beauteous dame,  
 Nor of her neighborhood have any care  
 Erewhile a sea, a flood, a raging flame  
 Would not have stayed his quick desire, I swear;  
 To clasp so fair a creature without shame,  
 Walls, mountains he'd have laid in ruins there!  
 Now side by side they sleep, and naught he recks;  
 While her, methinks, far other thoughts perplex.

The air, meanwhile, was growing bright around,  
 Although not yet the sun his face had shown;  
 Some stars the tranquil brows of heaven still crowned;  
 The birds upon the trees sang one by one;  
 Dark night had flown; bright day was not yet found:  
 Then toward Rinaldo turned the maid alone;  
 For she with morning light had cast off sleep,  
 While he upon the grass still slumbered deep.

Beauteous he was, and but a stripling then:  
 Strong-thewed, and lithe, and with a lively face;  
 Broad in the chest, but in the haunches thin:  
 The lady gazed, smit with his manly grace;  
 His beard scarce budded upon cheek and chin;  
 Gazing, she all but fainted in that place,  
 And took such pleasure in so sweet a sight  
 That naught she heeds beyond this one delight.

#### ORLANDO'S LAMENT OVER RINALDO.

[They have recently fought over Angelica, and Orlando, finding his rival's sword, supposes him dead.]

Hearing these dulcet words, the Count began  
 Little by little of his will to yield;  
 Backward, already he withdrew a span,  
 When, gazing on the bridge and guarded field,  
 Force was that he the armor bright should scan  
 Which erst Rinaldo bore — broadsword and shield:  
 Then weeping, "Who hath done me this despite?"  
 He cried: "Oh, who hath slain my perfect knight?"

"Here wast thou killed by foulest treachery  
 Of that false robber on this slippery bridge;  
 For all the world could not have conquered thee  
 In fair fight, front to front, and edge to edge:  
 Cousin, from heaven incline thine ear to me!  
 Where now thou reignest, list thy lord and liege!"

Me who so loved thee, though my brief misprision,  
Through too much love, wrought 'twixt our lives division.

“I crave thy pardon, pardon me, I pray,  
If e'er I did thee wrong, sweet cousin mine!  
I was thine ever, as I am alway,  
Though false suspicion, or vain love malign,  
And jealous blindness, on an evil day,  
Brought me to cross my furious brand with thine;  
Yet all the while I loved thee — love thee now:  
Mine was the fault, and only mine, I vow.

“What traitorous wolf ravening for blood was he  
Who thus debarred us twain from kind return  
To concord sweet and sweet tranquillity,  
Sweet kisses, and sweet tears of souls that yearn?  
This is the anguish keen that conquers me,  
That now I may not to thy bosom turn,  
And speak, and beg for pardon, ere I part;  
This is the grief, the dole that breaks my heart.”

#### ORLANDO AND AGRICANE.

After the sun below the hills was laid,  
And with bright stars the sky began to glow,  
Unto the king these words Orlando said,  
“What shall we do, now that the day is low?”  
Then Agricane made answer, “Make our bed  
Together here, amid the herbs that grow;  
And then to-morrow with the dawn of light  
We can return and recommence the fight.”

No sooner said, than straight they were agreed:  
Each ties his horse to trees that near them grew;  
Then down they lay upon the grassy mead —  
You might have thought they were old friends and true,  
So close and careless couched they in the reed.  
Orlando nigh unto the fountain drew,  
And Agricane hard by the forest laid  
His head beneath a mighty pine-tree's shade.

Herewith the twain began to hold debate  
Of fitting things, and meet for noble knights.  
The Count looked up to heaven and cried, “How great  
And fair is yonder frame of glittering lights,

Which God, the mighty monarch, did create ;  
 The silvery moon, and stars that gem our nights,  
 The light of day, yea, and the lustrous sun,  
 For us poor men God made them every one ! ”

But Agricane : “ Full well I apprehend  
 It is your wish toward faith our talk to turn :  
 Of science less than naught I comprehend ;  
 Nay, when I was a boy, I would not learn,  
 But broke my master’s head to make amend  
 For his much prating ; no one since did yearn  
 To teach me book or writing, such the dread  
 Wherewith I filled them for my hardihead.

“ And so I let my boyish days flow by  
 In hunting, feats of arms, and horsemanship ;  
 Nor is it meet, meseems, for chivalry  
 To pore the livelong day o’er scholarship.  
 True knights should strive to show the skill, say I,  
 And strength of limb in noble fellowship ;  
 Leave priests and teaching men from books to learn,  
 I know enough, thank God, to serve my turn.”

Then spake the Count : “ Thus far we both agree :  
 Arms are the chief prime honor of a knight.  
 Yet knowledge brings no shame that I can see,  
 But rather fame, as fields with flowers are bright.  
 More like an ox, a stock, a stone is he  
 Who never thinks of God’s eternal light ;  
 Nor without learning can we rightly dwell  
 On his high majesty adorable.”

Then Agricane : “ Small courtesy it were,  
 War with advantage so complete to wage !  
 My nature I have laid before you bare :  
 I know full well that you are learned and sage ;  
 Therefore to answer you I do not care.  
 Sleep if you like ; in sleep your soul assuage ;  
 Or if you choose with me to hold discourse,  
 I look for talk of love, and deeds of force.

“ Now I beseech you, answer me the truth  
 Of what I ask, upon a brave man’s faith :  
 Are you the great Orlando, in good sooth,  
 Whose name and fame the whole world echoeth ?  
 Whence are you come, and why ? And since your youth  
 Were you by love enthralled ? For story saith

That any knight who loves not, though he seem  
To sight alive, yet lives but in a dream."

Then spake the Count: "Orlando sure am I,

Who both Almonte and his brother slew.

Imperious love hath lost me utterly,

And made me journey to strange lands and new; . . .

She who now lies within Albracca's wall,

Gallafra's daughter, holds my heart in thrall."

### RINALDO'S VISION.

When to the leafy wood his feet were brought,  
Toward Merlin's Fount at once he took his way;

Unto the fount that changes amorous thought

Journeyed the Paladin without delay;

But a new sight, the which he had not sought,

Caused him upon the path his feet to stay.

Within the wood there is a little close,

Full of pink flowers, and white, and various:

And in the midst thereof a naked boy,

Singing, took solace with surpassing cheer;

Three ladies round him, as around their joy,

Danced naked in the light so soft and clear.

No sword, no shield, hath been his wonted toy;

Brown are his eyes; yellow his curls appear;

His downy beard hath scarce begun to grow—

One saith 'tis there, and one might say no!

With violets, roses, flowers of every dye,

Baskets they filled, and eke their beauteous hands:

Then as they dance in joy and amity,

The Lord of Montalbano near them stands:

Whereat "Behold the traitor!" loud they cry,

Soon as they mark the foe within their bands

"Behold the thief, the scorner of delight,

Caught in the trap at last in sorry plight!"

Then with their baskets all with one consent

Upon Rinaldo like a tempest bore:

One flings red roses, one with violets blent

Showers lilies, hyacinths, fast as she can pour:

Each flower in falling with strange pain hath rent

His heart and pricked his marrow to the core,

Lighting a flame in every smitten part,  
As though the flowers concealed a fiery dart.

The boy, who, naked, coursed along the sod,  
Emptied his basket first, and then began  
Wielding a long-grown leafy lily rod,  
To scourge the helmet of the tortured man.  
No aid Rinaldo found against the god,  
But fell to earth as helpless children can :  
The youth who saw him fallen, by the feet  
Seized him, and dragged him through the meadow sweet.

And those three dames had each a garland rare  
Of roses ; one was red and one was white ;  
These from their snowy brows and foreheads fair  
They tore in haste, to beat the writhing knight ;  
In vain he cried and raised his hands in prayer ;  
For still they struck till they were tired quite,  
And round about him on the sward they went,  
Nor ceased from striking till the morn was spent.

Nor massy cuirass nor stout plate of steel  
Could yield defense against those bitter blows :  
His flesh was swollen with many a livid weal  
Beneath his arms, and with such fiery woes  
Inflamed as spirits damned in hell may feel ;  
Yet theirs, upon my troth, are fainter throes :  
Wherefore that Baron, sore, and scant of breath,  
For pain and fear was well-nigh brought to death.

Nor whether they were gods or men he knew ;  
Nor prayer, nor courage, nor defense availed :  
Till suddenly upon their shoulders grew  
And budded wings with gleaming gold engrailed,  
Radiant with crimson, white, and azure blue ;  
And with a living eye each plume was tailed,  
Not like a peacock's or a bird's, but bright  
And tender as a girl's with love's delight.

Then, after small delay their flight they took,  
And one by one soared upward to the sky,  
Leaving Rinaldo sole beside the brook.  
Full bitterly the Baron 'gan to cry,  
For grief and dole so great his bosom shock  
That still it seemed that he must surely die ;  
And in the end so fiercely raged his pain  
That like a corpse he fell along the plain.

## THE BELL RINGER OF NOTRE DAME.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

[VICTOR MARIE HUGO, French novelist, poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Besançon, February 26, 1802. He followed his father, one of Napoleon's generals, from place to place in Europe, studying privately or in local schools. From the age of eleven he poured out streams of literary product, won several prizes before he was eighteen, and was called by Châteaubriand "The Sublime Child." He was elected to the Academy in 1845. He entered political life in 1848; became an opponent of Louis Napoleon; was proscribed by him after the *coup d'état* of 1851, and remained in exile till Napoleon's fall in 1870, when he returned and was made senator. He died May 22, 1885. Of his enormously prolific genius the best-known products are the novels "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-three," and "L'Homme Qui Rit" (The Grinning Man); the plays "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," and "Les Burgraves"; "The History of a Crime," an account of the *coup d'état*; "The Last Day of a Condemned One"; the poems "Legend of the Ages," "Contemplations," "The Chastisements," "The Pope," and "The Art of Being a Grandfather," besides several miscellaneous volumes of verse.]

## IMMANIS PECORIS CUSTOS, IMMANIOR IPSE.

Now, in 1482, Quasimodo had grown up. He had been made, some years previous, bell ringer of Notre Dame, thanks to his adopted father, Claude Frollo, who had become arch-deacon of Josas, thanks to his liege lord Sir Louis de Beaumont, who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, thanks to his patron Olivier le Dain, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

Quasimodo, therefore, was ringer of Notre Dame.

In time, a peculiar bond of intimacy grew up between the ringer and the church. Cut off forever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his deformity, confined from infancy in this doubly insuperable circle, the poor wretch became used to seeing nothing of the world outside the religious walls which had received him into their shadow. Notre Dame had been to him by turns, as he grew and developed, egg, nest, home, country, universe.

And it is certain that there was a sort of mysterious and preëxisting harmony between this creature and the structure. When, still a child, he dragged himself tortuously and jerkingly along beneath its gloomy arches, he seemed, with his human face and animal-like limbs, to be some reptile native to that

damp dark pavement upon which the Roman capitals cast so many grotesque shadows.

Later on, the first time that he mechanically grasped the bell rope in the tower, and clung to it, and set the bell ringing, he seemed to Claude, his adopted father, like a child whose tongue is loosed, and who begins to talk.

It was thus, little by little, growing ever after the pattern of the cathedral, living there, sleeping there, seldom leaving its precincts, forever subject to its mysterious influence, he came to look like it, to be imbedded in it, to form, as it were, an integral part of it. His sharp angles (if we may be pardoned the simile) fitted into the reëntering angles of the building, and he seemed not only to inhabit it, but to be its natural tenant. He might almost be said to have assumed its form, as the snail assumes the form of its shell. It was his dwelling, his hole, his wrapper. There was so deep an instinct of sympathy between him and the old church, there were so many magnetic affinities between them, that he in some sort clung to it, as the tortoise to its shell. The rugged cathedral was his shell.

It is useless to warn the reader not to take literally the figures of speech which we are forced to use here to express this singular, symmetrical, direct, almost consubstantial union of a man and an edifice. It is also useless to speak of the degree of familiarity with the whole cathedral which he had acquired during so long and intimate a cohabitation. This dwelling was his own. It contained no deeps which Quasimodo had not penetrated, no heights which he had not scaled. He often climbed the façade several stories high by the mere aid of projecting bits of sculpture. The towers upon the outer face of which he was frequently seen crawling like a lizard gliding over a perpendicular wall (those twin giants, so lofty, so threatening, so terrible) had no vertiges, no terrors, no giddiness for him; they were so docile to his hand, so easily climbed, that he might be said to have tamed them. By dint of jumping, clambering, sporting amid the abysses of the huge cathedral, he had become, as it were, a monkey and a goat, like the Calabrian child who swims before he walks, and plays with the sea while but an infant.

Moreover, not only his body but also his spirit seemed to be molded by the cathedral. What was the state of that soul? What bent had it assumed, what form had it taken under its knotty covering in this wild life? It would be hard to tell.

Quasimodo was born blind of one eye, humpbacked, lame. It was only by great patience and great painstaking that Claude Frollo had succeeded in teaching him to speak. But a fatality followed the poor foundling. Bell ringer of Notre Dame at the age of fourteen, a new infirmity soon put the finishing touch to his misfortunes ; the bells had broken the drum of his ears : he became deaf. The only avenue which Nature had left him open to the world was suddenly closed forever.

In closing, it shut off the only ray of joy and light which still reached Quasimodo's soul. That soul relapsed into utter darkness. The miserable lad's melancholy became as complete and as hopeless as his deformity. Add to this that his deafness made him in some sort dumb ; for, that he might not be an object of laughter to others, from the moment that he realized his deafness he firmly resolved to observe a silence which he scarcely ever broke save when alone. Of his own free will he bound that tongue which Claude Frollo had worked so hard to set free. Hence it resulted that, when necessity constrained him to speak, his tongue was stiff and awkward, like a door whose hinges have rusted.

If now we strive to penetrate to Quasimodo's soul through this hard thick bark ; could we sound the depths of that misshapen organism ; could we hold a torch behind those non-transparent organs, explore the dark interior of that opaque being, illumine its obscure corners, its absurd blind alleys, and cast a strong light suddenly upon the Psyche imprisoned at the bottom of this well, we should doubtless find the poor thing in some constrained attitude, stunted and rickety, like those prisoners under the leads of Venice, who grew old bent double in a stone coffer too short and too low for them either to lie down or to stand up.

The spirit certainly wastes away in a misshapen body. Quasimodo barely felt within him the blind stirring of a soul made in his own image. His impressions of objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached his mind. His brain was a peculiar medium ; the ideas which traversed it came forth greatly distorted. The reflection resulting from that refraction was necessarily divergent, and deviated from the right path.

Hence endless optical illusions, endless aberrations of opinion, endless digressions into which his thoughts, sometimes foolish, and sometimes idiotic, would wander.

The first effect of this unfortunate condition of things was



to disturb his views of all outward objects. He had scarcely any direct perception of them. The external world seemed much farther away from him than it does from us.

The second effect of his misfortune was to make him mischievous.

He was mischievous because he was an untrained savage ; he was a savage because he was ugly. There was a logic in his nature as in ours.

His strength, wonderfully developed as it was, was the cause of still greater mischief. "*Malus puer robustus*," says Hobbes.

But we must do him the justice to say that this mischievous spirit was not innate. From his first intercourse with men he had felt, had seen himself despised, scorned, repulsed. To him, human speech meant nothing but mockery or curses. As he grew up, he encountered nothing but hate. He caught the infection. He acquired the universal malevolence. He adopted the weapon with which he had been wounded.

After all, he never turned his face to the world of men save with regret ; his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with marble figures, kings, saints, and bishops, who at least did not laugh at him, and never looked upon him otherwise than with peace and good will. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, did not hate Quasimodo ; he looked too much like them for that. They rather mocked at other men. The saints were his friends, and blessed him. The monsters were his friends, and protected him. Thus he had long conversations with them. He would sometimes pass whole hours squatting before one of these statues, in solitary chat with it. If any one came by, he would fly like a lover surprised in his serenade.

And the cathedral was not only company for him, it was the universe ; nay, more, it was Nature itself. He never dreamed that there were other hedgerows than the stained-glass windows in perpetual bloom ; other shade than that of the stone foliage, always budding, loaded with birds in the thickets of Saxon capitals ; other mountains than the colossal towers of the church ; or other ocean than Paris roaring at their feet.

But that which he loved more than all else in the motherly building, that which awakened his soul and bade it spread its poor stunted wings folded in such misery where it dwelt in darkness, that which sometimes actually made him happy, was

the bells. He loved them, he caressed them, he talked to them, he understood them. From the chime in the steeple over the transept to the big bell above the door, he had a tender feeling for them all. The belfry of the transept and the two towers were to him like three great cages, in which the birds, trained by him, sang for him alone; and yet it was these very bells which made him deaf. But mothers often love that child best which has cost them most pain.

To be sure, their voice was the only one which he could now hear. For this reason the big bell was his best beloved. She was his favorite of that family of noisy damsels who fluttered about his head on holidays. This big bell had been christened Marie. She hung alone in the south tower with her sister Jacqueline, a bell of less size inclosed in a smaller cage close beside her own. This Jacqueline was named for the wife of Jehan Montague, who gave the bell to the church; which did not prevent him from figuring at Montfaucon without a head. In the second tower there were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest dwelt in the belfry over the transept with the wooden bell, which was only rung from the afternoon of Maundy Thursday till the morning of Holy Saturday or Easter Eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his harem; but big Marie was his favorite.

It is impossible to give any idea of his joy on those days when full peals were rung. When the archdeacon dismissed him with the word "Go," he ran up the winding staircase more rapidly than any one else could have gone down. He reached the aerial chamber of the big bell, breathless; he gazed at it an instant with love and devotion, then spoke to it gently, and patted it, as you would a good horse about to take a long journey. He condoled with it on the hard work before it. After these initiatory caresses he called to his assistants, stationed on a lower story of the tower, to begin. They then hung upon the ropes, the windlass creaked, and the enormous mass of metal moved slowly. Quasimodo, panting with excitement, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the clapper upon its brazen wall made the beam on which he stood quiver. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Here we go! There we go!" he shouted with a mad burst of laughter. But the motion of the great bell grew faster and faster, and as it traversed an ever-increasing space, his eye grew bigger and bigger, more and more glittering and phosphorescent. At last the

full peal began; the whole tower shook: beams, leads, broad stones, all rumbled together, from the piles of the foundation to the trefoils at the top. Then Quasimodo's rapture knew no bounds: he came and went; he trembled and shook from head to foot with the tower. The bell, let loose, and frantic with liberty, turned its jaws of bronze to either wall of the tower in turn,—jaws from which issued that whirlwind whose roar men heard for four leagues around. Quasimodo placed himself before those gaping jaws; he rose and fell with the swaying of the bell, inhaled its tremendous breath, gazed now at the abyss swarming with people like ants, two hundred feet below him, and now at the huge copper clapper which from second to second bellowed in his ear. That was the only speech which he could hear, the only sound that broke the universal silence reigning around him. He basked in it as a bird in the sunshine. All at once the frenzy of the bell seized him; his look became strange; he waited for the passing of the bell as a spider lies in wait for a fly, and flung himself headlong upon it. Then, suspended above the gulf, launched upon the tremendous vibration of the bell, he grasped the brazen monster by its ears, clasped it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, doubling the fury of the peal with the whole force and weight of his body. As the tower shook, he shouted and gnashed his teeth, his red hair stood erect, his chest labored like a blacksmith's bellows, his eye flashed fire, the monstrous steed neighed and panted under him; and then the big bell of Notre Dame and Quasimodo ceased to exist: they became a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest; vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit clinging to a winged crupper; a strange centaur, half man, half bell; a sort of horrid Astolpho, borne aloft by a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

The presence of this extraordinary being pervaded the whole cathedral with a peculiar breath of life. It seemed, at least in the opinion of the grossly superstitious mob, as if mysterious emanations issued from him, animating every stone in Notre Dame and making the very entrails of the old church throb and palpitate. His mere presence there was enough to lead the vulgar to fancy that the countless statues in the galleries and over the doors moved and breathed. And in very truth the cathedral seemed a creature docile and obedient to his hand: it awaited his pleasure to lift up its mighty voice; it was possessed and filled with Quasimodo as with a familiar

spirit. He might be said to make the vast edifice breathe. He was indeed omnipresent in it, he multiplied himself at every point of the structure. Sometimes the terrified spectator saw an odd dwarf on the extreme pinnacle of one of the towers, climbing, creeping, writhing, crawling on all fours, descending headfirst into the abyss, leaping from one projection to another, and diving deep into the maw of some sculptured gorgon: it was Quasimodo hunting for daws' nests. Sometimes a visitor stumbled over a sort of living nightmare, crouching and scowling in a dark corner of the church: it was Quasimodo absorbed in thought. Sometimes an enormous head and a bundle of ill-adjusted limbs might be seen swaying frantically to and fro from a rope's end under a belfry: it was Quasimodo ringing the Vespers or the Angelus. Often by night a hideous form was seen wandering along the frail, delicately wrought railing which crowns the towers and runs round the top of the chancel: it was still the hunchback of Notre Dame. Then, so the neighbors said, the whole church took on a fantastic, supernatural, horrible air,—eyes and mouths opened wide here and there; the dogs and dragons and griffins of stone which watch day and night, with outstretched necks and gaping jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, barked loudly. And if it were a Christmas night, while the big bell, which seemed uttering its death rattle, called the faithful to attend the solemn midnight mass, the gloomy façade assumed such an aspect that it seemed as if the great door were devouring the crowd while the rose window looked on. And all this was due to Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple; the Middle Ages held him to be its demon; he was its soul.

So much so that to those who know that Quasimodo once existed, Notre Dame is now deserted, inanimate, dead. They feel that something has gone from it. That immense body is empty; it is a skeleton; the spirit has left it, the abode remains, and that is all. It is like a skull; the sockets of the eyes are still there, but sight is gone.

#### A TEAR FOR A DROP OF WATER.

These words were, so to speak, the connecting link between two scenes which up to this instant had gone on simultaneously, each upon its own particular stage: one, of which we have just

read, at the Rat Hole ; the other, of which we shall now read, at the pillory. The former was witnessed only by the three women whose acquaintance the reader has just made ; the spectators of the latter consisted of the crowd of people whom we saw some time since gathering in the Grève, about the gibbet and the pillory.

This crowd, whom the sight of the four officers posted at the four corners of the pillory ever since nine in the morning led to expect an execution of some sort, perhaps not a hanging, but a whipping, cropping of ears, or something of the sort, — this crowd had grown so rapidly that the four officers, too closely hemmed in, were more than once obliged to drive the people back by a free use of their whips and their horses' heels.

The populace, well accustomed to wait for public executions, betrayed no great impatience. They amused themselves by looking at the pillory, — a very simple structure, consisting of a cube of masonry some ten feet high, and hollow within. A very steep flight of stairs of unhewn stone, called the ladder, led to the upper platform, upon which was a horizontal wheel made of oak. The victim was bound to this wheel in a kneeling posture, with his hands behind him. A wooden shaft, set in motion by a capstan concealed inside the machine, made the wheel revolve horizontally, thus presenting the prisoner's face to each side of the square in turn. This was called "turning" a criminal.

It is evident that the pillory of the Grève was far from possessing all the attractions of the pillory of the Markets. There was nothing architectural or monumental about it. It had no roof with an iron cross, no octagonal lantern, no slender columns expanding at the edge of the roof into capitals composed of acanthus leaves and flowers, no huge fantastic gutter spouts, no carved woodwork, no delicate sculpture cut deep into the stone.

Here the spectator must needs be content with the four rough walls, two stone facings, and a shabby stone gibbet, plain and bare.

The treat would have been a sorry one for lovers of Gothic architecture. It is true that no one was ever less interested in monuments than your good cockney of the Middle Ages, who paid very little heed to the beauty of a pillory.

The victim appeared at last, tied to the tail of a cart ; and when he had been hoisted to the top of the platform, where he

could be seen from all parts of the square bound to the wheel of the pillory with straps and ropes, a prodigious hooting, mingled with shouts and laughter, burst from the spectators. They had recognized Quasimodo.

It was indeed he. It was a strange reverse. He was now pilloried on the same place where he was the day before hailed, acclaimed, and proclaimed Pope and Prince of Fools, Lord of Misrule, and attended by the Duke of Egypt, the King of Tunis, the Emperor of Galilee ! One thing is certain ; there was not a soul in the crowd ; not even himself, in turn triumphant and a victim, who could distinctly draw a mental comparison between these two situations. Gringoire and his philosophy were wanting to the spectacle.

Soon Michel Noiret, sworn trumpeter to our lord the king, imposed silence on all beholders, and proclaimed the sentence, according to the provost's order and command. He then retired behind the cart, with his men in livery coats.

Quasimodo, utterly impassive, never winked. All resistance on his part was rendered impossible by what was then called, in the language of criminal law, "the vehemence and firmness of the bonds" ; which means that the chains and thongs probably cut into his flesh. This, by the bye, is a tradition of the jail and the convict prison which is not yet lost, and which the handcuffs still preserve as a precious relic among us, civilized, mild, and humane as we are (not to mention the guillotine and the galleys).

He allowed himself to be led, pushed, carried, lifted, tied, and re-tied. His face revealed nothing more than the surprise of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf ; he seemed to be blind.

He was placed upon his knees on the circular plank ; he made no resistance. He was stripped of shirt and doublet to the waist ; he submitted. He was bound with a fresh system of straps and buckles ; he suffered himself to be buckled and bound. Only from time to time he breathed heavily, like a calf whose head hangs dangling from the back of a butcher's cart.

"The booby !" said Jehan Frollo du Moulin to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two students had followed the victim, as a matter of course) ; "he understands no more about it than a cockchafer shut up in a box !"

A shout of laughter ran through the crowd when Quasi-

modo's hump, his camel breast, his horny, hairy shoulders, were bared to view. During this burst of merriment, a man in the city livery, short of stature, and strong, mounted the platform and took his place by the prisoner's side. His name was soon circulated among the spectators. It was Master Pierrat Torterue, sworn torturer of the Châtelet.

He began by placing on one corner of the pillory a black hourglass, the upper part of which was full of red sand, which dropped slowly into the lower half; then he took off his party-colored coat, and there was seen hanging from his right hand a slim, slender whip with long white thongs, shining, knotted, braided, armed with metal tips. With his left hand he carelessly rolled his right shirt sleeve up to his armpit.

Meanwhile Jehan Frollo shouted, lifting his fair curly head high above the crowd (he had climbed Robin Poussepain's shoulders for the express purpose), "Come and see, gentlemen and ladies! They are going straightway to flog Master Quasimodo, the bell ringer of my brother the archdeacon of Josas, a strange specimen of Oriental architecture, with a dome for his back and twisted columns for legs."

All the people laughed, especially the children and the young girls.

At last the executioner stamped his foot. The wheel began to turn. Quasimodo reeled in spite of his bonds. The astonishment suddenly depicted upon his misshapen face redoubled the bursts of laughter around him.

Suddenly, just as the wheel in its revolution presented to Master Pierrat Quasimodo's mountainous back, Master Pierrat raised his arm: the thin lashes hissed through the air like a brood of vipers, and fell furiously upon the wretched man's shoulders.

Quasimodo started as if roused abruptly from a dream. He began to understand. He writhed in his bonds; surprise and pain distorted the muscles of his face, but he did not heave a sigh. He merely bent his head back, to the right, then to the left, shaking it like a bull stung in the flank by a gadfly.

A second blow followed the first, then a third, and another, and another, and so on and on. The wheel did not cease from turning, or the blows from raining down.

Soon the blood spurted; it streamed in countless rivulets over the hunchback's swarthy shoulders; and the slender

thongs, as they rent the air, sprinkled it in drops among the crowd.

Quasimodo had resumed, apparently at least, his former impassivity. He had tried at first, secretly and without great visible effort, to burst his bonds. His eye kindled, his muscles stiffened, his limbs gathered all their force, and the straps and chains stretched. The struggle was mighty, prodigious, desperate; but the tried and tested fetters of the provosty held firm. They cracked; and that was all. Quasimodo fell back exhausted. Surprise gave way, upon his features, to a look of bitter and profound dejection. He closed his single eye, dropped his head upon his breast, and feigned death.

Thenceforth he did not budge. Nothing could wring a movement from him,—neither his blood, which still flowed, nor the blows, which increased in fury, nor the rage of the executioner, who became excited and intoxicated by his work, nor the noise of the horrid lashes, keener and sharper than the stings of wasps.

At last an usher from the Châtelet, dressed in black, mounted on a black horse, who had been posted beside the ladder from the beginning of the execution of the sentence, extended his ebony wand towards the hourglass. The executioner paused. The wheel stopped. Quasimodo's eye reopened slowly.

The flagellation was ended. Two attendants of the executioner washed the victim's bleeding shoulders, rubbed them with some salve which at once closed all the wounds, and threw over his back a piece of yellow cotton cloth cut after the pattern of a priest's cope. Meanwhile Pierrat Torterue let his red lashes soaked with blood drip upon the pavement.

But all was not over for Quasimodo. He had still to spend in the pillory that hour so judiciously added by Master Florian Barbedienne to the sentence of Master Robert d'Estouteville,—all to the greater glory of Jean de Cumène's old physiological and psychological pun: “*Surdus absurdus.*”

The hourglass was therefore turned, and the hunchback was left bound to the plank as before, in order that justice might be executed to the utmost.

The people, particularly in the Middle Ages, were to society what the child is to a family. So long as they remain in their primitive condition of ignorance, of moral and intellectual non-age, it may be said of them as of a child:—

That age is without pity.



We have already shown that Quasimodo was the object of universal hatred, — for more than one good reason, it is true. There was hardly a single spectator in the crowd who had not — or did not think he had — grounds for complaint against the malicious hunchback of Notre Dame. Every one was delighted to see him in the pillory ; and the severe punishment which he had just received, and the piteous state in which it had left him, far from softening the hearts of the populace, had made their hatred keener by adding to it a spice of merriment.

Thus, “public vengeance,” as the legal jargon still styles it, once satisfied, a thousand private spites took their turn at revenge. Here, as in the Great Hall, the women made themselves especially conspicuous. All bore him a grudge, — some for his mischief, others for his ugliness. The latter were the more furious.

“Oh, you image of Antichrist !” said one.

“Broomstick rider !” cried another.

“What a fine tragic face !” yelled a third. “It would surely make you Lord of Misrule, if to-day were only yesterday.”

“That’s right,” added an old woman. “This is the pillory face. When shall we have the gallows face ?”

“When shall we see you buried a hundred feet below ground, with your big bell upon your head, you cursed bell ringer ?”

“And to think that it’s this demon that rings the Angelus !”

“Oh, you deaf man ! you blind man ! you hunchback ! you monster !”

And the two students, Jehan du Moulin and Robin Poussepain, sang at the top of their voices the old popular refrain : —

“A halter for the gallows bird !  
A fagot for the ugly ape !”

Countless other insults rained upon him, mingled with hoots, curses, laughter, and occasional stones.

Quasimodo was deaf, but his sight was capital, and the fury of the mob was no less forcibly painted on their faces than in their words. Besides, the stones which struck him explained the peals of laughter.

He bore it for a time ; but little by little his patience, which

had resisted the torturer's whip, gave way and rebelled against all these insect stings. The Asturian bull, which pays but little heed to the attacks of the picador, is maddened by the dogs and the banderilleros.

At first he glanced slowly and threateningly around the crowd; but, bound fast as he was, his glance was impotent to drive away those flies which galled his wounds. Then he struggled in his fetters, and his frantic efforts made the old pillory wheel creak upon its timbers. All this only increased the shouts and derision of the crowd.

Then the wretched man, unable to break the collar which held him chained like a wild beast, became quiet again; only at intervals a sigh of rage heaved his breast. His face showed no trace of mortification or shame. He was too far removed from the existing state of society, and too nearly allied to a state of nature, to know what shame was. Besides, it is doubtful if infamy be a thing which can be felt by one afflicted with that degree of deformity. But rage, hate, despair, slowly veiled the hideous face with a cloud which grew darker and darker, more and more heavily charged with an electricity revealed by countless flashes from the eye of the Cyclop.

However, this cloud was lightened for a moment as a mule passed through the crowd, bearing a priest on his back. As soon as he saw that mule and that priest, the poor sufferer's face softened. The fury which convulsed it gave way to a strange smile, full of ineffable sweetness, affection, and tenderness. As the priest approached, this smile became more pronounced, more distinct, more radiant. It was as if the unhappy man hailed the coming of a Savior. Yet, when the mule was near enough to the pillory for his rider to recognize the prisoner, the priest cast down his eyes, turned back abruptly, spurred his animal on either side as if in haste to avoid humiliating appeals, and very far from anxious to be greeted and recognized by a poor devil in such a plight.

The priest was the archdeacon Don Claude Frollo.

The cloud grew darker than ever upon the face of Quasimodo. The smile lingered for some time, although it became bitter, dejected, profoundly sad.

Time passed. He had been there at least an hour and a half, wounded, illtreated, incessantly mocked, and almost stoned to death.

Suddenly he again struggled in his chains with renewed despair, which made all the timbers that held him quiver; and breaking the silence which he had hitherto obstinately kept, he cried in a hoarse and furious voice more like the bark of a dog than a human cry, and which drowned the sound of the hooting, "Water!"

This exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, only increased the amusement of the good Parisian populace who surrounded the ladder, and who, it must be confessed, taken in the mass and as a multitude, were at this time scarcely less cruel and brutish than that horrible tribe of Vagrant Vagabonds to whom we have already introduced the reader, and who were simply the lowest stratum of the people. Not a voice was raised around the wretched sufferer, except to mock at his thirst. Certainly he was at this moment more grotesque and repulsive than he was pitiable, with his livid and streaming face, his wild eye, his mouth foaming with rage and suffering, and his tongue protruding. It must also be acknowledged that, even had there been in the throng any charitable soul tempted to give a cup of cold water to the miserable creature in his agony, so strong an idea of shame and ignominy was attached to the infamous steps of the pillory, that this alone would have sufficed to repel the Good Samaritan.

In a few minutes Quasimodo cast a despairing look upon the crowd, and repeated in a still more heartrending voice, "Water!"

Every one laughed.

"Drink that!" shouted Robin Poussepain, flinging in his face a sponge which had been dragged through the gutter. "There, you deaf monster! I owe you something."

A woman aimed a stone at his head:—

"That will teach you to wake us at night with your cursed chimes!"

"Well, my boy!" howled a cripple, striving to reach him with his crutch, "will you cast spells on us again from the top of the towers of Notre Dame?"

"Here's a porringer to drink out of!" added a man, letting fly a broken jug at his breast. "'Twas you who made my wife give birth to a double-headed child, just by walking past her."

"And my cat have a kitten with six feet!" shrieked an old woman, hurling a tile at him.

"Water!" repeated the gasping Quasimodo, for the third time.

At this moment he saw the crowd separate. A young girl, oddly dressed, stepped from their midst. She was accompanied by a little white goat with gilded horns, and held a tambourine in her hand.

Quasimodo's eye gleamed. It was the gypsy girl whom he had tried to carry off the night before, — a freak for which he dimly felt that he was even now being punished; which was not in the least true, since he was only punished for the misfortune of being deaf, and having been tried by a deaf judge. He did not doubt that she too came to be avenged, and to take her turn at him with the rest.

He watched her nimbly climb the ladder. Rage and spite choked him. He longed to destroy the pillory; and had the lightning of his eye had power to blast, the gypsy girl would have been reduced to ashes long before she reached the platform.

Without a word she approached the sufferer, who vainly writhed and twisted to avoid her, and loosening a gourd from her girdle, she raised it gently to the parched lips of the miserable wretch.

Then from that eye, hitherto so dry and burning, a great tear trickled, and rolled slowly down the misshapen face, so long convulsed with despair. It was perhaps the first that the unfortunate man had ever shed.

But he forgot to drink. The gypsy girl made her customary little grimace of impatience, and smilingly pressed the neck of the gourd to Quasimodo's jagged mouth.

He drank long draughts; his thirst was ardent.

When he had done, the poor wretch put out his black lips, doubtless to kiss the fair hand which had helped him. But the girl, perhaps not quite free from distrust, and mindful of the violent attempt of the previous night, withdrew her hand with the terrified gesture of a child who fears being bitten by a wild animal.

Then the poor deaf man fixed upon her a look of reproach and unutterable sorrow.

It would anywhere have been a touching sight, to see this lovely girl, fresh, pure, charming, and yet so weak, thus devoutly hastening to the help of so much misery, deformity, and malice. Upon a pillory, the sight was sublime.

## THE PRANKS OF HOWLEGLASS.

[TYLL EULENSPIEGEL (owl-mirror), was a German invention on whom was fathered a collection of old stories, — mainly practical jokes to the end of bilking, thieving, and idling, — seemingly first published in 1483, but largely added to in later editions and translations, and made a vehicle for rough satire and ribaldry on church and reformers alike.]

## HOW LITTLE HOWLEGLASS, RIDING BEHIND HIS FATHER ON HORSEBACK, SHOWED MUCH CUNNING AND MALICE.

SOON there came bitter complaints, almost every day repeated, by the neighbors, to Master Howleglass's father, assuring him what a malicious rogue his son was; for he was wicked from the time he could walk, and even showed his malice in the cradle. He would hide his head under the bed-clothes, turn up his legs where his head should be, and make the most odd leaps and antics ever witnessed in a child; but when he had reached ten years old, his tricks grew so numerous and intolerable, and the complaints of the neighbors so loud, that his father took him roundly to task, saying, "How comes it that everybody calls you such a malicious little wretch?" Howleglass, in his defense, declared that he did nobody any harm. "But if you wish to be convinced, father, and believe your own eyes, let me ride behind you on your old Dobbin, and I dare say they will still continue to find fault." So his father mounted him behind him on the horse, and as they jogged along, Howleglass, seeing some neighbors approach, pulled up his little coat behind, as a salutation to them as they passed. "There's a malicious little knave for you!" they cried aloud, as they went by, upon which the urchin said to his father, "You see I did them no harm, and yet they will call me nicknames."

His father next placed him before him, as they rode along, when Howleglass began to pull the most ugly faces ever seen, mocking and lolling his tongue at everybody as they went by, all of which his father could not see. "Look at that wicked little wretch!" was the cry; and upon this his father, quite losing patience, said, "Aye, thou wert born in an unlucky hour; for though thou hold thy tongue, all revile thee, and though thou sit as quiet as a lamb, the children run out of thy way." Soon after, his father, quite vexed at such injustice, changed

his abode, going to a village near Magdeburg, to which his wife belonged, and no long time after this he died. Howleglass's mother continued to live with her son, eating and drinking what they could get, for his mother shortly grew very poor, and Howleglass would learn no trade; only at the age of sixteen he had learnt to dance upon a rope, along with some other mountebank tricks.

#### HOW HOWLEGLASS FELL FROM THE TIGHT ROPE INTO THE WATER, AND HOW HE TOOK VENGEANCE UPON THOSE WHO MADE HIM FALL.

It happened one day, as Howleglass was amusing himself with dancing upon his tight rope, which he had made fast across a pool of water the better to show his dexterity, that a number of idle urchins had gathered round to see. One of them bethought him of a trick, and taking out his knife, he cut the cord at one end, and Howleglass went souse into the water, to the great merriment of the rest, who left him to get out as he best could. This made him both very dirty and very angry; but he held his peace, declaring that it was a good joke, and that he would come again the next morning and show them something new. This he did, for the next morning, after having exhibited some time upon his rope, he said to the boys, "Now you shall see a wonderful thing, if you will only each of you hand me here his right shoe." Some of the parents of the children who were there, believing he said true, and curious to learn what it could be, gave them to him; when, after keeping them for some time, and the young urchins becoming clamorous, he threw them back all in a heap, telling each to take his own. A general struggle then took place, one falling over another, fighting, biting, and kicking; one laughed, another cried, one tore his hair, another pulled his companion's, all exclaiming, "This is mine," and "That is mine," until the parents themselves mixed in the affray, and some good pitched battles were fought. It was now Howleglass's turn to laugh, and mocking them to his heart's content, he bade them try on their shoes, and being a capital swimmer, he eluded all pursuit and escaped. Still, he did not venture to show his face among them again for some weeks, remaining in a very quiet domestic way at home with his mother, who rejoiced to see such a change, and thought he was on the point of reforming, little knowing the malicious trick that he had played.

### HOW THE MOTHER OF HOWLEGLASS ADMONISHED HIM, THAT SHE MIGHT ENGAGE HIM TO LEARN AN HONEST TRADE.

Dame Ulbeke, Howleglass's mother, more and more delighted to observe her son's retired and peaceable demeanor, forthwith thought to take advantage of it, and besought him to abandon his former perverse ways, which brought her no money, as might have been the case by learning some honest trade. Howleglass then said, "My dear mother, what is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh, and what is that which a man should dispose himself to, that would abide by him all his life? what a man thinks he will stick by." "That, indeed," answered his mother, quite despairing, "seems to be the case: there has been no bread in the house these four days past, and if this is to continue only half one's life, I know one had better be dead." "No, no," said Howleglass, "that bears no resemblance to my words, for a poor man when he has nothing to eat will fast the fast of St. Nicholas, and when he has enough to eat he enjoys a feast on St. Martin's evening; and thus it is with you, mother."

### HOW HOWLEGLASS OBTAINED BREAD FOR HIS MOTHER.

But when he saw his mother really without any bread, Howleglass began to think it was time to think of providing her with some. For this purpose, he walked into the village of Sastard, where he entered a baker's shop, and inquired whether he had any objection to let his master have eighteen twopenny rolls of bread, half white and the other half brown. He then mentioned a gentleman's name in the town, with whom he said he had just come to a certain hotel, adding that his master would of course pay him on delivery, with which the baker was well pleased.

Now, Howleglass's breadbasket, a bag, had a hole in it, through which he contrived, as he was going along, to slip one of the loaves into the mud. Then throwing down the basket, he said to the baker's boy, "I dare not for the life of me carry this loaf home to my master; run back and change it, I will wait for you here." So away ran the baker's boy, and away ran Master Howleglass exactly the other road. When the boy returned, his customer was no longer to be seen; and after looking for him a while, he went back to his master. Then his master, without even waiting to thrash him, ran to the inn men-

tioned by Howleglass, but no one knew who or where our hero was. Upon this the baker found he had been well choused, and that this was all he was ever likely to be paid for his bread.

In this way Howleglass provided his mother with plenty of bread, saying, "Dear mother, eat when you have it, and remember always to fast when you are without."

### HOW HOWLEGLASS HIRED HIMSELF TO A PRIEST.

After Howleglass had brought himself clean off, he journeyed towards the land of Buddenslede; and at the village of Brusedent he entered into the service of a priest who knew nothing of him. His new master informed him that he would have a fine time of it, that he should eat and drink as well as himself or the servant maid, and that all he would have to do would be easy work, indeed only half-work. Then Howleglass, pleased to hear this, said that he would do it well. Now, he soon observed that the priest's servant maid had only one eye; she was then preparing a couple of fowls for dinner, and she bade Howleglass turn the spit.

She went about her work; and when the fowls were roasted he sat down to eat one of them, for he was very hungry, and the priest had told him he was to eat of the best as well as *he* did; and he did not stop for sauce. When the girl came back to take dinner up, she said to Howleglass: "Where is the other fowl? I left two roasting upon the spit."

"My good girl," replied Howleglass, "open your other eye, and you will then see them both," at which the servant went into a great rage. She ran forthwith to complain to the priest. "Your new servant, sir, is mocking me: he says I have only one eye. I see but one fowl, though I put two to roast." Howleglass, who had followed her, now said, "That is true; but I told her that if she would open both eyes, she would see them both." The priest replied, "That is out of the question, for she has only one." "There," cried Howleglass, "you have said it, but not I." "At all events," rejoined the priest, "there is a fowl missing." "Yes," replied Howleglass, "but I only ate one. You said I was to live as well as my master and his maid, and I was afraid lest you should say the thing which is not, if both had gone up to table, and you had chanced to eat both. I was afraid you might perjure your own soul; therefore I ate." The priest laughed and was satisfied, saying, "My good fellow,



I am not to be disheartened for the loss of a chicken ; but always do what my maid enjoins you to do." Howleglass said, "I will willingly do whatever she requires of me." Yet from that time forth he made a point of doing only just half of what she commanded him ; for if she wanted a pitcher of water, he would bring it only half full ; if she bade him clap a couple of fagots to the fire, he threw only one ; if she told him to give two feeds of hay to the cows, they had only one ; if she said, "Howleglass, draw a jug of beer," he brought it her only half full ; and thus with everything else. The girl at last resolved to make another complaint to the priest, who came to Howleglass in no very Christian temper of mind. "What ! my servant still finds fault with you : did not I tell you to do whatever she bid you ?" Howleglass answered, "Sir, I have done all that you ordered me. You told me at the time that you engaged me that I should have an easy place ; that it would be only *half-work*." The priest laughed heartily ; but his servant maid exclaimed in a great fume, "Sir, if you resolve to keep this mischievous rogue in your service any longer, I must leave it."

It was no question with the priest how he was to decide, and Howleglass received warning on account of the chambermaid ; at which he was not sorry, for he said he hated to be eternally scolded by a blind chambermaid, who wanted him to do *both halves* of the work—both his and her own.

#### HOW HOWLEGLASS, BEING IN WANT OF READY CASH TO PAY HIS HOST, FOUND A SUBSTITUTE.

When Howleglass left his last master, he made such a good use of his legs that he arrived at the city of Halberstadt in no time, and boldly took up his quarters at one of the first inns. In about eight days, however, he had expended all his cash, at which he felt a little uncomfortable, and not without reason ; for his host had soon run up a long bill, both against Howleglass and his horse, which how he came by doth not appear. Finding that his host was at length getting angry with him, he entreated him to have a little more patience, and that he should be no loser by it. Howleglass then sent a message to the town crier, with a handsome fee, for him to proclaim the arrival of a stranger, who had brought along with him a curious animal made something like a horse, but which had its head placed where its

tail ought to be. Meantime Howleglass tied his horse's tail to the manger, and before the crowd had assembled he had got out some little handbills, puffing in high style his new exhibition. The townspeople came running from all sides, thinking to behold some monster, or at least some rare sight. Before permitting a single soul to enter the stable, he had secured a penny a head, without making any abatement for children. As fast as they came in and found how wittily they had been deceived, they could not help laughing at the hoax, in which Howleglass joining, earnestly entreated them not to ruin his fortunes and let those laugh at them who had not paid, by telling the secret to the townspeople on the outside. This they all promised, and as soon as they got home, each advised his neighbor to go and see the great sight. In this way Howleglass raised a good round sum of money, paid his host, and rode out of the town; passing a merry time of it as long as his finances held out.

#### HOW HOWLEGLASS CAUSED THE INHABITANTS OF MEYBURG TO BELIEVE THAT HE WAS GOING TO FLY.

After having visited several places, Howleglass came to Meyburg, where he gave out that he was prepared to exhibit a very novel performance, to which he was invited by the magistrates. On being asked what it was, he answered that it was his intention to mount the top of the council hall, one of the highest houses in the place, whence he intended to fly down without being hurt.

At these tidings, the market place was filled with people eagerly watching our hero, who with outspread arms was seen on the roof of the house. When he saw the crowd, he laughed and said aloud: "Had you all sworn that you could have flown, I would not have believed you, while you believe a single fool; but I see the place is full of them. If you had yourselves told me, I say, that you were such great fools, I would not have believed you; yet I see all of you can put faith in one who persuaded you that he could fly; so I will, if you will give me wings." He then disappeared, leaving all the people to chew their disappointment, who went home, some laughing, some swearing, and others observing that he was a malicious rogue; who nevertheless had told the truth, for that he was willing to fly down, if they would lend him wings.

## HOW HOWLEGLASS HIRED HIMSELF AS A SERVANT TO A BAKER.

Howleglass, having taken himself off to some distance from the hospital, next entered into the service of a baker in another town. Early on the ensuing day, when preparing to make bread, he was ordered to come sieve the flour : and he said he should want a candle, as it was almost dark. But the baker replied, "I never trust my servants with candles ; they are always accustomed to bolt by the light of the moon." — "Be it so ; I will do so too." The master went to rest for some hours, during which time Howleglass took the bolting bag and hung it out of the window ; then he bolted the flour which fell into the garden below as hard as he could bolt. In the morning the baker rose early to begin the process of baking. He found Howleglass still at work, and inquired hastily what he was doing there : "Was flour made to be thrown in that style upon the ground ? Do you know what it cost ?" Howleglass answered, "Sir, I have been sieving it in the light of the moon, as you ordered me to do." "Dolt !" said his master, "you ought to have sieved it *by* moonlight, and not *in* the light, villain !" "Well," cried Howleglass, "there is no great damage done : I will collect it together again shortly." "Yes," said his master, "but it is too late to bake to-day ; there will be no dough." "True, master," said Howleglass, "but let me advise you. Your neighbor's paste is ready for the oven : I will go and borrow it for you." Then the baker flew into a rage, and said, "Go and hang thyself ! to the gallows with you, and see what you will find there !" "Very well, master," said Howleglass, and set out to the public gallows, where he found a robber's remains, which he carried back to his master. "Here I have brought what I found for you ; in what way shall I go to work with it ?" The baker, still more angry, said, "I will lay an information against you for defrauding public justice." And away he went, followed by Howleglass, to the market place, where the magistrates sat.

When the baker began to open the case to the judge, Howleglass opened two such eyes as fairly disconcerted his master — so large and rolling that no risible faculties could resist them ; and the plaintiff could not get through with his charge.

"What do you want ?" "Nothing," said Howleglass, "only you were going to complain of me, in my presence, before the

judge, and I was obliged to open my eyes to see you." The baker then replied, "Go, get out of my sight! I thought you were a dolt, but you are a malicious wretch, in my eyes at least." "Aye, they often call me so," cried Howleglass; "but if I was in your eyes, baker, I think you would not be so clear-sighted as you are." The magistrate, seeing that it was a foolish business, quitted his seat; upon which Howleglass, turning up his coat skirt to his master, said, "Master, if you want to bake bread, behold, can you bake such a loaf as this?" And then giving him the slip, he ran and left him to his own reflections.

#### HOW HOWLEGLASS SERVED AS A CASTLE WARDER TO THE LORD OF AMBAL, AND NEXT BECAME A SOLDIER.

It came to pass that he one day enlisted into the service of the Count of Ambal as a watch and warder, to keep a lookout for the couriers and blow for the enemy. The count had a number of these enemies, and was under the necessity of employing a considerable body of armed men. Howleglass being stationed upon the top tower, was frequently forgotten at mess-time when the others were enjoying good fare. Now the enemy, making an incursion, carried off a great herd of cattle, Howleglass giving no alarm; but the count, hearing a noise, went and saw Howleglass supporting himself against the window in a musing posture. The count said, "What is the matter with you?" Said Howleglass, "I shall not dance for such a festival as this." "What!" said the count, "will you not sound the horn for the enemy?" "I dare not; besides, there is no need," replied his warder: "your fields are already full of them; they are driving off all your cows, and if I blow for any more, they will besiege you at your castle gates."

Shortly afterwards the count's stock of provisions fell short, and he was compelled to make an incursion upon his neighbors, in which he got very good booty. Plenty of boiled and roast beef was the consequence. The count being seated with his knights and other men-at-arms at a well-furnished table, Howleglass blew a shrill blast, upon which the company ran to arms and made for the gates; but there was no enemy. Meanwhile Howleglass left his station and proceeded to the banqueting room, where he provided himself with as much good fare as he could carry, and departed. The men-at-arms hav-

ing all returned as wise as they went, the count said to Howleglass, "Are you mad, villain, that you blow for the enemy when there is none to be seen? yet when they are here, you give no alarm; so you are a traitor, and shall lose your office, and work with the meanest of our hinds." This arrangement was by no means pleasant to Howleglass, and he wished himself fairly out of the castle, but out he could not get; though he always contrived, when there was any fighting, to be the very last to leave the gates and the first to come back.

Observing this, the count said, "Were you afraid of being well beaten, that you were the last to go out and the first to come in again?" He replied: "Pray, my lord, do not be angry; for when you and your men-at-arms were making good cheer, I was fasting on the top of the tower. This has brought me very weak and low; but give me time to recover my strength with better fare, and you will see me among the first to attack, and the last to make a retreat." The count said, "But you will perhaps take as long a time to put you in fighting condition as you were in playing the horn upon the top of the tower. You had better find another service," added the count, and paid Howleglass off; at which he was greatly rejoiced, for he had a great horror of a desperate assault upon the enemy.

#### HOW HOWLEGLASS WISHED TO BE REPAID FOR THE TROUBLE HE TOOK IN DINING.

One day Howleglass came to Nuremberg, not far from Bamberg, and being very hungry, he entered into a house of entertainment where he saw a jolly hostess. She told him he was very welcome; for she saw by his equipment that he was a boon companion, and a wonderful knight of the stirrup; in short, a merry guest. When dinner was set upon the table, our hostess inquired whether he would take his repast with them, or dine at the usual price alone.

Howleglass said, "You see I am a poor, companionable fellow, that will bless Heaven if he can get anything to eat." "Aye, aye; but it must be with money: go to the butcher and baker, see whether they will give you anything for the love of Heaven. We eat here for the love of money; if none, you must go without your dinner." Now Howleglass, who had words always ready to serve two purposes, said: "Good hostess, I mean for money, and nothing else. It is all I ask. I would

not for the world think of dining upon nothing ; no, no, let it be for money — come, how much do you ask ?” The hostess made answer, “The gentlemen’s table is eightpence, the next is six.” “Then the most is the best for me,” cried Howleglass, as he made for a large, well-furnished board, where he ate to his heart’s content.

He went to the hostess as soon as he had finished, and begged her to pay him, as she had said, for that he was a poor man, and could not afford his time for nothing. “My friend,” replied the woman, “you have to give me eightpence, and then you are quit.” “No, no,” cried Howleglass, “you are to give me eightpence, and then you shall be quit of me. You declared we were to eat here for love of money, and that for dining at the gentlemen’s table it was to be eightpence. Certainly, as I told you, I did not intend to dine upon nothing, nor for nothing, but I expected to get eightpence ; and I assure you I have worked hard and performed my best to deserve it. I can do no more : give me the money and let me go !” The hostess replied : “You have said well, for I think you have eaten as much as any four, yet you have the conscience to ask me to pay you for it. That would be strange indeed ! But you are a wag ! Away with you ! A meal is not much, but deuce take me if I pay you too for eating me up. And hark you ! come to my table no more, unless you come to pay to-day’s reckoning with it : a pretty trade I should drive, marry come up, on these terms. I might very soon shut up shop.” So Howleglass took his departure, not without saluting her before she had worked herself into a great fume, and adding, “Well, if you can, on your conscience, take my labor for nothing, fare you well !”

#### HOW HOWLEGLASS JOURNEYED TO ROME, WHERE HE HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

After Howleglass had practiced his arts for some length of time, he bethought him of the proverb which says, “Go to Rome, my honest man, and come back a rogue again.” For true it is, that neither a good horse nor a bad man mend their condition by going to visit Rome.

Forthwith then our hero set out for that city, where he first showed his wit by taking up his residence at the house of a rich widow, who seeing so handsome a young man, inquired

whence he came. He said, from the country of Saxony, and that he was purposely come to have an interview with the Pope.

"Then," said she, "my friend, you may indeed see him, but to speak with him is a very different matter, especially if you be a stranger, as you say. For my part, I would give a hundred or two of solid ducats to any one who will obtain for me a conference with him." — "Will you give me a hundred ducats if I will do it?" — "That I will," repeated the jolly widow, boldly, for she little imagined that he could bring about such an interview without paying a number of fees.

Howleglass now watched the time when the holy procession was accustomed to proceed to the church of St. Giovanni (the Lateran), in order to celebrate mass. Observing the procession go by, Howleglass contrived to pass into the chapel along with the rest, edging up as near to the chair of St. Peter as he possibly could. When the time drew nigh for the elevation of the host, he turned his back upon the altar just as his Holiness raised the chalice, and fixed his eye upon the cardinals, keeping the same position until the whole ceremony was over. Mass being finished, one of the cardinals acquainted the holy pontiff that there was a young man present who had turned his back upon the holy sacrament. The Pope commanded that he should be instantly secured and brought before him, as he would banish him for an example to all bad Christians; and Howleglass speedily found himself seized and confronted with the mighty pontiff himself.

He first inquired of our hero what was the nature of his creed. He replied, "I am a Christian, and observe just the same faith as my hostess;" and he then mentioned her name, which was pretty well known.

The good dame was instantly sent for, in order to throw light upon the mystery, and the Pope first inquired of what faith she was. "Oh, dear! of the holy Catholic faith, to be sure; I believe in all that the holy Church chooses to command or to forbid." Then Howleglass cried out, "So do I! I believe all that too." "How came it, then, that you turned your back upon the holy sacrament?" said the Pope. Howleglass replied, "Most holy father, I am a very great sinner, and felt as if I were not worthy of beholding the holy sacrament, before which I was to make confession." The Pope said that such being the case it only did him credit, and permitted him to go, after bestowing his benediction on Howleglass and his hostess.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dumferling toune,  
 Drinking the blude-reid wine:  
 "O whar will I get guid sailòr,  
 To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldèrn knight,  
 Sat at the kings richt kne:  
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailòr  
 That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid [open] letter  
 And signed it wi' his hand,  
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
 A loud lauch lauched he:  
 The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
 The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,  
 This ill deid don to me;  
 To send me out this time o' the yeir,  
 To sail upon the se?"

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
 Our guid schip sails the morne."

"O say na sae, my master deir,  
 For I feir a deaddlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone  
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;  
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
 That we will com to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith [loth]  
 To weet [wet] their cork-heild schoone;  
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,  
 Their hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit  
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,



Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spens  
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand  
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,  
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,  
For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,  
It's fiftie fadom deip:  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

#### EDWARD, EDWARD.

"Why dois your brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
Edward, Edward?"

Why dois your brand sae drop wi' bluid?  
And why sae sad gang yee, O?"

"O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my hanke sae guid:  
And I had nae mair bot hee, O."

"Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
Edward, Edward:

Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
My deir son I tell thee, O."

"O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
That erst was sae fair and free, O."

"Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,  
Edward, Edward:

Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,  
Some other dule ye drie, O."

"O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Alas! and wae is me, O!"

"And whatten penance wul ye drie for that,  
Edward, Edward?"

And whatten penance wal ye drie for that?  
My deir son, now tell me, O."

"Ile set my feit in yonder boat,  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 Ile set my feit in yonder boat,  
                                 And Ile fare ovir the sea, O."

"And what wul ye doe wi' your towirs and your ha',  
                                 Edward, Edward?  
 And what wul ye doe wi' your towirs and your ha',  
                                 That were sae fair to see, O?"  
 "Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',  
                                 For here nevir mair may I bei, O."

"And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,  
                                 Edward, Edward?  
 And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,  
                                 Whan ye gang ovir the sea, O?"  
 "The warldis room, late them beg throw life,  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 The warldis room, let them beg throw life,  
                                 For thame nevir mair wul I see, O."

"And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,  
                                 Edward, Edward?  
 And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?  
                                 My deir son now tell me, O."  
 "The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,  
                                 Sic counsells ye gave to me, O."

CHILD MAURICE.

Child Maurice hunted ithe silver wood,  
 He hunted itt round about,  
 And noebodie that he ffounde therin,  
 Nor none there was with-out.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*  
 \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

And he tooke his silver combe in his hand,  
 To kembe his yellow lockes.

He sayes, Come hither, thou litle ffoot-page,  
 That runneth lowlye by my knee,

Ffor thou shalt goe to John Stewards wiffe  
And pray her speake with mee.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

I, and greete thou doe that ladye well,  
Ever soe well ffroe mee.

“And, as it ffalls, as many times  
As knotts beene knitt on a kell [hair-net],  
Or marchant men gone to leeve London,  
Either to buy ware or sell;

“And, as itt ffalles, as many times  
As any hart can thinke,  
Or schoole-masters are in any schoole-house,  
Writting with pen and inke:  
Ffor if I might, as well as shee may,  
This night I wold with her speake.

“And heere I send her a mantle of greene,  
As greene as any grasse,  
And bidd her come to the silver wood,  
To hunt with Child Maurice.

“And there I send her a ring of gold,  
A ring of precyous stone,  
And bidd her come to the silver wood,  
Let [fail] ffor no kind of man.”

One while this litle boy he yode,  
Another while he ran,  
Untill he came to John Stewards hall,  
I-wis he never blan [stopped].

And of nurture the child had good,  
Hee ran up hall and bower ffree,  
And when he came to this lady ffaire,  
Sayes, “God you save and see!

“I am come ffrom Child Maurice,  
A message unto thee;  
And Child Maurice, he greetes you well,  
And ever soe well ffrom mee.

“And, as itt ffalls, as oftentimes  
As knotts beene knitt on a kell,

Or marchant men gone to leeve London,  
Either ffor to buy ware or sell.

“And as oftentimes he greetes you well  
As any hart can thinke,  
Or schoole-masters are in any schoole,  
Wryting with pen and inke.

“And heere he sende a mantle of greene,  
As greene as any grasse,  
And he bids you come to the silver wood,  
To hunt with Child Maurice.

“And heere he sende you a ring of gold  
A ring of the precyous stone ;  
He prayes you to come to the silver wood,  
Let ffor no kind of man.”

“Now peace, now peace, thou litle ffoot-page,  
Ffor Christes sake, I pray thee !  
Ffor if my lord heare one of these words,  
Thou must be hanged hye ! ”

John Steward stood under the castle wall,  
And he wrote the words everye one,

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

And he called unto his horskeeper,  
“Make readye you my steede ! ”  
I, and so hee did to his chamberlaine,  
“Make readye thou my weede ! ”

And he cast a lease [thong] upon his backe,  
And he rode to the silver wood,  
And there he sought all about,  
About the silver wood.

And there he ffound him Child Maurice,  
Sitting upon a blocke,  
With a silver combe in his hand,  
Kembing his yellow locke.

\* \* \* \* \*

But then stood up him Child Maurice,  
And sayd these words trulye :

"I doe not know your ladye," he said,  
"If that I doe her see."

He sayes, "How now, how now, Child Maurice?  
Alacke, how may this bee?  
Ffor thou hast sent her love-tokens,  
More now than two or three.

"Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,  
As greene as any grasse,  
And bade her come to the silver woode,  
To hunt with Child Maurice.

"And thou hast sent her a ring of gold,  
A ring of precyous stone,  
And bade her come to the silver wood,  
Let ffor noe kind of man.

"And by my ffaith, now, Child Maurice,  
The tone [one] of us shall die!"  
"Now by my troth," sayd Child Maurice,  
"And that shall not be I."

But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,  
And dryed itt on the grasse,  
And soe fast he smote att John Steward,  
I-wisse he never did rest.

Then hee pulled fforth his bright browne sword,  
And dryed itt on his sleeve,  
And the ffirst good stroke John Steward stroke,  
Child Maurice head he did cleave.

And he pricked itt on his swords poynt,  
Went singing there beside,  
And he rode till he came to that ladye ffaire,  
Wheras this ladye lied.

And sayes, "Dost thou know Child Maurice head,  
If that thou dost itt see?  
And lapp itt soft, and kisse itt oft,  
Ffor thou lovedst him better than me."

But when shee looked on Child Maurice head,  
Shee never spake words but three:  
"I never beare no child but one,  
And you have slaine him trulye."

Sayes, "Wicked be my merry men all,  
I gave meate, drinke, and clothe!  
But cold they not have holden me  
When I was in all that wrath!

"Ffor I have slaine one of the courteousest knights  
That ever bestrode a steed,  
Soe have I done one of the fairest ladies  
That ever ware womans weede!"

THE DEMON LOVER.

"O whare hae ye been, my dearest dear,  
These seven lang years and more?"  
"O I am come to seek my former vows,  
That ye promised me before."

"Awa wi your former vows," she says,  
"Or else ye will breed strife;  
Awa wi your former vows," she says,  
"For I'm become a wife.

"I am married to a ship carpenter,  
A ship carpenter he's bound;  
I wadna he kend my mind this nicht  
For twice five hundred pound."

She has put her foot on gude ship board,  
And on ship board she's gane,  
And the veil that hung over her face  
Was a' wi gowd begane.

She had na sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely twa,  
Till she did mind on the husband she left,  
And her wee young son alsua.

"O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,  
Let all your follies abee;  
I'll show whare the white lillies grow,  
On the banks of Italie."

She had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
Till grim, grim grew his countenance,  
And gurlly grew the sea.

“O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,  
 Let all these follies abee;  
 I’ll show whare the white lillies grow,  
 In the bottom of the sea.”

He’s tane her by the milk-white hand,  
 And he’s thrown her in the main;  
 And full five-and-twenty hundred ships  
 Perished all on the coast of Spain.

#### OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE.

[“Giles, a steward to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal, is qualified with the title of *Sir*, not as being a knight, but rather, I conceive, as having received an inferior order of priesthood.” — PERCY.]

God let never see old a man  
 Marrye see yonge a wife,  
 As did old Robin of Portingale;  
 He may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, God wott,  
 He chose her to his wife,  
 And thought to have lived in quietness,  
 With her all the days of his life.

They had not in their wed-bed laid,  
 Scarcely were both on sleepe,  
 But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,  
 To Sir Gyles, and fast gan to weepe.

Says, “Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?  
 Or be you not within?  
 Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles,  
 Arise and let me inn.”

“But I am waking, sweete,” he said,  
 “Ladye, what is your will?”  
 “I have onbethought me of a wile,  
 How my wed lord we shall spill.

“Four and twenty knights,” she sayes,  
 “That dwells about this towne,  
 Eene four and twenty of my next cozens,  
 Will helpe to dinge him downe.”

With that beheard his litle foote-page,  
 As he watered his master’s steed;

And for his masters sad perille  
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned, sighed, and wept full sore;  
I sweare by the holy roode,  
The teares he for his master wept  
Were blent water and bloude.

With that beheard his deare master,  
As he in his garden sate;  
Sayes, "Ever alacke, my litle page,  
What causes thee to greete?"

"Hath any one done to thee wronge,  
Any of thy fellowes here?  
Or is any of thy good friends dead,  
Which makes thee shed such teares?"

"Or if it be my head-kookes-man,  
Grieved against [injured in return] he shal bee:  
Nor no man within my howse  
Shall doe wrong unto thee."

"But it is not your head-kookes-man,  
Nor none of his degree;  
But, for to-morrow, ere it be noone,  
You are deemed [adjudged] to die.

"And of that thanke your head-steward,  
And after your gay ladye."  
"If it be true, my litle foote-page,  
The heyre of my land thoust bee."

"If it be not true, my dear master,  
God let me never thye [thrive]."  
"If it be not true, thou litle foote-page,  
A dead corse shalt thou be."

He called downe his head-kookes-man,  
Cooke in kitchen super to dresse;  
"All and anon, my deare master,  
Anon att your request."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And call you downe my faire ladye  
This night to supp with mee."



And downe then came that faire ladye,  
Was clad all in purple and palle:  
The rings that were upon her fingers  
Cast light thorrow the hall.

“What is your will, my owne wed lord,  
What is your will with mee?”  
“I am sicke, fayre lady,  
Sore sicke, and like to dye.”

“But and you be sicke, my cwne wed lord,  
Soe sore it grieveth me;  
But my five maydens and myselfe  
Will make the bedde for thee.

“And at the wakening of your first sleepe,  
You shall have a hott drinke made;  
And at the wakening of your next sleepe,  
Your sorrowes will have a slake.”

He put a silk cote on his backe,  
Was thirteen inches folde;  
And putt a steele cap upon his head,  
Was gilded with good red gold.

And layd a bright browne sword by his side,  
And another att his feete:  
And full well knew Old Robin then  
Whether he should wake or sleepe.

And about the middle time of the night,  
Came twenty-four good knights inn;  
Sir Gyles he was the foremost man,  
So well he knew that ginn.

Old Robin, with a bright browne sword,  
Sir Gyles head he did winne;  
Soe did he all those twenty-four —  
Never a one went quick out agenn.

None but one litle foote-page,  
Crept forth at a window of stone,  
And he had two armes when he came in,  
And when he went out he had none.

Upp then came that ladye light,  
With torches burning bright;

Shee thought to have brought Sir Gyles a drinke,  
Butt shee found her owne wedd knight.

And the first thinge that this ladye stumbled upon  
Was of Sir Gyles his foote;  
Sayes, "Ever alacke, and woe is mee!  
Here lyes my sweete hart-roote!"

And the second thinge that this ladye stumbled on  
Was of Sir Gyles his heade;  
Sayes, "Ever alacke, and woe is me,  
Heere lyes my true-love deade!"

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,  
And bade her wish her will;  
And he cutt the eares beside her head,  
And bade her wish on still.

"Mickle is the man's blood I have spent,  
To doe thee and me some good;"  
Sayes, "Ever alacke, my fayre ladye,  
I think that I was woode!" [insane.]

He called up then his litle foote-page,  
And made him heyre of all his land;

\* \* \* \* \*

And he shope the crosse on his right sholde;  
Of the white flesh and the redd,  
And he went him into the holy land,  
Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

#### MARY HAMILTON.

Word's gane to the kitchen,  
And word's gane to the ha',  
That Marie Hamilton has borne a bairn  
To the highest Stewart of a'.

She's tyed it in her apron,  
And she's thrown it in the sea;  
Says, "Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe,  
You'll ne'er get mair o' me."

Down then cam' the auld Queen,  
Goud tassels tying her hair:

“Oh, Marie, where’s the bonny wee babe,  
That I heard greet [cry] sae sair?”

“There was never a babe intill my room,  
As little designs to be:  
It was but a touch o’ my sair side,  
Came o’er my fair bodie.”

“Oh, Marie, put on your robes o’ black,  
Or else your robes o’ brown;  
For ye maun gang wi’ me the nicht  
To see fair Edinbro’ town.”

“I winna put on my robes o’ black,  
Nor yet my robes o’ brown;  
But I’ll put on my robes o’ white,  
To shine thro’ Edinbro’ town.”

When she gaed up the Cannogate,  
She laughed loud laughters three;  
But when she cam’ down the Cannogate  
The tear blinded her ee.

When she gaed up the Parliament stair,  
The heel cam’ aff her shee;  
And lang or she came down again  
She was condemned to dee.

When she cam’ down the Cannogate,  
The Cannogate sae free,  
Many a ladie looked o’er her window,  
Weeping for this ladie.

“Make never meen for me,” she says,  
“Make never meen for me;  
Seek never grace frae a graceless face,  
For that ye’ll never see.

“Bring me a bottle of wine,” she says,  
“The best that e’er ye hae,  
That I may drink to my well-wishers,  
And they may drink to me.

‘And here’s to the jolly sailor lad  
That sails upon the faem;  
But let not my father nor mother get wit  
But that I shall come again.

“And here’s to the jolly sailor lad  
That sails upon the sea;  
But let not my father nor mother get wit  
O’ the death that I maun dee.

“Oh little did my mother think,  
The day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to travel through,  
What death I was to dee.

“Last nicht I washed the Queen’s feet,  
And gently laid her down;  
And a’ the thanks I have gotten the nicht,  
To be hanged in Edinbro’ town!

“Last nicht there was four Maries,  
The nicht there’ll be but three;  
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.”

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

*He.* — Be it ryght or wrong, these men among.  
On women do complayne,  
Affyrmynge this, how that it is  
A labor spent in vayne  
To love them wele, for never a dele  
They love a man agayne:  
For late a man do what he can  
Theyr favor to attayne,  
Yet yf a newe do them persue,  
Theyr first true lover than  
Laboreth for naught, for from her thought  
He is a banyshed man.

*She.* — I say nat nay, but that all day  
It is bothe writ and sayd,

That womans faith is, as who sayth,  
 All utterly decayd;  
 But neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse  
 In this case might be layd,  
 That they love true, and continúe:  
 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde;  
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
 To her to make his mone,  
 Wolde nat depart, for in her hart  
 She loved but hym alone.

*He.* — Than betwaine us late us dyscus  
 What was all the manere  
 Betwayne them two; we wyll also  
 Tell all the payne and fere  
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,  
 So that ye me answére:  
 Wherefore all ye that present be,  
 I pray you gyve an ere.  
 I am the knyght, I come by nyght,  
 As secret as I can,  
 Sayinge, “Alas! thus standeth the case,  
 I am a banyshed man.”

*She.* — And I your wyll for to fulfyll  
 In this wyll nat refuse,  
 Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,  
 That men have an yll use,  
 (To theyr own shame,) women to blame,  
 And causelesse them accuse:  
 Therfore to you I answer nowe,  
 All women to excuse, —  
 “Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?  
 I pray you tell anone:  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.”

*He.* — “It standeth so: a dede is do  
 Wherof grete harme shall growe.  
 My destiny is for to dy  
 A shamefull deth, I trowe,  
 Or elles to fle: the one must be:  
 None other way I knowe,

But to withdrawe as an outlawe,  
 And take me to my bowe.  
 Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true,  
 None other rede I can;  
 For I must to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banyshed man."

*She.* — "O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse  
 That changeth as the mone!  
 My somers day in lusty May  
 Is derked before the none.  
 I here you say farewell: Nay, nay,  
 We départ nat so sone.  
 Why will ye so? wheder wyll ye go?  
 Alas, what have ye done?  
 All my welfáre to sorrowe and care  
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone:  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone."

*He.* — "I can beleve it shall you greve,  
 And somewhat you dystayne;  
 But aftyrwarde your paynes harde,  
 Within a day or twayne,  
 Shall sone aslake, and ye shall take  
 Comfort to you agayne.  
 Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought  
 Your labor were in vayne:  
 And thus I do, and pray you to,  
 As hartely as I can;  
 For I must to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banyshed man."

*She.* — "Now syth that ye have shewed to me  
 The secret of your mynde,  
 I shall be playne to you agayne,  
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde:  
 Syth it is so that ye wyll go,  
 I wolle not leve behynde;  
 Shall never be sayd the Not-browne Mayd  
 Was to her love unkynde.  
 Make you redy, for so am I,  
 Allthoughe it were anone;  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone."

*He.* — “ Yet I you rede to take good hede  
 What men wyll thynke, and say ;  
 Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,  
 That ye be gone away  
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,  
 In grene wode you to play ;  
 And that ye myght from your delyght  
 No lenger make delay.  
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me  
 Be called an yll womán,  
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banyshed man.”

*She.* — “ Though it be songe of old and yonge  
 That I sholde be to blame,  
 Theyrs be the charge that speke so large  
 In hurtynge of my name.  
 For I wyll prove that faythfulle love  
 It is devoyd of shame,  
 In your dystresse and hevynesse,  
 To part with you the same :  
 And sure all tho that do not so,  
 True lovers are they none ;  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.”

*He.* — “ I counceyle you remember howe  
 It is no maydens lawe,  
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out  
 To wode with an outlawe.  
 For ye must there in your hand bere  
 A howe, redy to drawe,  
 And as a thefe thus must you lyve,  
 Ever in drede and awe :  
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe ;  
 Yet had I lever than  
 That I had to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banyshed man.”

*She.* — “ I think nat nay ; but, as ye say,  
 It is no maydens lore ;  
 But love may make me for your sake,  
 As I have sayd before,  
 To come on fote, to hunt and shote  
 To gete us mete in store ;

For so, that I your company  
 May have, I aske no more :  
 From which to part, it maketh my hart  
 As colde as ony stone ;  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone."

*He.* — " For an outlawe this is the lawe,  
 That men hym take and bynde,  
 Without pyté hanged to be,  
 And waver with the winde.  
 If I had nede (as God forbede !),  
 What rescous could ye fynde ?  
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe  
 For fere wolde drawe behynde :  
 And no mervayle ; for lytell awayle  
 Were in your counceyle than :  
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banyshed man."

*She.* — " Ryght wele knowe ye that women be  
 But feble for to fyght ;  
 No womanhede it is indede,  
 To be bolde as a knyght.  
 Yet in such fere yf that ye were,  
 With enemyes day or nyght,  
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,  
 To greve them as I myght,  
 And you to save, as women have,  
 From deth 'men' many one :  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone."

*He.* — " Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede  
 That ye conde nat sustayne  
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,  
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,  
 The colde, the hete ; for, dry or wete,  
 We must lodge on the playne ;  
 And us above none other rofe  
 But a brake bush or twayne.  
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve,  
 And ye wolde gladly than  
 That I had to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banyshed man."



*She.* — “ Syth I have here bene partynére  
With you of joy and blysse,  
I must also parte of your wo  
Endure, as reson is ;  
Yet am I sure of one plesúre,  
And shortely, it is this :  
That where ye be, me semeth, pardé,  
I coude nat fare amysse.  
Without more speche, I you beseche  
That we were sone agone ;  
For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.”

*He.* — “ If ye go thyder, ye must consyder  
When ye have lust to dyne,  
There shall no mete be for you gete,  
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne ;  
Ne shetès clene to lye betwene,  
Made of threde and twyne ;  
None other house but leves and bowes  
To cover your hed and myne.  
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte  
Sholde make you pale and wan :  
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go  
Alone, a banyshed man.”

*She.* — “ Among the wylde dere such an archére  
As men say that ye be  
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,  
Where is so grete plenté ;  
And water clere of the ryvére  
Shall be full swete to me,  
With which in hele I shall ryght wele  
Endure, as ye shall see ;  
And or we go, a bedde or two  
I can provyde anone :  
For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.”

*He.* — “ Lo, yet before, ye must do more,  
Yf ye wyll go with me,  
As cut your here up by your ere,  
Your kyrtel by the kne ;  
With bowe in hande, for to withstande  
Your enemyes, yf nede be ;

And this same nyght, before daylyght,  
 To wode-warde wyll I fle :  
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,  
 Do it shortely as ye can:  
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banyshed man."

*She.* — "I shall as nowe do more for you  
 Than longeth to womanhede,  
 To shorte my here, a bow to bere,  
 To shote in tyme of nede.  
 O my swete mother, before all other,  
 For you I have most drede !  
 But nowe, adue ! I must ensue  
 Where fortune doth me lede.  
 All this mark ye : now let us fle ;  
 The day cometh fast upon :  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone."

*He.* — "Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall nat go ;  
 And I shall tell ye why :—  
 You appetyght is to be lyght  
 Of love, I wele espy :  
 For lyke as ye have sayed to me,  
 In lyke wyse, hardely,  
 Ye wolde answe're, whosoever it were,  
 In way of company.  
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde,  
 And so is a womán ;  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go  
 Alone, a banyshed man."

*She.* — "Yf ye take hede, it is no nede  
 Such wordes to say by me ;  
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,  
 Or I you loved, pardé.  
 And though that I of auncestry  
 A barons daughter be,  
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved,  
 A squyer of lowe degré ;  
 And ever shall, whatso befall,  
 To dy therfore anone :  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone."

*He.* — “ A barons chylde to be begylde,  
 It were a cursed dede !  
 To be felawe with an outlawe,  
 Almighty God forbede !  
 Yet beter were the pore squyere  
 Alone to forest yede,  
 Than ye sholde say another day,  
 That by my cursed dede  
 Ye were betrayed ; wherfore, good mayd,  
 The best rede that I can  
 Is that I to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banyshed man.”

*She.* — “ Whatever befall, I never shall  
 Of this thyng you upbrayd ;  
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,  
 Than have ye me betrayd.  
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele,  
 For yf ye, as ye sayd,  
 Be so unkynde to leve behynde  
 Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,  
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy,  
 Sone after ye be gone ;  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.”

*He.* — “ Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent,  
 For in the forest nowe  
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,  
 Whom I love more than you ;  
 Another fayrere than ever ye were,  
 I dare it wele avowe :  
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe  
 With other, as I trowe.  
 It were myne ese to lyve in pese ;  
 So wyll I, yf I can :  
 Wherfore I to the wode wyll go  
 Alone, a banyshed man.”

*She.* — “ Though in the wode I undyrstode  
 Ye had a paramour,  
 All this may naught remove my thought,  
 But that I wyll be your ;  
 And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,  
 And courteys every hour,

Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll  
 Commaunde me, to my power :  
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
 'Of them I wolde be one.'  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone."

*He.* — " Myne own dere love, I se the prove  
 That ye be kynde and true ;  
 Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyfe  
 The best that ever I knewe.  
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,  
 The case is chaunged newe ;  
 For it were ruthe, that for your truthe  
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe.  
 Be nat dismayed : whatsoever I sayd  
 To you, whan I began,  
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go, —  
 I am no banyshed man."

*She.* — " These tidings be more gladd to me  
 Than to be made a quene,  
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure ;  
 But it is often sene,  
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke  
 The wordès on the splene.  
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,  
 And stele from me, I wene :  
 Than were the case worse than it was,  
 And I more woe-begone ;  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone."

*He.* — " Ye shall nat nede further to drede :  
 I wyll nat dysparáge  
 You (God defend !), syth ye descend  
 Of so grete a lynáge.  
 Now undyrstande, to Westmarlande,  
 Which is myne herytage,  
 I wyll you brynge, and with a rynge,  
 By way of maryage,  
 I wyll you take, and lady make,  
 As shortely as I can :  
 Thus have you won an erlys son,  
 And not a banyshed man."

*Author.* — Here may ye se, that women be  
 In love meke, kynde, and stable:  
 Late never man reprove them, than,  
 Or call them variable;  
 But rather pray God that we may  
 To them be comfortable,  
 Which sometyne proveth such as he loveth,  
 Yf they be charytable.  
 For syth men wolde that women sholde  
 Be meke to them each one,  
 Moche more ought they to God obey,  
 And serve but hym alone.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

This winters weather itt waxeth cold,  
 And frost doth freese on every hill,  
 And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold  
 That all our cattell are like to spill.  
 Bell my wife, who loves noe strife,  
 She sayd unto me quietlye,  
 "Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes liffe,  
 Man, put thine old cloake about thee."

*He.* — "O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?  
 Thou kenst my cloake is very thin;  
 Itt is soe bare and overworne,  
 A cricke he theron cannot runn:  
 Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,  
 For once Ile new appareld bee,  
 To-morrow Ile to town and spend,  
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee."

*She.* — "Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,  
 She has beene alwayes true to the payle,  
 Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,  
 And other things shee will not fayle;  
 I wold be loth to see her pine:  
 Good husband, counsell take of mee,  
 It is not for us to go soe fine,  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee."

*He.* — "My cloake it was a verry good cloake,  
 Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,

But now it is not worth a groat,  
 I have had it four and forty yeere :  
 Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,  
 'Tis now but a sigh clout, as you may see ;  
 It will neither hold out winde nor raine :  
 And Ile have a new cloake about mee."

*She.* — " It is four and fortye yeeres agoe  
 Since the one of us the other did ken,  
 And we have had betwixt us towe,  
 Of children either nine or ten ;  
 Wee have brought them up to women and men,  
 In the feare of God I trow they bee :  
 And why wilt thou thyself misken ?  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee."

*He.* — " O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou floute!  
 Now is nowe, and then was then ;  
 Seeke now all the world throughout,  
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen ;  
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray,  
 See far above their owne degree :  
 Once in my life Ile doe as they,  
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee."

*She.* — " King Stephen was a worthy peere,  
 His breeches cost him but a crowne ;  
 He held them sixpence all too deere ;  
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.  
 He was a wight of high renowne,  
 And thouse but of a low degree ;  
 Itt's pride that putts the countrye downe :  
 Then take thine old cloake about thee."

*He.* — " Bell my wife she loves not strife,  
 Yet she will lead me if she can ;  
 And oft, to live a quiet life,  
 I am forced to yield, though Ime goodman.  
 Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,  
 Unlesse he first give o'er the plea ;  
 As wee began wee now mun leave,  
 And Ile take mine old cloake about mee."

## THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,  
 These wordes which I shall write;  
 A doleful story you shall heare,  
 In time brought forth to light.  
 A gentleman of good account  
 In Norfolke dwelt of late,  
 Who did in honor far surmount  
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,  
 No helpe his life could save;  
 His wife by him as sicke did lye,  
 And both possest one grave.  
 No love between these two was lost,  
 Each was to other kinde;  
 In love they lived, in love they dyed,  
 And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
 Not passing three yeares olde;  
 The other a girl more young than he  
 And framed in beautyes molde.  
 The father left his little son,  
 As plainlye doth appeare.  
 When he to perfect age should come,  
 Three hundred poundes a year.

And to his little daughter Jane  
 Five hundred poundes in gold,  
 To be paid downe on marriage day,  
 Which might not be controlled:  
 But if the children chanced to dye,  
 Ere they to age should come,  
 Their uncle should possesse their wealth;  
 For so the wille did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,  
 "Look to my children deare;  
 Be good unto my boy and girl,  
 No friendes else have they here:  
 To God and you I recommend  
 My children deare this daye;  
 But little while be sure we have  
 Within this world to staye.

"You must be father and mother both,  
 And uncle all in one;  
 God knowes what will become of them,  
 When I am dead and gone."  
 With that bespake their mother deare,  
 "O brother kinde," quoth shee,  
 "You are the man must bring our babes  
 To wealth or miserie:

"And if you keep them carefully,  
 Then God will you reward;  
 But if you otherwise should deal,  
 God will your deedes regard."  
 With lippes as cold as any stone,  
 They kist their children small:  
 "God bless you both, my children deare;"  
 With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake  
 To this sicke couple there:  
 "The keeping of your little ones,  
 Sweet sister, do not feare.  
 God never prosper me nor mine,  
 Nor aught else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children deare,  
 When you are layd in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,  
 The children home he takes,  
 And bringes them straite unto his house,  
 Where much of them he makes.  
 He had not kept these pretty babes  
 A twelvemonth and a daye,  
 But, for their wealth, he did devise  
 To make them both awaye.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,  
 Which were of furious mood,  
 That they should take these children young,  
 And slaye them in a wood.  
 He told his wife an artful tale:  
 He would the children send  
 To be brought up in faire London,  
 With one that was his friend.



Away then went those pretty babes,  
Rejoycing at that tide,  
Rejoycing with a merry mind,  
They should on cock horse ride.  
They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
As they rode on the waye,  
To those that should their butchers be,  
And worke their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,  
Made Murder's heart relent:  
And they that undertooke the deed,  
Full sore did now repent.  
Yet one of them more hard of heart  
Did vowe to do his charge,  
Because the wretch, that hired him,  
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
So here they fall to strife;  
With one another they did fight,  
About the children's life:  
And he that was of mildest mood,  
Did slaye the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood;  
The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,  
Teares standing in their eye,  
And bade them straitwaye follow him,  
And look they did not crye;  
And two long miles he ledd them on,  
While they for food complaine:  
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,  
When I come back againe."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and downe;  
But nevermore could see the man  
Approaching from the town:  
Their prettye lippes with blackberries,  
Were all besmeared and dyed,  
And when they sawe the darksome night,  
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
Till deathe did end their grief,  
In one anothers armes they dyed,  
As wanting due relief:  
No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin redbreast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God  
Upon their uncle fell;  
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,  
His conscience felt an hell;  
His barnes were fired, his goodes consumed,  
His lands were barren made,  
His cattle dyed within the field,  
And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal  
Two of his sonnes did dye;  
And to conclude, himselfe was brought  
To want and misery:  
He pawned and mortgaged all his land  
Ere seven yeares came about,  
And now at length this wicked act  
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand  
These children for to kill,  
Was for a robbery judged to dye,  
Such was God's blessed will;  
Who did confess the very truth,  
As here hath been displayed:  
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,  
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,  
And overseers eke  
Of children that be fatherless,  
And infants mild and meek;  
Take you example by this thing,  
And yield to each his right,  
Lest God with such like miserye  
Your wicked minds requite.

## JEALOUS FOOLS AND ENVIOUS FOOLS.

By ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

(From "The Ship of Fools," nominally a translation from Sebastian Brant's "Narrenschiff," but really an independent poem, cast in a separate mold, of material chiefly Barclay's own.)

[SEBASTIAN BRANT of Strasburg — born 1458, died 1521 — was a lawyer, and town clerk of Strasburg. His "Narrenschiff" was published in 1494, and was enormously popular all through Europe and among all classes.]

[ALEXANDER BARCLAY was probably born in Scotland, about 1475; died in England in 1552. He was a monk, priest in the College of Ottery St. Mary, and later a London rector.]

OF HIM THAT IS JEALOUS OVER HIS WIFE, AND WATCHETH HER  
WAYS WITHOUT CAUSE OR EVIDENT TOKEN OF HER MISLIKING.

HE THAT his wife will counterwait and watch,  
And feareth of her living by his jealous intent,  
Is as great fool as is that witless wretch  
That would keep flies under the sun fervent,  
Or in the sea cast water, thinking it to augment;  
For though he her watch, locking with lockès twain,  
But [except] if she keep herself, his keeping is but vain.

Orestes was never so blind and mad as is he  
Which for his wife taketh thought and charge,  
Watching her ways, though that she guiltless be.  
This fool still feareth, if she be out at large,  
Lest that some other his harness should overcharge;  
But for all his fear and careful jealousy,  
If she be naught, there is no remedy.

Thou fool, I prove thy watching helpeth naught,  
Thy labor lost is, thou takest this care in vain;  
In vain thou takest this jealousy and thought,  
In vain thou slayest thyself with care and pain,  
And of one doubt, thou fool, thou makest twain,  
And never shalt find ease nor merry living,  
(While thou thus livest,) but hatred and chiding.

For lock her fast and all her lookès mark,  
Note all her steppes and twinkling of her eye,  
Ordain thy watchers and doggès for to bark,  
Bar fast thy doors, and yet it will not be;  
Close her in a tower with wallès strong and high,

But yet, thou fool, thou leeseest thy travail,  
For without she will, no man can keep her tail [tally].

And yet more, overbreech her with plate and mail,  
And for all that, if she be naught of kind  
She shall deceive thee (if she list) without fail;  
But if that she be chaste of deed and mind,  
Herself shall she keep, though thou her never bind.  
Thus they that are chaste of nature, will bide so,  
And naught will be naught whatsoever thou do.

Thus is it folly and causeth great debate  
Between man and wife, when he by jealousy  
His wife suspecteth, and doth watch or counterwait,  
Or her misdeemeth and keepeth in straitly.  
Wherefore methink it is best remedy  
For him that gladly would escape the hood,  
Not to be jealous, but honest living and good. . . .

By this example [of Danae] it appereth evident  
That it is folly a woman to keep or close;  
For if she be of lewd mind or intent,  
Either privy or apert [openly] thereabout she goes,  
Devising ways with her good man to glose [explain away].  
But especially if that he her suspect,  
With a hood shall he unawares be overdecked.

But in the world right many other be,  
Which never follow this false and loathly way.  
We have example of one Penelope,  
Which though that she alone was many a day,  
Her husband gone, and she vexèd alway  
By other lovers; yet was she ever true  
Unto her old, and never changed for new.

I find that often this foolish jealousy  
Of men causeth some women to misdo,  
Whereas (were not their husbands' blind folly)  
The poor women knew not what [be]longed thereto.  
Wherefore such men are foolès and mad also,  
And with their hoods which they themselves purchase  
Within my ship shall have a room and place.

For whereas perchance their wives are chaste and good,  
By mannès unkindness they change and turn their heart,

So that the wife must needs give them a hood.  
 But to be plain, some women are easy to convert,  
 For if one take them where they cannot start,  
 What for [with] their husbands' foolish jealousy  
 And their own pleasure, they scarce can aught deny.

*The Envoy of the Actor.*

Therefore, ye women, live wisely and eschew  
 These wanton wooers and such wild company;  
 Get you good name by sadness [sobriety] and virtue;  
 Haunt no old queans that nourish ribaldry;  
 Then fear ye not your husbands' jealousy,  
 If ye be faultless, chaste, and innocent.  
 But wanton wooers are full of flattery  
 Ever when they labor for their intent.

Be meek, demure, buxom [yielding], and obedient,  
 Give none occasion to men by your folly;  
 If one aught ask, deny it incontinent,  
 And ever after avoid his company.  
 Beware of cornès [corners], do not your ears apply  
 To pleasant words, or letters eloquent;  
 If that Helena had so done, certainly  
 She had not been ravished by handès violent.

OF ENVIOUS FOOLS.

Yet are more foolès which greatly them delight  
 In others' loss, and that by false envý,  
 Whereby they such unrighteously backbite.  
 The dartès of such over all the worldly fly,  
 And ever in flying their feathers multiply.  
 No state in earth therefro can keep him sure;  
 His seed increaseth as it would ever endure.

Wasting envý oft stirreth to malice  
 Foolès not a few which are thereto inclined,  
 Pricking their froward heartès unto vice,  
 Of others' damage rejoicing in their mind.  
 Envýès dart doth his beginning find  
 In wrathful hearts, it wasteth his own nest,  
 Not suffering other[s] to live in ease and rest.

If one have plenty of treasure and richés,  
 Or by his merits obtain great dignity,  
 These fools envíous that of the same have less,  
 Envý by malice the others' high degree;  
 And if another of honor have plenty,  
 They it envý, and wish that they might starve,  
 Howbeit such fools cannot the same deserve.

These foolès desire against both law and right  
 Another's good if they may get the same:  
 If they may not by flattering nor by might,  
 Then by false malice they him envý and blame;  
 Other [or] if one by his virtue hath good name,  
 By false envý these foolès him reprove,  
 Their wrath them blindeth so that they none can love.

The wound of this malicious, false envý,  
 So deadly is, and of so great cruelty,  
 That it is incurable and void of remedý.  
 A man envíous hath such a property  
 That if he purpose of one venged to be,  
 Or do some misch[ief] which he repnteth best,  
 Till it be done he never hath ease nor rest.

No sleep, nor rest, nor pleasure can they find,  
 To them, so sweet, pleasant, and delectable,  
 That may expel this malice from their mind.  
 So is envý a vice abominable,  
 And unto health so froward and damnable,  
 That if it once be rooted in a man,  
 It maketh him lean, his color pale and wan.

Envý is pale of look and countenance,  
 His body lean, of color pale and blue,  
 His look frowárd, his face without pleasaunce,  
 Pilling like scalès, his wordès aye untrue,  
 His eyen sparkling with fire, aye fresh and new.  
 It never looketh on man with eyen full,  
 But ever his heart by furious wrath is dull.

Thou mayest example find of this envý  
 By Joseph, whom his brethren did never behold  
 With loving look, but sharpè and cruellý,  
 So that they him have murdered gladly would.  
 I might recount examples manifold,

How many by envy lost hath their degree,  
But that I leave because of brevity.

Envious fools are stuffèd with ill will,  
In them no mirth nor solace can be found,  
They never laugh but if it be for ill,  
As for goods lost or when some ship is drowned,  
Or when some house is burnt unto the ground.  
But while these foolès on others bite and gnaw,  
Their envy wasteth their own heart and their maw.

The mount of Etna, though it burnt ever still,  
Yet (save itself) it burneth none other thing;  
So these envious foolès by their ill will  
Waste their own heart, though they be aye musing  
Another man to shame and loss or hurt to bring.  
Upon themself thus turneth this ill again,  
To their destruction both shame, great loss, and pain.

This false envý by his malicious ire  
Doth often, brethren, so cursedly inflame  
That by the same that one of them conspire  
Against the other without all fear and shame;  
As Romulus and Remus, excellent of fame,  
Which builded Rome, but after, envý so grew  
Between them that the one the other slew.

What shall I write of Cain and of Abél,  
How Cain for murder suffered great pain and woe.  
Atreus' story and Thesens cruél  
Are unto example hercof also,  
Eteocles with his brother; and many mo,  
Like as the stories declareth openly  
The one the other murdered by envý.

*The Envoy of Barclay to the Fools.*

Wherefore let him that is discreet and wise,  
This wrathful vice exile out of his mind.  
And ill on none by malice to surmise.  
Let charity in perfect love thee bind,  
Sue [follow] her precepts, then shalt thou comfort find,  
Love in this life, and joy when thou art past;  
Whereas envý thy consence shall blind,  
And both thy blood and body mar and waste.

## TO MAYSTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

By JOHN SKELTON.

(From "The Garlande of Laurell.")

[JOHN SKELTON was born probably about 1460. "He began his career as a sober scholar; he ended it as a ribald priest. In his first capacity he was tutor to Prince Henry VIII., the Laureate of three Universities, and the friend of Caxton and Erasmus, who has described him as *litterarum Anglicarum lumen et decus*. In his second capacity he was rector of Diss in Norfolk, and a hanger-on about the court of Henry VIII. He died at Westminster, where he had taken sanctuary to escape the wrath of Wolsey, in 1529."—J. C. COLLINS.]

MIRRY MARGARET,  
 As mydsomer flowre;  
 Jentill as fawcoun  
 Or hawke of the towre:  
 With solace and gladnes,  
 Moche mirth and no madness,  
 All good and no badness,  
 So joyously,  
 So maydenly,  
 So womanly,  
 Her demenyng  
 In every thyng,  
 Far, far passyng  
 That I can endyght,  
 Or suffice to wryghte,  
 Of mirry Margarete,  
 As mydsomer flowre,  
 Jentyll as fawcoun  
 Or hawke of the towre:  
 As pacient and as styll,  
 And as full of good wyl  
 As faire Isaphill;  
 Colyaunder,  
 Swete pomaunder,  
 Goode Cassaunder;  
 Stedfast of thought,  
 Wele made, wele wrought;  
 Far may be sought,  
 Erst that ye can fynde  
 So corteise, so kynde,  
 As mirry Margaret,  
 This mydsomer floure,  
 Jentyll as fawcoun  
 Or hawke of the towre.



## COLUMBUS'S FIRST DISCOVERY.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

[WASHINGTON IRVING was the son of an Orkney Islands emigrant merchant, and born in New York city, April 3, 1783. He studied law but found literature more congenial, and after a visit to Europe undertook with James K. Paulding the publication of *Salmagundi*, a humorous magazine; and in 1809 brought out "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," as pure a fantasy as if laid in fairy-land, but its pictures of Dutch life are still accepted by most as authentic. It placed him at once at the head of American letters. Entering into a commercial partnership with his brothers, in 1815 he went to Europe, and remained abroad for seventeen years, traveling widely. About 1817 the house failed, and he devoted himself to literature for a subsistence. He became secretary of the American embassy (1829); Minister to Spain (1842); and after his return, four years later, passed the rest of his days at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson river, near Tarrytown, N.Y., where he died Nov. 28, 1859. His other works are: "The Sketch Book" (1820), "Bracebridge Hall" (1822), "Tales of a Traveller" (1824), "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (1828), "Conquest of Granada" (1829), "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus" (1831), "The Alhambra" (1832), "Astoria" (1836), "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837), "Life of Goldsmith" (1849), "Mahomet and his Successors" (1850), "Wolfert's Roost" (1855), "Life of Washington" (1855-1859).

THE situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favorable signs which increased his confidence were derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labors. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward, over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert, surrounding the habitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made; but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit?

In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in little knots, and fomenting a spirit of mutinous opposition; and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish temperament, and its impatience of control, and that a great part of these men were sailing on compulsion, we cannot wonder that there was imminent danger of their breaking forth into



# **Columbus Propounding the Theory of a New World**

From the painting by Sir David Wilkie





open rebellion and compelling Columbus to turn back. In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a desperado, bent, in a mad fantasy, upon doing something extravagant to render himself notorious. What were their sufferings and dangers to one evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction? What obligations bound them to continue on with him; or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated unknown seas, untraversed by a sail, far beyond where man had ever before ventured. They had done enough to gain themselves a character for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise and persisting in it so far. How much farther were they to go in quest of merely conjectured land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.

On the other hand, should they consult their safety, and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner without friends or influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments and contemplating the stars; a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert.

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew; but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment, should they do anything to impede the voyage.

On the 25th of September the wind again became favorable, and they were able to resume their course directly to the west. The airs being light, and the sea calm, the vessels sailed near to each other, and Columbus had much conversation with Martin Alonzo Pinzon on the subject of a chart, which the former had sent three days before on board of the *Pinta*. Pinzon thought that according to the indications of the map, they ought to be in the neighborhood of Cipango [Japan], and the other islands which the admiral had therein delineated. Columbus partly

entertained the same idea ; but thought it possible that the ships might have been borne out of their track by the prevalent currents, or that they had not come so far as the pilots had reckoned. He desired that the chart might be returned ; and Pinzon, tying it to the end of a cord, flung it on board to him. While Columbus, his pilot, and several of his experienced mariners were studying the map and endeavoring to make out from it their actual position, they heard a shout from the *Pinta* ; and looking up, beheld Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his vessel, crying "Land! land! Señor, I claim my reward!" He pointed at the same time to the southwest, where there was indeed an appearance of land at about twenty-five leagues' distance. Upon this Columbus threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God: and Martin Alonzo repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*, in which he was joined by his own crew and that of the admiral.

The seamen now mounted to the masthead or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction became so general of land in that quarter, and the joy of the people so ungovernable, that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course, and stand all night to the southwest. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied, but in compliance with their clamorous wishes.

For several days they continued on with the same propitious breeze, tranquil sea, and mild, delightful weather. The water was so calm that the sailors amused themselves with swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound ; and flying fish, darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews, and insensibly beguiled them onward.

On the 1st of October, according to the reckoning of the pilot of the admiral's ship, they had come five hundred and eighty leagues west since leaving the Canary Islands. The reckoning which Columbus showed the crew was five hundred and eighty-four, but the reckoning which he kept privately was seven hundred and seven. On the following day the weeds floated from east to west ; and on the third day no birds were to be seen.

The crews now began to fear that they had passed between islands, none to the other of which the birds had been flying.

Columbus had also some doubts of the kind, but refused to alter his westward course. The people again uttered murmurs and menaces; but on the following day they were visited by such flights of birds, and the various indications of land became so numerous, that from a state of despondency they passed to one of confident expectation.

Eager to obtain the promised pension, the seamen were continually giving the cry of land, on the least appearance of the kind. To put a stop to these false alarms, which produced continual disappointments, Columbus declared that should any one give such notice, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to their reward.

On the evening of the 6th of October, Martin Alonzo Pinzon began to lose confidence in their present course, and proposed that they should stand more to the southward. Columbus, however, still persisted in steering directly west. Observing this difference of opinion in a person so important in his squadron as Pinzon, and fearing that chance or design might scatter the ships, he ordered that should either of the caravels be separated from him, it should stand to the west, and endeavor as soon as possible to join company again; he directed also that the vessels should keep near to him at sunrise and sunset, as at these times the state of the atmosphere is most favorable to the discovery of distant land.

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward: the *Niña*, however, being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her masthead, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following



which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiring to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the southwest; and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land, and the air, Columbus observes, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless ocean, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur: the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until by the blessing of God he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and above all, a staff artificially

carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant lookout to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance

to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of Oriental civilization.

#### FIRST LANDING OF COLUMBUS IN THE NEW WORLD.

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing

from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincent Janez his brother, put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side the letters F. and Y., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling around him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobedo, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. . . .

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue

nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence, winning them by his benignity. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvelous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colors. With some it was confined merely to a part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age: there was but one female with them, quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the New World.

## THE AGE OF THE DESPOTS IN ITALY.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

[JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, English man of letters, was born October 5, 1840; graduated at Balliol College, Oxford. He wrote "Introduction to the Study of Dante" (1872); "Studies of the Greek Poets" (1873-1876); "The Renaissance in Italy" (six volumes, 1875-1886); "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama" (1884); "Life of Michelangelo" (1892); several volumes of poetry; translated Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography; etc. He died April 18, 1893, at Rome.]

THE fourteenth and fifteenth centuries may be called the Age of the Despots in Italian history, as the twelfth and thirteenth are the Age of the Free Burghs, and as the sixteenth and seventeenth are the Age of Foreign Enslavement. It was during the age of the despots that the conditions of the Renaissance were evolved, and that the Renaissance itself assumed a definite character in Italy. Under tyrannies, in the midst of intrigues, wars, and revolutions, the peculiar individuality of the Italians obtained its ultimate development. This individuality, as remarkable for salient genius and diffused talent as for self-conscious and deliberate vice, determined the qualities of the Renaissance and affected by example the whole of Europe. Italy led the way in the education of the Western races, and was the first to realize the type of modern as distinguished from classical and mediæval life.

During this age of the despots, Italy presents the spectacle of a nation devoid of central government and comparatively uninfluenced by feudalism. The right of the Emperor had become nominal, and served as a pretext for usurpers rather than as a source of order. The visits, for instance, of Charles IV. and Frederick III. were either begging expeditions or holiday excursions, in the course of which ambitious adventurers bought titles to the government of towns, and meaningless honors were showered upon vain courtiers. It was not till the reign of Maximilian that Germany adopted a more serious policy with regard to Italy, which by that time had become the central point of European intrigue. Charles V. afterwards used force to reassert imperial rights over the Italian cities, acting not so much in the interest of the Empire as for the aggrandizement of the Spanish monarchy.

At the same time the Papacy, which had done so much to undermine the authority of the Empire, exercised a power at

once anomalous and ill-recognized except in the immediate States of the Church. By the extinction of the House of Hohenstauffen, and by the assumed right to grant the investiture of the kingdom of Naples to foreigners, the Popes not only struck a death-blow at imperial influence, but also prepared the way for their own exile to Avignon. This involved the loss of the second great authority to which Italy had been accustomed to look for the maintenance of some sort of national coherence. Moreover, the Church, though impotent to unite all Italy beneath her own sway, had power enough to prevent the formation either by Milan or Venice or Naples of a substantial kingdom. The result was a perpetually recurring process of composition, dismemberment, and recomposition, under different forms, of the scattered elements of Italian life. The Guelf and Ghibelline parties, inherited from the wars of the thirteenth century, survived the political interests which had given them birth, and proved an insurmountable obstacle, long after they had ceased to have any real significance, to the pacification of the country.

The only important state which maintained an unbroken dynastic succession, of however disputed a nature, at this period was the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The only great republics were Venice, Genoa, and Florence. Of these, Genoa, after being reduced in power and prosperity by Venice, was overshadowed by the successive lords of Milan; while Florence was destined at the end of a long struggle to fall beneath a family of despots. All the rest of Italy, especially to the north of the Apennines, was the battlefield of tyrants, whose title was illegitimate — based, that is to say, on no feudal principle, derived in no regular manner from the Empire, but generally held as a gift or extorted as a prize from the predominant parties in the great towns.

If we examine the constitution of these tyrannies, we find abundant proofs of their despotic nature. The succession from father to son was always uncertain. Legitimacy of birth was hardly respected. The last La Scalas were bastards. The house of Aragon in Naples descended from a bastard. Gabriello Visconti shared with his half-brothers the heritage of Gian Galeazzo. The line of the Medici was continued by princes of more than doubtful origin. Suspicion rested on the birth of Frederick of Urbino. The houses of Este and Malatesta honored their bastards in the same degree as their lawful progeny.

The great family of the Bentivogli at Bologna owed their importance at the end of the fifteenth century to an obscure and probably spurious pretender, dragged from the wool factories of Florence by the policy of Cosimo de' Medici. The sons of Popes ranked with the proudest of aristocratic families. Nobility was less regarded in the choice of a ruler than personal ability. Power once acquired was maintained by force, and the history of the ruling families is one long catalogue of crimes. Yet the cities thus governed were orderly and prosperous. Police regulations were carefully established and maintained by governors whose interest it was to rule a quiet state. Culture was widely diffused without regard to rank or wealth. Public edifices of colossal grandeur were multiplied. Meanwhile the people at large were being fashioned to that self-conscious and intelligent activity which is fostered by the modes of life peculiar to political and social centers in a condition of continued rivalry and change.

Under the Italian despotisms we observe nearly the opposite of all the influences brought to bear in the same period upon the nations of the North. There is no gradual absorption of the great vassals in monarchies, no fixed allegiance to a reigning dynasty, no feudal aid or military service attached to the tenure of the land, no tendency to centralize the whole intellectual activity of the race in any capital, no suppression of individual character by strongly biased public feeling, by immutable law, or by the superincumbent weight of a social hierarchy. Everything, on the contrary, tends to the free emergence of personal passions and personal aims. Though the vassals of the despot are neither his soldiers nor his loyal lieges, but his courtiers and tax-payers, the continual object of his cruelty and fear, yet each subject has the chance of becoming a prince like Sforza or a companion of princes like Petrarch. Equality of servitude goes far to democratize a nation, and common hatred of the tyrant leads to the combination of all classes against him. Thence follows the fermentation of arrogant and self-reliant passions in the breasts of the lowest as well as the highest. The rapid mutations of government teach men to care for themselves and to depend upon themselves alone in the battle of the world; while the necessity of craft and policy in the conduct of complicated affairs sharpens intelligence. The sanction of all means that may secure an end, under conditions of social violence, encourages versatility



unprejudiced by moral considerations. At the same time the freely indulged vices of the sovereign are an example of self-indulgence to the subject, and his need of lawless instruments is a practical sanction of force in all its forms.

Thus to the play of personality, whether in combat with society and rivals, or in the gratification of individual caprice, every liberty is allowed. Might is substituted for right, and the sense of law is supplanted by a mere dread of coercion. What is the wonder if a Benvenuto Cellini should be the outcome of the same society as that which formed a Cesare Borgia? What is the miracle if Italy under these circumstances produced original characters and many-sided intellects in greater profusion than any other nation at any other period, with the single exception of Greece on her emergence from the age of her despots? It was the misfortune of Italy that the age of the despots was succeeded, not by an age of free political existence, but by one of foreign servitude. . . .

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we find, roughly speaking, six sorts of despots in Italian cities.

Of these the *first* class, which is a very small one, had a dynastic or hereditary right, accruing from long seigniorial possession of their several districts. The most eminent are the houses of Montferrat and Savoy, the marquises of Ferrara, the princes of Urbino. At the same time it is difficult to know where to draw the line between such hereditary lordship as that of the Este family, and tyranny based on popular favor. The Malatesti of Rimini, Polentani of Ravenna, Manfredi of Faenza, Ordelaffi of Forli, Chiavelli of Fabriano, Varani of Camerino, and others, might claim to rank among the former, since their cities submitted to them without a long period of republican independence like that which preceded despotism in the cases to be next mentioned. Yet these families styled themselves Captains of the burghs they ruled; and in many instances they obtained the additional title of Vicars of the Church. Even the Estensi were made hereditary captains of Ferrara at the end of the thirteenth century, while they also acknowledged the supremacy of the Papacy. There was in fact no right outside the Empire in Italy; and despots of whatever origin or complexion gladly accepted the support which a title derived from the Empire, the Church, or the People might give. Brought to the front amid the tumults of the civil wars, and accepted as pacificators of the factions by the

multitude, they gained the confirmation of their anomalous authority by representing themselves to be lieutenants or vicerents of the three great powers.

The *second* class comprise those nobles who obtained the title of Vicars of the Empire, and built an illegal power upon the basis of imperial right in Lombardy. Of these, the Della Scala and Visconti families are illustrious instances. Finding in their official capacity a ready-made foundation, they extended it beyond its just limits, and in defiance of the Empire constituted dynasties.

The *third* class is important. Nobles charged with military or judicial power, as Capitani or Podestàs, by the free burghs, used their authority to enslave the cities they were chosen to administer. It was thus that almost all the numerous tyrants of Lombardy, Carraresi at Padua, Gonzaghi at Mantua, Rossi and Correggi at Parma, Torrensi and Visconti at Milan, Scotti at Piacenza, and so forth, first erected their despotic dynasties. This fact in the history of Italian tyranny is noticeable. The font of honor, so to speak, was in the citizens of these great burghs. Therefore, when the limits of authority delegated to their captains by the people were overstepped, the sway of the princes became confessedly illegal. Illegality carried with it all the consequences of an evil conscience, all the insecurities of usurped dominion, all the danger from without and from within to which an arbitrary governor is exposed.

In the *fourth* class we find the principle of force still more openly at work. To it may be assigned those Condottieri who made a prey of cities at their pleasure. The illustrious Uguccione della Faggiuola, who neglected to follow up his victory over the Guelfs at Monte Catini, in order that he might cement his power in Lucca and Pisa, is an early instance of this kind of tyrant. His successor, Castruccio Castracane, the hero of Machiavelli's romance, is another. But it was not until the first half of the fifteenth century that professional Condottieri became powerful enough to found such kingdoms as that, for example, of Francesco Sforza at Milan. John Hawkwood (died 1393), the English adventurer, held Cotignola and Bagnacavallo from Gregory XI. In the second half of the fifteenth century the efforts of the Condottieri to erect tyrannies were most frequent. Braccio da Montone established himself in Perugia in 1416, and aspired, not without good grounds for hope, to acquiring the kingdom of Italy. Francesco Sforza,

before gaining Milan, had begun to form a despotism at Ancona. Sforza's rival, Giacomo Piccinino, would probably have succeeded in his own attempt, had not Ferdinand of Aragon treacherously murdered him at Naples in 1465. In the disorganization caused by Charles VIII., Vidovero of Brescia in 1495 established himself at Cesena and Castelnovo, and had to be assassinated by Pandolfo Malatesta at the instigation of Venice. After the death of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, in 1402, the generals whom he had employed in the consolidation of his vast dominions attempted to divide the spoil among themselves. Naples, Venice, Milan, Rome, and Florence were in course of time made keenly alive to the risk of suffering a captain of adventure to run his course unchecked.

The *fifth* class includes the nephews or sons of Popes. The Riario principality of Forlì, the Della Rovere of Urbino, the Borgia of Romagna, the Farnese of Parma, form a distinct species of despotisms; but all these are of a comparatively late origin. Until the Papacies of Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII. the Popes had not bethought them of providing in this way for their relatives. Also, it may be remarked, there was an essential weakness in these tyrannies. Since they had to be carved out of the States of the Church, the Pope who had established his son, say in Romagna, died before he could see him well confirmed in a province which the next Pope sought to wrest from his hands, in order to bestow it on his own favorite. The fabric of the Church could not long have stood this disgraceful wrangling between Papal families for the dynastic possession of Church property. Luckily for the continuance of the Papacy, the tide of counter-reformation which set in after the sack of Rome and the great Northern Schism, put a stop to nepotism in its most barefaced form.

There remains the *sixth* and last class of despots to be mentioned. This again is large and of the first importance. Citizens of eminence, like the Medici at Florence, the Bentivogli at Bologna, the Baglioni of Perugia, the Vitelli of Città di Castello, the Gambacorti of Pisa, like Pandolfo Petrucci in Siena (1502), Roméo Pepoli, the usurer of Bologna (1323), the plebeian, Alticiplinio, and Agolanti of Padua (1313), Giovanni Vignate, the millionaire of Lodi (1402), acquired more than their due weight in the conduct of affairs, and gradually tended to tyranny. In most of these cases great wealth was the original source of despotic ascendancy. It was not uncommon to

buy cities together with their signory. Thus the Rossi bought Parma for 85,000 florins in 1383 ; the Appiani sold Pisa ; Astorre Manfredi sold Faenza and Imola in 1377. In 1444 Galeazzo Malatesta sold Pesaro to Alessandro Sforza, and Fossombrone to Urbino ; in 1461 Cervia was sold to Venice by the same family. Franceschetto Cibo purchased the County of Anguillara. Towns at last came to have their market value. It was known that Bologna was worth 200,000 florins, Parma 60,000, Arezzo 40,000, Lucca 30,000, and so forth. But personal qualities and nobility of blood might also produce despots of the sixth class. Thus the Bentivogli claimed descent from a bastard of King Enzo, son of Frederick II., who was for a long time an honorable prisoner in Bologna. The Baglioni, after a protracted struggle with the rival family of Oddi, owed their supremacy to ability and vigor in the last years of the fifteenth century. But the neighborhood of the Papal power and their own internal dissensions rendered the hold of this family upon Perugia precarious. As in the case of the Medici and the Bentivogli, many generations might elapse before such burgher families assumed dynastic authority. But to this end they were always advancing.

The history of the bourgeois despots proves that Italy in the fifteenth century was undergoing a natural process of determination toward tyranny. Sismondi may attempt to demonstrate that Italy was "not answerable for the crimes with which she was sullied by her tyrants." But the facts show that she was answerable for choosing despots instead of remaining free, or rather that she instinctively obeyed a law of social evolution by which princes had to be substituted for municipalities at the end of those fierce internal conflicts and exhausting wars of jealousy which closed the Middle Ages. Machiavelli, with all his love of liberty, is forced to admit that in his day the most powerful provinces of Italy had become incapable of freedom. "No accident, however weighty and violent, could ever restore Milan or Naples to liberty, owing to their utter corruption. This is clear from the fact that after the death of Filippo Visconti, when Milan tried to regain freedom, she was unable to preserve it." . . .

It will be observed in this classification of Italian tyrants that the tenure of their power was almost uniformly forcible. They generally acquired it through the people in the first instance, and maintained it by the exercise of violence. Rank

had nothing to do with their claims. The bastards of Popes who like Sixtus IV. had no pedigree, merchants like the Medici, the son of a peasant like Francesco Sforza, a rich usurer like Pepoli, had almost equal chances with nobles of the ancient houses of Este, Visconti, or Malatesta. The chief point in favor of the latter was the familiarity which through long years of authority had accustomed the people to their rule. When exiled, they had a better chance of return to power than parvenus, whose party cry and ensigns were comparatively fresh and stirred no sentiment of loyalty—if indeed the word loyalty can be applied to that preference for the established and the customary which made the mob, distracted by the wrangling of doctrinaires and intriguers, welcome back a Bentivoglio or a Malatesta. Despotism in Italy as in ancient Greece was democratic. It recruited its ranks from all classes and erected its thrones upon the sovereignty of the peoples it oppressed. The impulse to the free play of ambitious individuality which this state of things communicated was enormous. Capacity might raise the meanest monk to the chair of S. Peter's, the meanest soldier to the duchy of Milan. Audacity, vigor, unscrupulous crime were the chief requisites for success. It was not till Cesare Borgia displayed his magnificence at the French court, till the Italian adventurer matched himself with royalty in its legitimate splendor, that the lowness of his origin and the frivolity of his pretensions appeared in any glaring light. In Italy itself, where there existed no time-honored hierarchy of classes and no fountain of nobility in the person of a sovereign, one man was a match for another, provided he knew how to assert himself.

To the conditions of a society based on these principles we may ascribe the unrivaled emergence of great personalities among the tyrants, as well as the extraordinary tenacity and vigor of such races as the Visconti. In the contest for power, and in the maintenance of an illegal authority, the picked athletes came to the front. The struggle by which they established their tyranny, the efforts by which they defended it against foreign foes and domestic adversaries, trained them to endurance and to daring. They lived habitually in an atmosphere of peril which taxed all their energies. Their activity was extreme, and their passions corresponded to their vehement vitality. About such men there could be nothing on a small or mediocre scale. When a weakling was born in a despotic

family, his brothers murdered him, or he was deposed by a watchful rival. Thus only gladiators of tried capacity and iron nerve, superior to religious and moral scruples, dead to natural affection, perfected in perfidy, scientific in the use of cruelty and terror, employing first-rate faculties of brain, and will, and bodily powers in the service of transcendent egotism,—only the *virtuosi* of political craft as theorized by Machiavelli, could survive and hold their own upon this perilous arena.

The life of the despot was usually one of prolonged terror. Immured in strong places on high rocks, or confined to gloomy fortresses like the Milanese Castello, he surrounded his person with foreign troops, protected his bedchamber with a picked guard, and watched his meat and drink lest they should be poisoned. His chief associates were artists, men of letters, astrologers, buffoons, and exiles. He had no real friends or equals, and against his own family he adopted an attitude of fierce suspicion, justified by the frequent intrigues to which he was exposed. His timidity verged on monomania. Like Alfonso II. of Naples, he was tortured with the ghosts of starved or strangled victims; like Ezzelino, he felt the mysterious fascination of astrology; like Filippo Maria Visconti, he trembled at the sound of thunder, and set one band of bodyguards to watch another next his person. He dared not hope for a quiet end. No one believed in the natural death of a prince: princes must be poisoned or poniarded. Instances of domestic crime might be multiplied by the hundred. Besides those which will follow in these pages, it is enough to notice the murder of Giovanni Francesco Pico by his nephew, at Mirandola (1533); the murder of his uncle by Oliverotto da Fermo; the assassination of Giovanni Varano by his brothers at Camerino (1434); Ostasio da Polenta's fratricide (1322); Obizzo da Polenta's fratricide in the next generation, and the murder of Ugolino Gonzaga by his brothers; Gian Francesco Gonzaga's murder of his wife; the poisoning of Francesco Sforza's first wife, Polissenna countess of Montalto, with her little girl, by her aunt; and the murder of Galeotto Manfredi, by his wife, at Faenza (1488). Out of thirteen of the Carrara family, in little more than a century (1318–1435), three were deposed or murdered by near relatives, one was expelled by a rival from his state, four were executed by the Venetians. Out of five of the La Scala family, three were killed by their brothers, and a fourth was poisoned in exile.

To enumerate all the catastrophes of reigning families, occurring in the fifteenth century alone, would be quite impossible within the limits of this chapter. Yet it is only by dwelling on the more important that any adequate notion of the perils of Italian despotism can be formed. Thus Girolamo Riario was murdered by his subjects at Forli (1488), and Francesco Vico dei Prefetti in the Church of S. Sisto at Viterbo (1387). The family of the Prefetti fed up the murderer in their castle, and then gave him alive to be eaten by their hounds. At Lodi in 1402 Antonio Fisiraga burned the chief members of the ruling house of Vistarini on the public square, and died himself of poison after a few months. His successor in the tyranny, Giovanni Vignate, was imprisoned by Filippo Maria Visconti in a wooden cage at Pavia, and beat his brains out in despair against its bars. At the same epoch Gabrino Fondulo slaughtered seventy of the Cavalcabò family together in his castle of Macastormo, with the purpose of acquiring their tyranny over Cremona. He was afterwards beheaded as a traitor at Milan (1425). Ottobon Terzi was assassinated at Parma (1408), Nicolà Borghese at Siena (1499), Altobello Dattiri at Todi (about 1500), Raimondo and Pandolfo Malatesta at Rimini, and Oddo Antonio di Montefeltro at Urbino (1444). Sforza Attendolo killed Terzi by a spear thrust in the back. Pandolfo Petrucci murdered Borghese, who was his father-in-law. Raimondo Malatesta was stabbed by his two nephews disguised as hermits. Dattiri was bound naked to a plank and killed piecemeal by the people, who bit his flesh, cut slices out, and sold and ate it—distributing his living body as a sort of infernal sacrament among themselves. The Varani were massacred to a man in the Church of S. Dominic at Camerino (1434), the Trinci at Foligno (1434), and the Chiavelli of Fabriano in church upon Ascension Day (1435).

This wholesale extirpation of three reigning families introduces one of the most romantic episodes in the history of Italian despotism. From the slaughter of the Varani one only child, Giulio Cesare, a boy of two years old, was saved by his aunt Tora. She concealed him in a truss of hay and carried him to the Trinci at Foligno. Hardly had she gained this refuge when the Trinci were destroyed, and she had to fly with her burden to the Chiavelli at Fabriano. There the same scenes of bloodshed awaited her. A third time she took to flight,

and now concealed her precious charge in a nunnery. The boy was afterwards stolen from the town on horseback by a soldier of adventure. After surviving three massacres of kith and kin, he returned as despot at the age of twelve to Camerino, and became a general of distinction. But he was not destined to end his life in peace. Cesare Borgia finally murdered him, together with three of his sons, when he had reached the age of sixty.

Less romantic, but not less significant in the annals of tyranny, is the story of the Trinci. A rival noble of Foligno, Pietro Rasiglia, had been injured in his honor by the chief of the ruling house. He contrived to assassinate two brothers, Nicolà and Bartolommeo, in his castle of Nocera; but the third, Corrado Trinci, escaped, and took a fearful vengeance on his enemy. By the help of Braccio da Montone he possessed himself of Nocera and all its inhabitants, with the exception of Pietro Rasiglia's wife, whom her husband flung from the battlements. Corrado then butchered the men, women, and children of the Rasiglia clan, to the number of three hundred persons, accomplishing his vengeance with details of atrocity too infernal to be dwelt on in these pages. It is recorded that thirty-six asses laded with their mangled limbs paraded the streets of Foligno as a terror-striking spectacle for the inhabitants. He then ruled the city by violence, until the warlike Cardinal dei Vitelleschi avenged society of so much mischief by destroying the tyrant and five of his sons in the same year.

Equally fantastic are the annals of the great house of the Baglioni at Perugia. Raised in 1389 upon the ruins of the bourgeois faction called Raspanti, they founded their tyranny in the person of Pandolfo Baglioni, who was murdered, together with sixty of his clan and followers, by the party they had dispossessed. The new despot, Biondo Michelotti, was stabbed in the shoulders with a poisoned dagger by his relative, the abbot of S. Pietro. Then the city, in 1416, submitted to Braccio da Montone, who raised it to unprecedented power and glory. On his death it fell back into new discords, from which it was rescued again by the Baglioni in 1466, now finally successful in their prolonged warfare with the rival family of Oddi. But they did not hold their despotism in tranquillity. In 1500 one of the members of the house, Grifonetto degli Baglioni, conspired against his kinsmen and slew them in their palaces at night. As told by Matarazzo, this tragedy offers an



epitome of all that is most brilliant and terrible in the domestic feuds of the Italian tyrants.

The vicissitudes of the Bentivogli at Bologna present another series of catastrophes, due less to their personal crimes than to the fury of the civil strife that raged around them. Giovanni Bentivoglio began the dynasty in 1400. The next year he was stabbed to death and pounded in a wine vat by the infuriated populace, who thought he had betrayed their interests in battle. His son, Antonio, was beheaded by a Papal Legate, and numerous members of the family on their return from exile suffered the same fate. In course of time the Bentivogli made themselves adored by the people; and when Piccinino imprisoned the heir of their house, Annibale, in the castle of Varano, four youths of the Marescotti family undertook his rescue at the peril of their lives, and raised him to the signory of Bologna. In 1445 the Canetoli, powerful nobles, who hated the popular dynasty, invited Annibale and all his clan to a christening feast, where they exterminated every member of the reigning house. Not one Bentivoglio was left alive. In revenge for this massacre, the Marescotti, aided by the populace, hunted down the Canetoli for three whole days in Bologna, and nailed their smoking hearts to the doors of the Bentivoglio palace. They then drew from his obscurity in Florence the bastard Santi Bentivoglio, who found himself suddenly lifted from a wool factory to a throne. Whether he was a genuine Bentivoglio or not, mattered little. The house had become necessary to Bologna, and its popularity had been baptized in the bloodshed of four massacres. What remains of its story can be briefly told. When Cesare Borgia besieged Bologna, the Marescotti intrigued with him, and eight of their number were sacrificed by the Bentivogli in spite of their old services to the dynasty. The survivors, by the help of Julius II., returned from exile in 1536, to witness the final banishment of the Bentivogli and to take part in the destruction of the palace, where their ancestors had nailed the hearts of the Canetoli upon the walls.

To multiply the records of crime revenged by crime, of force repelled by violence, of treason heaped on treachery, of insult repaid by fraud, would be easy enough. Indeed, a huge book might be compiled containing nothing but the episodes in this grim history of despotism, now tragic and pathetic, now terror-moving in sublimity of passion, now despicable by the base-

ness of the motives brought to light, at one time revolting through excess of physical horrors, at another fascinating by the spectacle of heroic courage, intelligence, and resolution. Enough however, has been said to describe the atmosphere of danger in which the tyrants breathed and moved, and from which not one of them was ever capable of finding freedom. Even a princely house so well based in its dynasty and so splendid in its parade of culture as that of the Estensi offers a long list of terrific tragedies. One princess is executed for adultery with her stepson (1425); a bastard's bastard tries to seize the throne, and is put to death with all his kin (1493); a wife is poisoned by her husband to prevent her poisoning him (1493); two brothers cabal against the legitimate heads of the house, and are imprisoned for life (1506). Such was the labyrinth of plot and counterplot, of force repelled by violence, in which the princes praised by Ariosto and by Tasso lived.

Isolated, crime-haunted, and remorseless, at the same time fierce and timorous, the despot not unfrequently made of vice a fine art for his amusement, and openly defied humanity. His pleasures tended to extravagance. Inordinate lust and refined cruelty sated his irritable and jaded appetites. He destroyed pity in his soul, and fed his dogs with living men, or spent his brains upon the invention of new tortures. From the game of politics again he won a feverish pleasure, playing for states and cities as a man plays chess, and endeavoring to extract the utmost excitement from the varying turns of skill and chance. It would be an exaggeration to assert that all the princes of Italy were of this sort. The saner, better, and nobler among them—men of the stamp of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Can Grande della Scala, Francesco and Lodovico Sforza—found a more humane enjoyment in the consolidation of their empire, the cementing of their alliances, the society of learned men, the friendship of great artists, the foundation of libraries, the building of palaces and churches, the execution of vast schemes of conquest. Others, like Galeazzo Visconti, indulged a comparatively innocent taste for magnificence. Some, like Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, combined the vices of a barbarian with the enthusiasm of a scholar. Others again, like Lorenzo de' Medici and Frederick of Urbino, exhibited the model of moderation in statecraft and a noble width of culture. But the tendency to degenerate was fatal in all the despotic houses. The strain of tyranny

proved too strong. Crime, illegality, and the sense of peril, descending from father to son, produced monsters in the shape of men. The last Visconti, the last La Scalas, the last Sforzas, the last Malatestas, the last Farnesi, the last Medici are among the worst specimens of human nature.

Macaulay's brilliant description of the Italian tyrant in his essay on Machiavelli deserves careful study. It may, however, be remarked that the picture is too favorable. Macaulay omits the darker crimes of the despots, and draws his portrait almost exclusively from such men as Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Francesco and Lodovico Sforza, Frederick of Urbino, and Lorenzo de' Medici. The point he is seeking to establish — that political immorality in Italy was the national correlative to Northern brutality — leads him to idealize the polite refinement, the disciplined passions, the firm and astute policy, the power over men, and the excellent government which distinguished the noblest Italian princes. When he says, "Wanton cruelty was not in his nature: on the contrary, where no political object was at stake, his disposition was soft and humane," he seems to have forgotten Gian Maria Visconti, Corrado Trinci, Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, and Cesare Borgia. When he writes, "His passions, like well-trained troops, are impetuous by rule, and in their most headstrong fury never forget the discipline to which they have been accustomed," he leaves Francesco Maria della Rovere, Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Pier Luigi Farnese, Alexander VI., out of the reckoning. If all the despots had been what Macaulay describes, the revolutions and conspiracies of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries would not have taken place. It is, however, to be remarked that in the sixteenth century the conduct of the tyrant toward his subjects assumed an external form of mildness. As Italy mixed with the European nations, and as tyranny came to be legalized in the Italian states, the despots developed a policy not of terrorism but of enervation (Lorenzo de' Medici is the great example), and aspired to be paternal governors.

What I have said about Italian despotism is no mere fancy picture. The actual details of Milanese history, the innumerable tragedies of Lombardy, Romagna, and the Marches of Ancona, during the ascendancy of despotic families, are far more terrible than any fiction; nor would it be easy for the imagination to invent so perplexing a mixture of savage barbarism with modern refinement.

## SAVONAROLA'S ORDEAL BY FIRE (1498).

BY PASQUALE VILLARI.

[PASQUALE VILLARI, Italian littérateur, was born at Naples in 1827 ; studied law ; in consequence of the revolution of 1848 went to Florence and became a teacher and historical student ; in 1859 was made professor of history at the University of Pisa, in 1866 professor of history at the Institute of Higher Studies in Florence. His two great works are " Savonarola and his Times " (1859-1861) and " Machiavelli and his Times " (1877-1878).]

HE WAS anxiously expecting replies to the letters sent by his friends, and specially anxious to receive one from France, when suddenly the news came instead, that the messenger directed to the latter country had been robbed by a band of Milanese cut-throats, and that Mazzinghi's letter to the ambassador in France had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the Duke. The haste with which Ludovico forwarded it to Cardinal Ascanio in Rome, the eagerness with which the latter presented it to the Pope, and the rage it excited in him, may be more easily imagined than described. At last the Borgia held in his hands a documentary proof of the audacity of the Friar, against whom all the potentates of Italy were arrayed, and whose enemies were already dominant in Florence. Thus, Savonarola was beleaguered and threatened on all sides, even before the final struggle began. Nevertheless, the course of events was so marvelously rapid, that he had no time to measure the enormity of these unexpected perils before, like a thunderbolt from heaven, another and still worse misfortune befell him.

It was one of those moments in which the popular aspect seems to undergo a magical change. Savonarola's adherents had either disappeared or were in hiding ; all Florence now seemed against him. . . . Public attention was stirred towards the end of March by a very strange and unexpected event. A certain Frà Francesco di Puglia, of the order of St. Francis, now delivering the Lenten sermons in St. Croce, had begun to attack Savonarola with singular vehemence and pertinacity. He stigmatized him as a heretic, a schismatic, and a false prophet, and not satisfied with this, challenged him to prove the truth of his doctrines by the ordeal by fire. Similar challenges had been previously offered, but Savonarola had always treated them with merited contempt. But, as it now chanced, Frà Domenico considered himself to be personally challenged,

because he was preaching in his master's stead, and also because, when at Prato the preceding year, the same friar had provoked his wrath by insulting words against Savonarola's doctrines. They had then agreed to hold a public discussion; but on the appointed day the Franciscan, notwithstanding that he was the aggressor and had even then proposed the ordeal by fire, hurried from the city, under pretext of having been summoned to Florence by his superiors.

Accordingly, no sooner was Frà Domenico informed of the fresh provocation offered by the Franciscan, than he hastened to publish his "Conclusions," and declared that he would willingly go through the ordeal by fire since Savonarola must reserve himself for greater things. As he was not one to shrink from his word, the affair had already become serious before Savonarola had time to think of preventing it. But when the Franciscan saw that Frà Domenico was in earnest, he instantly sought a pretext to draw back. He went about repeating that "his quarrel was with Savonarola alone, and that although he expected to be consumed, he was ready to enter the fire with him in order to procure the destruction of that disseminator of scandal and false doctrine; but would have nothing to do with Frà Domenico." This wretched affair might have well ended here, for Savonarola severely reprovved Frà Domenico's superfluous zeal, and the Franciscan was only too glad to seize a chance of escape. But, on the contrary, just when the contest seemed on the point of dying out, it suddenly burst forth afresh.

The Compagnacci were gathered together at one of their accustomed banquets. Dressed in silken attire, and feasting on delicate viands and excellent wines, they consulted on the matter, and decided to do their utmost to bring the ordeal to pass. "If Savonarola enters the fire," they said, "he will undoubtedly be burnt; if he refuses to enter it, he will lose all credit with his followers; we shall have an opportunity of rousing a tumult, and during the tumult shall be able to seize on his person." Some of them, indeed, hoped to have a chance of killing him. They accordingly applied to the Signory and found its members perfectly willing not only to help, but even to assume the direction of their shameful plot. For they caused the disputed "Conclusions" to be transcribed by the Government notary, and publicly invited the signatures of all who wished to maintain or contest them by the ordeal of fire.

It was truly monstrous that the chief authorities of the State should take so active a part in this affair; but no scruples withheld them from seeking to achieve their design. Nor was it difficult of achievement, for Frà Domenico was no longer to be kept in check by any power on earth, and instantly appending his name to the document, almost prayed to be allowed to go through the ordeal. But it proved very difficult to induce the Franciscan, who had first started the scandalous business, to do the same. He presented himself to the Signory on the 28th of March, with another written declaration to the effect that—"although aware of his inferiority to Frà Girolamo in doctrine and goodness, he was ready to go through the fire with him; but that with Frà Domenico he had no concern." He would present some one else to pass the ordeal with the latter, and, in fact, he proposed Frà Giuliano Rondinelli, who did not appear, however, at the palace. Then it was whispered about that in no case would they enter the fire; that it was only intended to burn a few friars of St. Mark's in order to crush Savonarola, and that if this plan failed, some way would be found to quash the affair altogether. These assurances were given by the Signory as well as by the Compagnacci. All that could be settled after much insistence was that the Franciscan should sign a declaration to the effect that he would pass through the fire with Frà Girolamo, if the latter wished to make the trial; and expressly adding that this was done *at the desire and request of the Magnificent Signory*. As regarded going through the ordeal with Frà Domenico, it was only on the 30th of March, and with great reluctance, that Rondinelli could be persuaded to sign the challenge; even then he added the explicit avowal "that he would enter the fire, although certain that he should be burnt; and only for his soul's salvation." This wretched monk was a mere tool in the hands of the savage Compagnacci and the crafty Franciscan. Thus the Signory of Florence shamelessly agreed to organize an affair that was a degradation to the dignity of their office, and could only result in the shedding of innocent blood and the gravest danger to the Republic.

The matter had gone so far, that on the same day (30th of March) a numerous Pratica was assembled to discuss the question of the ordeal by fire. Some of those present seemed heartily disgusted with the proceedings of the Signory; but the majority shared the views of Carlo Canigiani, who said: "That this was a Church affair, rather to be discussed in Rome

where saints are canonized than in this palace, where it is fitter to treat of war and finance. Nevertheless, if it be really desired that the trial by fire should take place, let us at least consider whether it will be likely to crush discord or not." The same indifference was shown by other speakers, who all concluded by saying that everything must be referred to the Pope or the Vicar. Girolamo Rucellai said, in addition: "It seems to me that too much noise is made about this trial by fire; the only important point to us is to be rid of friars and non-friars, Arrabbiati and non-Arrabbiati, and to try to keep the citizens at peace. Nevertheless if it be deemed that this trial will restore concord in the city, let them go not only into the fire, but into the water, up in the air or down into the earth; meanwhile let our care be for the city, not for these monks." In real truth all were inclined for the ordeal, and Filippo Giugni, turning the whole thing into ridicule, cynically remarked: "To me, fire seems a strange thing, and I should be very unwilling to pass through it. A trial by water would be less dangerous, and if Frà Girolamo went through it without getting wet, I would certainly join in asking his pardon." And the gist of his speech was, that it would be best to be well rid of the Friar by consigning him without delay to the Pope. Giovanni Canacci, on the other hand, although likewise opposed to Savonarola, rose in great agitation, and almost with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "When I hear such things as these said, I scarcely know whether life or death is most to be desired. I truly believe that if our forefathers, the founders of this city, could have divined that a like question would ever be discussed here, and that we were to become the jest and opprobrium of the whole world, they would have indignantly refused to have anything to do with us. And now our city is come to a worse pass than for many long years; and one sees that it is all in confusion. Wherefore I would implore your Excellencies to deliver our people from all this wretchedness at any cost, either by fire, air, water, or any means you choose. *Iterum*: I pray your Excellencies to put an end to these things in order that no misery nor hurt may befall our city." The rest of the speakers all agreed in one way or another that the ordeal should take place. It was truly an afflicting sight to see the inhabitants of the most cultured and civilized city in the world assembled at their rulers' command to seriously discuss the advisability of lighting so barbarous a pyre. And it was still

more afflicting to find that all were in favor of the ordeal, merely for the sake of concluding the affair, and without even the excuse of any genuine religious fanaticism.

The same evening the ordeal was decided upon with the utmost speed. Savonarola was to be exiled if one of the Dominicans should perish, and Frà Francesco, if one of the Minorites. It was also shamelessly decreed that in case both the champions were consumed, the Dominicans alone should be punished. But if the ordeal should not take place, the party who prevented it would be exiled, or both parties, if both were equally unwilling to face it. Accordingly, the trial by fire was no longer to be evaded, and the Signory, after first abetting, now almost insisted upon it. The Pope was entirely with them in the matter, but in his official communications, through Bonsi, with the Ten, whom he knew to be Savonarola's friends, he refused his consent to the ordeal, and even feigned to disapprove of it. Nor was he altogether insincere, for it was only natural that he should hesitate, in the impossibility, at that distance, of foretelling the final result. Savonarola, meanwhile, was inflamed with indignation against these foes whose diabolical plots and party passions were disguised under a semblance of religious zeal. He was also persuaded that the Minorite friars would never have the courage to pass through the fire, for he knew that they were reluctantly obeying the suggestions of the Arrabbiati. He desired and, in truth, did his utmost to prevent the experiment, and discerned that he would have a better chance of succeeding if one of his disciples came forward in his stead. Most certainly, had Savonarola presented himself as champion, his enemies would have done all in their power to have him burnt, either alone or at the price of another innocent life. Nevertheless—such are the contradictions of the human mind—he had a secret belief that if the trial were really made, it would end triumphantly for him, and, accordingly, did not put forth all his energy to prevent it. He told himself that Frà Domenico's daring ardor must undoubtedly be inspired by God. In fact, according to his theories, it was neither strange nor difficult to conceive that the Lord would perform a miracle in order to confound the Arrabbiati and establish the truth of the new doctrine. He had frequently declared to the people that his words would be confirmed by supernatural evidence: the moment for this seemed at hand, hence the general and almost frantic eagerness to wit-



ness the result of the ordeal. The Piagnoni were even more anxious for it than the rest, for they hoped and believed that when the crisis came their Master would be unable to refrain from entering the fire himself, and that a miracle would be accomplished.

Nothing else was spoken of in Florence, and although Savonarola disapproved of the trial, and opposed it as far as was possible, he secretly exulted in Frà Domenico's zeal, almost rejoicing to see how all things combined to render the ordeal an absolute necessity. Besides, there were the visions of Frà Silvestro, who declared that he had beheld the guardian angels of Frà Girolamo and Frà Domenico, and been assured by them that the latter would go through the flames unhurt. We also know Savonarola's blind faith in Silvestro's visions. All this, joined to Frà Domenico's genuine enthusiasm, which was communicated to others with almost lightning speed, stirred the monks of St. Mark's and their friends to the highest pitch of excitement. On the 1st of April Savonarola summoned his trustiest adherents to St. Mark's, and preached them a short sermon, in which he described the real state of affairs, whereupon his hearers declared with one voice their readiness to enter the fire. Two days later, in fact, the friars addressed a letter to the Pope, saying that about three hundred of their number and many laymen were prepared to pass through the fire in defense of their Master's doctrines. Accordingly, being thus pressed on all sides, Savonarola sent in the list of their names to the Signory, with a declaration to the effect that he would depute one of his monks to meet every Minorite brother who came forward, and adding that if the trial should really take place, he was persuaded that it would result in the triumph of his followers.

At the same time he brought out a printed exposition of his theories — that was practically a reply to the accusations which were then being heaped upon him. In this he said: "I have too great a work on hand to stoop to join in these wretched disputes. If the adversaries who first provoked us, and then sought a thousand excuses, would publicly bind themselves to put to the issue by this test the decision of our cause and of the reform of the Church, I would no longer hesitate to enter the fire, and should feel assured of passing through it unharmed. But if it be their intent to prove by fire the validity of the sentence of excommunication, let them rather reply to the arguments we

have brought forward. Would they, perhaps, combat our prophecies by fire? Yet we neither compel nor exhort any man to believe in them more than he feel able. We only exhort all to lead righteous lives, and for this the fire of charity and the miracle of faith are required; all the rest is of no avail. Our adversaries, by whom this thing has been instigated, declare that they will assuredly perish, thereby confessing that they are their own murderers. We, on the contrary, have been provoked to this trial and forced to accept it, because the honor of God and of religion is at stake. Those who feel truly inspired by the Lord will certainly issue unhurt from the flames, if the experiment should verily take place, of which we are by no means assured. As to me, I reserve myself for a greater work, for which I shall ever be ready to lay down my life. The time will come when the Lord shall vouchsafe supernatural signs and tokens; but this certainly cannot be at the command or at the pleasure of man. For the present let it suffice ye to see that, by sending some of our brethren, we shall be equally exposed to the wrath of the people in case the Lord should not allow them to pass through the fire unhurt."

Frà Domenico's enthusiasm was beginning to convince not only Savonarola himself, but even the most distrustful, that God had really appointed him to this work. Men's minds were increasingly inflamed. Piagnoni and Arrabbiati awaited the day of the trial with equal anxiety, though for different ends. Men, women, and children continued to propose themselves as champions; and although, in many cases, this was empty bravado, others came forward in all sincerity. On the 2d of April Frà Malatesta Sacramoro and Frà Roberto Salviati went to subscribe their names as champions of St. Mark's, alleging that they too had received a call from the Lord. Thereupon, to insure greater publicity, the convention was officially given to the world in print, with all the signatures of the opposing factions. The Ten, hitherto invariably well disposed to Savonarola, sent these papers to Rome, with a full and exact account of all that had occurred, and again requested the Pontiff's consent to the ordeal, which, in appearance at least, he still disapproved.

Finally the 6th of April was fixed for this singular contest. Frà Domenico and Frà Giuliano Rondinelli were the two champions chosen by common accord. For many days past the doors of St. Mark's had been closed, and the brethren absorbed in

continual prayer. On the evening of the 5th, however, they received a message from the Signory to the effect that the trial was postponed to the 7th of April. The cause of this change was unknown; but some said that the Signory was awaiting a prohibitory Brief from Rome in order to have an excuse for putting a stop to the whole thing. The government, in fact, was already beginning to hesitate, fearing to have gone too far. For it had never anticipated finding so much resolution in the monks of St. Mark's, or so much poltroonery in the Minorites, who now insisted that some pledges should be given them as to the manner in which they were to pass through the fire unscathed. Accordingly, on the following day, 6th of April, a new decree was issued to modify that of the 30th of March, proclaiming that, "In the event of Frà Domenico being consumed, Frà Girolamo is to quit the Florentine territory within the space of three hours. . . ." No allusion was made to the Minorite friars, since it was intended in any case to insure their safety, and especially since Rondinelli had declared his conviction that he should perish if he entered the fire. On the same day Savonarola delivered another brief address, warmly exhorting all the faithful to be instant in prayer.

The 7th of April came, but not the expected Brief from Rome; and all Florence was panting for the novel sight that, as it now seemed, must inevitably take place. Everything was prepared for it, and every one hoped to make it serve his own ends: the Compagnacci and Arrabbiati sought an opportunity for dispatching the Friar; the Minorites to find some excuse for escaping the danger; the Signory were ready to favor any plan that might be hurtful to Savonarola; and the Piagnoni hoped that the ordeal would establish their triumph. Thus, public passions being more and more heated, the two parties decided to come to the Piazza with armed escorts in order to secure their safety in the event of a riot. Even the Signory were extremely uneasy, and after ordering the platform to be constructed, took every kind of precaution as if in dread of a revolt. Only three inlets to the Piazza were to be left open, and these guarded by armed men; no citizen was to come armed, and neither women nor children were to be admitted. The palace was filled with the Friar's adversaries, the city gates were to be kept closed, and the troops, stationed in different parts of the territory, prohibited under pain of death from leaving their posts, save by express command of the

Signory, and bidden to obey no orders to the contrary even from the Ten. Further, to prevent either of the two parties from disturbing the peace on the Piazza, Francesco Gualterotti and Giovan Battista Ridolfi were charged to keep watch over the friars of St. Mark's, Piero degli Alberti and Tommaso Antinori over the Minorites. And Savonarola was so distrustful of his adversaries' good faith that, on the morning of the appointed day, he sent Francesco Davanzati to the palace to implore the Ten, who still remained faithful to him, to take measures to prevent either of the champions from shirking the ordeal and leaving his competitor alone in the flames. He therefore requested that the pyre should be lighted on the one side, while the friars entered it from the other, and that the torch should then be applied to close the way behind them. He likewise entreated that the ordeal might take place before the dinner hour, so that the minds of his followers might be clear and unobscured. While the final preparations were being made on the Piazza, he celebrated high mass in St. Mark's, afterwards delivered a short discourse to the assembled people, and even now at the last hour was unable to conceal his doubts. "I cannot assure ye that the trial will be made, since the matter depends in no wise on ourselves; but this I can tell ye, that if it really take place, victory will certainly be on our side. O Lord, we felt in no need of miraculous proofs in order to believe the truth; but we have been provoked to this trial, and could not fail to stand up for our honor. We are certain that the evil one will not be able to turn this thing to the hurt of Thy honor or against Thy will, wherefore we go forth to combat for Thee; but our adversaries worship another God, inasmuch as their works are too diverse from ours. O Lord, this people desires naught save to serve Thee. Wilt thou serve the Lord, O my people?" Hereupon all signified their assent in a loud voice. Savonarola then recommended his male hearers to offer up prayers in the Church, while he prepared his friars to march to the Piazza, and the women to remain in fervent devotion until the ordeal was over. At that moment the mace bearers of the Signory came to announce that all was in readiness, and the friars of St. Mark's immediately set forth in procession.

They marched slowly, two and two, numbering about two hundred in all, and with a crucifix borne aloft in front. Frà Domenico followed, arrayed in a cope of fiery red velvet, and bearing a great cross in his hand. He was accompanied by a

deacon and subdeacon; his head was erect, his countenance calm. After him came Savonarola, carrying the Host with Frà Francesco Salviati on one side, and Frà Malatesta Sacramoro on the other. Behind them marched a great multitude of people bearing lighted torches, and chanting the Psalm: *Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici eius*. On nearing the Piazza, towards the 21st hour of the day, they passed two by two between the armed men guarding the ends of the streets; and directly they appeared among the crowd already awaiting them on the Piazza, all joined in their chants with such tremendous vigor as almost to shake the earth. There was an innumerable throng; it seemed as though all the inhabitants of the city were gathered together; all the windows of the houses round the Square, all balconies and roofs were crowded with spectators; many children were clinging to railings, or perched upon columns and statues, in order to see the sight; some were even hanging from the walls, and had occupied their posts since the break of day.

The Loggia of the Signory had been divided in two by a partition: the Minorites occupied the half nearest the palace; while the Dominicans were stationed round a little altar that had been erected in the other. Having placed the Sacrament on this altar, Frà Domenico knelt before it, absorbed in prayer; while his companions stood about him in silence. A guard of three hundred infantry was drawn up in front of the Loggia, under the command of Marcuccio Salviati, composed of valiant soldiers, all stanch adherents of the Convent of St. Mark's. But under the 'Tetto de' Pisani, several hundred of the Compagnacci stood at arms, with Doffo Spini at their head; and in front, and about the palace were five hundred of the Signory's guards, commanded by Giovacchino della Vecchia, in addition to the soldiers posted at the openings of the streets. Thus the Piazza was held by about a thousand men, prepared to attack Savonarola at a moment's notice; yet he contemplated his dangerous position with the utmost serenity, and quietly turned his eyes towards the platform already piled with bundles of wood. This strange erection was about eighty feet in length, and projected across the Piazza from the Marzocco in the direction of the 'Tetto de' Pisani. It was about ten feet wide at the base, two and a half in height, and covered with earth and bricks. On this substratum the combustibles—wood, gunpowder, oil, pitch, and resin—were stacked in two banks,

with a space, about two feet wide, left between for the passage of the rival champions. All was prepared; the friars had only to come forth, and the torch would be laid to the pile. Up to this moment Savonarola had temporized and done his best to prevent the ordeal, while the Minorites, on the contrary, had dared him to it, and hurried it on; but in sight of the pile ready to be fired, the rôles were exchanged. Stirred by the presence of the crowd, the solemn chants of his friars, and the truly heroic enthusiasm of Frà Domenico, who, after earnest prayer, showed the utmost eagerness to enter the flames, Savonarola was now firmly convinced that the Lord would come to his disciple's aid, and accordingly desired to end all delay. But neither Francesco di Puglia, who had challenged the ordeal, nor Giuliano Rondinelli, who was to face it, had as yet appeared under the Loggia, but were tarrying in the palace, in secret debate with the Signory. The latter, instead of coming down to the Ringhiera, to witness the solemn drama that was shortly to begin, continued their discussions, and were apparently uncertain what course to adopt. And while all were waiting for the Minorite, and for the signal from the Signory, the members of the Government shamelessly sent to ask the Dominicans why they did not begin. Frà Domenico trembled with rage, and Savonarola replied that the Signory would do well to hurry the matter on, and no longer to keep the people in suspense.

Then the Minorites, being driven to the wall, began to put forth numerous pretexts for delay. With the aid of Piero degli Alberti, a bitter enemy to Savonarola, and deputed to preside over the ordeal, they caused it to be noised about that as Savonarola might have cast a magic spell over Domenico's red cope, that vestment must consequently be removed. The champion and his master both replied that a written contract had been made and subscribed, to prevent all disputes; that they had no belief in spells, and would leave their opponents to resort to them. Nevertheless, the demand was so strenuously urged, that Frà Domenico yielded to it, and removed his cope. Thereupon, the Minorites alleged fresh pretexts, declaring that the friar's robes might likewise be enchanted; and again Frà Domenico gave way, and showed his readiness to exchange clothes with any one of his companions. He was accordingly led into the palace, and after being entirely stripped, was clad in the robes of the Dominican brother, Alessandro Strozzi. On returning to the Piazza, he was next forbidden to stand

near Savonarola, lest the latter might reëncant him; and by his Prior's request, Frà Domenico submitted to being surrounded by the Minorites. During this crisis, his patience equaled his courage; and in his great yearning to pass through the fire, he was ready to concede every point.

Nevertheless, the champion of the opposite party still lingered in the palace with Francesco di Puglia, and had not yet appeared. Savonarola was already becoming uneasy at this; and his suspicions were increased by the consultation going on between the citizens and the Minorites, and the manifest favor shown to the latter. The persons appointed to preside over the trial invariably sided with those friars, and let them do as they pleased; accordingly, Savonarola sent another pressing message to the palace in order to put an end to the suspense. But at the same moment, the two Minorites asked and obtained another private interview with the Signory. What passed between them is unknown, but it now became increasingly evident that the whole business of the ordeal was no more than a cunningly arranged trick to entrap Savonarola and the community of St. Mark's.

The patience of the multitude was now coming to an end. All had been assembled in the Piazza for many hours; the greater part of them were fasting since the dawn, and almost infuriated by the weariness of fruitless expectation. Hoarse murmurs arose on every side, followed by seditious cries; and the Arrabbiati, who had been eagerly watching for this moment, instantly tried to profit by it. A groom in the service of Giovanni Manetti succeeded in exciting a riot, and suddenly all the Piazza was in a tumult. Many of the outlets being closed, the people found themselves surrounded and hedged in; and accordingly made a rush for the palace. This seems to have been the moment fixed by the Arrabbiati for laying violent hands on the Friar, and making an end of him on the spot. They attempted to do so, in fact; but Salviati concentrated his men in front of the Loggia, and tracing a line on the ground with his sword, exclaimed: "Whoever dares to cross this line shall taste the steel of Marcuccio Salviati;" and so resolute was his tone that no one dared to press forward. At the same time, as it chanced, the foreign troops of the Signory, bewildered by the suddenness of the tumult, and seeing the people surging towards the palace, energetically drove them back.

Thereupon, order being apparently restored, the people were

quieted, and more eager than before to witness the ordeal, but the Signory were increasingly perplexed. Then came a tremendous storm shower with thunder and lightning; so that many thought this would naturally put a stop to everything. But in their thirst for the promised spectacle, the people never stirred; the rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and all remained in the same state of uncertainty. The Minorite friar was still invisible; and his companions began to raise fresh objections. They insisted that Frà Domenico should relinquish the crucifix he held in his hand, and he immediately let it go, saying that he would enter the fire bearing the Host instead. But this led to fresh and fiercer dispute, the Minorites declaring that he wished to destroy the consecrated wafer. But now Frà Domenico began to lose patience, and refused to give way, maintaining with Savonarola, that, in any case, only the accidental husk would be consumed, the substance of the sacrament remaining intact; and quoted the arguments of many theologians to this effect. On meeting with some contradiction at last, his adversaries assailed Savonarola with still greater vehemence, in the hope of creating fresh delay. While they were disputing, the evening began to close in, and the puzzled Signory took advantage of this to proclaim that it was now impossible for the ordeal to take place.

The indignation of the people then passed all bounds, and, as no one exactly knew whose was the blame, most of them accused Savonarola: even the Piagnoni declared that he ought to have entered the fire alone, if none would go with him, for the sake of giving a final and indisputable proof of his supernatural power. And then the Arrabbiati and the Signory caused it to be rumored about that his fraud had been unmasked; that after provoking the trial, he had refused to pass through the flames, and similar falsehoods; while the Minorites impudently claimed the victory, although their champion had remained concealed in the palace, without so much as daring to glance at the pyre prepared for him. Accordingly the whole city rang with menacing cries against Savonarola and St. Mark's. The Dominicans had a hard struggle to regain the Convent in safety, although escorted by the soldiers of Marcuccio Salviati, who, surrounding Savonarola and Frà Domenico with a band of his bravest men, courageously protected them, sword in hand, from the insults of an infuriated mob, egged on by the Compagnacci.



On finally reaching the church, where the female congregation still knelt in prayer, Savonarola mounted the pulpit, and gave a brief summary of all that had occurred, while the Piazza outside was still echoing with the mad yells of his foes. Then, having dismissed his hearers, he withdrew to his cell, overcome with a grief too deep for words.

The Minorites, on the contrary, were exultant; and afterwards the Signory assigned them, for twenty years, a pension of sixty lire, payable every 7th of April, *in reward for their services on that day*. Nevertheless, the first time they sent to demand the sum, the Camarlingo of the Bank was so enraged by their baseness, that in paying out the money, he exclaimed: "Here, take the price of the blood ye betrayed!"

The Signory must have incurred considerable expense in preparations for this strange and fatal ordeal. There is a memorandum to the effect that 662 *lire* 15s. 8d. were paid for combustibles and in wages to men who worked by torchlight as well as all day. An additional sum of 111 *lire* was spent on food and drink for the numerous guards and citizens employed in various ways on that day. There were also other incidental expenses.

## ROMOLA.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

[GEORGE ELIOT, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armigart."]

### ROMOLA'S WAKING.

ROMOLA in her boat passed from dreaming into long deep sleep, and then again from deep sleep into busy dreaming, till at last she felt herself stretching out her arms in the court of the Bargello, where the flickering flames of the tapers seemed

to get stronger and stronger till the dark scene was blotted out with light. Her eyes opened and she saw it was the light of morning. Her boat was lying still in a little creek ; on her right hand lay the speckless sapphire-blue of the Mediterranean ; on her left one of those scenes which were and still are repeated again and again like a sweet rhythm, on the shores of that loveliest sea.

In a deep curve of the mountains lay a breadth of green land, curtained by gentle tree-shadowed slopes leaning towards the rocky heights. Up these slopes might be seen here and there, gleaming between the tree tops, a pathway leading to a little irregular mass of building that seemed to have clambered in a hasty way up the mountain side, and taken a difficult stand there for the sake of showing the tall belfry as a sight of beauty to the scattered and clustered houses of the village below. The rays of the newly risen sun fell obliquely on the westward horn of this crescent-shaped nook : all else lay in dewy shadow. No sound came across the stillness ; the very waters seemed to have curved themselves there for rest.

The delicious sun rays fell on Romola and thrilled her gently like a caress. She lay motionless, hardly watching the scene ; rather, feeling simply the presence of peace and beauty. While we are still in our youth there can always come, in our early waking, moments when mere passive existence is itself a Lethe, when the exquisiteness of subtle indefinite sensation creates a bliss which is without memory and without desire. As the soft warmth penetrated Romola's young limbs, as her eyes rested on this sequestered luxuriance, it seemed that the agitating past had glided away like that dark scene in the Bargello, and that the afternoon dreams of her girlhood had really come back to her. For a minute or two the oblivion was untroubled ; she did not even think that she could rest here forever, she only felt that she rested. Then she became distinctly conscious that she was lying in the boat which had been bearing her over the waters all through the night. Instead of bringing her to death, it had been the gently lulling cradle of a new life. And in spite of her evening despair she was glad that the morning had come to her again : glad to think that she was resting in the familiar sunlight rather than in the unknown regions of death. *Could* she not rest here ? No sound from Florence would reach her. Already oblivion was troubled : from behind the golden haze were piercing

domes and towers and walls, parted by a river and inclosed by the green hills.

She rose from her reclining posture and sat up in the boat, willing, if she could, to resist the rush of thoughts that urged themselves along with the conjecture how far the boat had carried her. Why need she mind? This was a sheltered nook where there were simple villagers who would not harm her. For a little while, at least, she might rest and resolve on nothing. Presently she would go and get some bread and milk, and then she would nestle in the green quiet, and feel that there was a pause in her life. She turned to watch the crescent-shaped valley, that she might get back the soothing sense of peace and beauty which she had felt in her first waking.

She had not been in this attitude of contemplation more than a few minutes when across the stillness there came a piercing cry; not a brief cry, but continuous and more and more intense. Romola felt sure it was the cry of a little child in distress that no one came to help. She started up and put one foot on the side of the boat ready to leap on to the beach; but she paused there and listened: the mother of the child must be near, the cry must soon cease. But it went on, and drew Romola so irresistibly, seeming the more piteous to her for the sense of peace which had preceded it, that she jumped on to the beach and walked many paces before she knew what direction she would take. The cry, she thought, came from some rough garden growth many yards on her right hand, where she saw a half-ruined hovel. She climbed over a low broken stone fence, and made her way across patches of weedy green crops and ripe but neglected corn. The cry grew plainer, and convinced that she was right she hastened towards the hovel; but even in that hurried walk she felt an oppressive change in the air as she left the sea behind. Was there some taint lurking among the green luxuriance that had seemed such an inviting shelter from the heat of the coming day? She could see the opening into the hovel now, and the cry was darting through her like a pain. The next moment her foot was within the doorway, but the sight she beheld in the somber light arrested her with a shock of awe and horror. On the straw, with which the floor was scattered, lay three dead bodies, one of a tall man, one of a girl about eight years old, and one of a young woman whose long black hair was being clutched and pulled by a living child — the child that was sending forth

the piercing cry. Romola's experience in the haunts of death and disease made thought and action prompt: she lifted the little living child, and in trying to soothe it on her bosom, still bent to look at the bodies and see if they were really dead. The strongly marked type of race in their features, and their peculiar garb, made her conjecture that they were Spanish or Portuguese Jews, who had perhaps been put ashore and abandoned there by rapacious sailors, to whom their property remained as a prey. Such things were happening continually to Jews compelled to abandon their homes by the Inquisition: the cruelty of greed thrust them from the sea, and the cruelty of superstition thrust them back to it.

"But, surely," thought Romola, "I shall find some woman in the village whose mother's heart will not let her refuse to tend this helpless child — if the real mother is indeed dead."

This doubt remained, because while the man and girl looked emaciated and also showed signs of having been long dead, the woman seemed to have been hardier, and had not quite lost the robustness of her form. Romola, kneeling, was about to lay her hand on the heart; but as she lifted the piece of yellow woolen drapery that lay across the bosom, she saw the purple spots which marked the familiar pestilence. Then it struck her that if the villagers knew of this, she might have more difficulty than she had expected in getting help from them; they would perhaps shrink from her with that child in her arms. But she had money to offer them, and they would not refuse to give her some goat's milk in exchange for it.

She set out at once towards the village, her mind filled now with the effort to soothe the little dark creature, and with wondering how she should win some woman to be good to it. She could not help hoping a little in a certain awe she had observed herself to inspire, when she appeared, unknown and unexpected, in her religious dress. As she passed across a breadth of cultivated ground, she noticed, with wonder, that little patches of corn mingled with the other crops had been left to overripeness untouched by the sickle, and that golden apples and dark figs lay rotting on the weedy earth. There were grassy spaces within sight, but no cow, or sheep, or goat. The stillness began to have something fearful in it to Romola; she hurried along towards the thickest cluster of houses, where there would be the most life to appeal to on behalf of the helpless life she carried in her arms. But she had picked up two

figs, and bit little pieces from the sweet pulp to still the child with.

She entered between two lines of dwellings. It was time that villagers should have been stirring long ago, but not a soul was in sight. The air was becoming more and more oppressive, laden, it seemed, with some horrible impurity. There was a door open; she looked in, and saw grim emptiness. Another open door; and through that she saw a man lying dead with all his garments on, his head lying athwart a spade handle, and an earthenware cruse in his hand, as if he had fallen suddenly.

Romola felt horror taking possession of her. Was she in a village of the unburied dead? She wanted to listen if there were any faint sound, but the child cried out afresh when she ceased to feed it, and the cry filled her ears. At last she saw a figure crawling slowly out of a house, and soon sinking back in a sitting posture against the wall. She hastened towards the figure; it was a young woman in fevered anguish, and she, too, held a pitcher in her hand. As Romola approached her she did not start; the one need was too absorbing for any other idea to impress itself on her.

"Water! get me water!" she said, with a moaning utterance.

Romola stooped to take the pitcher, and said gently in her ear, "You shall have water; can you point towards the well?"

The hand was lifted towards the more distant end of the little street, and Romola set off at once with as much speed as she could use under the difficulty of carrying the pitcher as well as feeding the child. But the little one was getting more content as the morsels of sweet pulp were repeated, and ceased to distress her with its cry, so that she could give a less distracted attention to the objects around her.

The well lay twenty yards or more beyond the end of the street, and as Romola was approaching it her eyes were directed to the opposite green slope immediately below the church. High up, on a patch of grass between the trees, she had descried a cow and a couple of goats, and she tried to trace a line of path that would lead her close to that cheering sight, when once she had done her errand to the well. Occupied in this way, she was not aware that she was very near the well, and that some one approaching it on the other side had fixed a pair of astonished eyes upon her.

Romola certainly presented a sight which, at that moment and in that place, could hardly have been seen without some pausing and palpitation. With her gaze fixed intently on the distant slope, the long lines of her thick gray garment giving a gliding character to her rapid walk, her hair rolling backward and illuminated on the left side by the sun rays, the little olive baby on her right arm now looking out with jet-black eyes, she might well startle that youth of fifteen, accustomed to swing the censer in the presence of a Madonna less fair and marvelous than this.

"She carries a pitcher in her hand—to fetch water for the sick. It is the Holy Mother, come to take care of the people who have the pestilence."

It was a sight of awe: she would, perhaps, be angry with those who fetched water for themselves only. The youth flung down his vessel in terror, and Romola, aware now of some one near her, saw the black and white figure fly as if for dear life towards the slope she had just been contemplating. But remembering the parched sufferer, she half filled her pitcher quickly and hastened back.

Entering the house to look for a small cup, she saw salt meat and meal: there were no signs of want in the dwelling. With nimble movement she seated baby on the ground, and lifted a cup of water to the sufferer, who drank eagerly and then closed her eyes and leaned her head backward, seeming to give herself up to the sense of relief. Presently she opened her eyes, and, looking at Romola, said languidly:—

"Who are you?"

"I came over the sea," said Romola. "I only came this morning. Are all the people dead in these houses?"

"I think they are all ill now—all that are not dead. My father and my sister lie dead upstairs, and there is no one to bury them: and soon I shall die."

"Not so, I hope," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you. I am used to the pestilence; I am not afraid. But there must be some left who are not ill. I saw a youth running towards the mountain when I went to the well."

"I cannot tell. When the pestilence came, a great many people went away, and drove off the cows and goats. Give me more water!"

Romola, suspecting that if she followed the direction of the youth's flight, she should find some men and women who were

still healthy and able, determined to seek them out at once, that she might at least win them to take care of the child, and leave her free to come back and see how many living needed help, and how many dead needed burial. She trusted to her powers of persuasion to conquer the aid of the timorous, when once she knew what was to be done.

Promising the sick woman to come back to her, she lifted the dark bantling again, and set off towards the slope. She felt no burden of choice on her now, no longing for death. She was thinking how she would go to the other sufferers, as she had gone to that fevered woman.

But, with the child on her arm, it was not so easy to her as usual to walk up a slope, and it seemed a long while before the winding path took her near the cow and the goats. She was beginning herself to feel faint from heat, hunger, and thirst, and as she reached a double turning, she paused to consider whether she would not wait near the cow, which some one was likely to come and milk soon, rather than toil up to the church before she had taken any rest. Raising her eyes to measure the steep distance, she saw peeping between the boughs, not more than five yards off, a broad round face, watching her attentively, and lower down the black skirt of a priest's garment, and a hand grasping a bucket. She stood mutely observing, and the face, too, remained motionless. Romola had often witnessed the overpowering force of dread in cases of pestilence, and she was cautious.

Raising her voice in a tone of gentle pleading, she said, "I came over the sea. I am hungry, and so is the child. Will you not give us some milk?"

Romola had divined part of the truth, but she had not divined that preoccupation of the priest's mind which charged her words with a strange significance. Only a little while ago, the young acolyte had brought word to the Padre that he had seen the Holy Mother with the Babe, fetching water for the sick: she was as tall as the cypresses, and had a light about her head, and she looked up at the church. The *pievano*<sup>1</sup> had not listened with entire belief: he had been more than fifty years in the world without having any vision of the Madonna, and he thought the boy might have misinterpreted the unexpected appearance of a villager. But he had been made uneasy, and before venturing to come down and milk his

<sup>1</sup> Parish priest.

cow, he had repeated many Aves. The pievano's conscience tormented him a little: he trembled at the pestilence, but he also trembled at the thought of the mild-faced Mother, conscious that that Invisible Mercy might demand something more of him than prayers and "Hails." In this state of mind — unable to banish the image the boy had raised of the Mother with the glory about her tending the sick — the pievano had come down to milk his cow, and had suddenly caught sight of Romola pausing at the parted way. Her pleading words, with their strange refinement of tone and accent, instead of being explanatory, had a preternatural sound for him. Yet he did not quite believe he saw the Holy Mother: he was in a state of alarmed hesitation. If anything miraculous were happening, he felt there was no strong presumption that the miracle would be in his favor. He dared not run away; he dared not advance.

"Come down," said Romola, after a pause. "Do not fear. Fear rather to deny food to the hungry when they ask you."

A moment after, the boughs were parted, and the complete figure of a thickset priest with a broad, harmless face, his black frock much worn and soiled, stood, bucket in hand, looking at her timidly, and still keeping aloof as he took the path towards the cow in silence.

Romola followed him and watched him without speaking again, as he seated himself against the tethered cow, and, when he had nervously drawn some milk, gave it to her in a brass cup he carried with him in the bucket. As Romola put the cup to the lips of the eager child, and afterwards drank some milk herself, the Padre observed her from his wooden stool with a timidity that changed its character a little. He recognized the Hebrew baby, he was certain that he had a substantial woman before him; but there was still something strange and unaccountable in Romola's presence in this spot, and the Padre had a presentiment that things were going to change with him. Moreover, that Hebrew baby was terribly associated with the dread of pestilence.

Nevertheless, when Romola smiled at the little one sucking its own milky lips, and stretched out the brass cup again, saying, "Give us more, good father," he obeyed less nervously than before.

Romola on her side was not unobservant; and when the



second supply of milk had been drunk, she looked down at the round-headed man, and said with mild decision : —

“And now tell me, father, how this pestilence came, and why you let your people die without the sacraments and lie unburied. For I am come over the sea to help those who are left alive — and you, too, will help them now.”

He told her the story of the pestilence : and while he was telling it, the youth, who had fled before, had come peeping and advancing gradually, till at last he stood and watched the scene from behind a neighboring bush.

Three families of Jews, twenty souls in all, had been put ashore many weeks ago, some of them already ill of the pestilence. The villagers, said the priest, had of course refused to give shelter to the miscreants, otherwise than in a distant hovel, and under heaps of straw. But when the strangers had died of the plague, and some of the people had thrown the bodies into the sea, the sea had brought them back again in a great storm, and everybody was smitten with terror. A grave was dug, and the bodies were buried ; but then the pestilence attacked the Christians, and the greater number of the villagers went away over the mountain, driving away their few cattle, and carrying provisions. The priest had not fled ; he had stayed and prayed for the people, and he had prevailed on the youth Jacopo to stay with him ; but he confessed that a mortal terror of the plague had taken hold of him, and he had not dared to go down into the valley.

“You will fear no longer, father,” said Romola, in a tone of encouraging authority ; “you will come down with me, and we will see who is living, and we will look for the dead to bury them. I have walked about for months where the pestilence was, and see, I am strong. Jacopo will come with us,” she added, motioning to the peeping lad, who came slowly from behind his defensive bush, as if invisible threads were dragging him.

“Come, Jacopo,” said Romola again, smiling at him, “you will carry the child for me. See ! your arms are strong, and I am tired.”

That was a dreadful proposal to Jacopo, and to the priest also ; but they were both under a peculiar influence forcing them to obey. The suspicion that Romola was a supernatural form was dissipated, but their minds were filled instead with the more effective sense that she was a human being whom God had sent over the sea to command them.

"Now we will carry down the milk," said Romola, "and see if any one wants it."

So they went all together down the slope, and that morning the sufferers saw help come to them in their despair. There were hardly more than a score alive in the whole valley; but all of these were comforted, most were saved, and the dead were buried.

In this way days, weeks, and months passed with Romola, till the men were digging and sowing again, till the women smiled at her as they carried their great vases on their heads to the well, and the Hebrew baby was a tottering tumbling Christian, Benedetto by name, having been baptized in the church on the mountain side. But by that time she herself was suffering from the fatigue and languor that must come after a continuous strain on mind and body. She had taken for her dwelling one of the houses abandoned by their owners, standing a little aloof from the village street; and here on a thick heap of clean straw — a delicious bed for those who do not dream of down — she felt glad to lie still through most of the daylight hours, taken care of along with the little Benedetto by a woman whom the pestilence had widowed.

Every day the Padre and Jacopo and the small flock of surviving villagers paid their visit to this cottage to see the blessed Lady, and to bring her of their best as an offering — honey, fresh cakes, eggs, and polenta. It was a sight they could none of them forget, a sight they all told of in their old age — how the sweet and sainted lady with her fair face, her golden hair, and her brown eyes that had a blessing in them, lay weary with her labors after she had been sent over the sea to help them in their extremity, and how the queer little black Benedetto used to crawl about the straw by her side and want everything that was brought to her, and she always gave him a bit of what she took, and told them if they loved her they must be good to Benedetto.

Many legends were afterwards told in that valley about the blessed Lady who came over the sea, but they were legends by which all who heard might know that in times gone by a woman had done beautiful loving deeds there, rescuing those who were ready to perish.

#### HOMeward.

In those silent wintry hours when Romola lay resting from her weariness, her mind, traveling back over the past, and

gazing across the undefined distance of the future, saw all objects from a new position. Her experience since the moment of her waking in the boat had come to her with as strong an effect as that of the fresh seal on the dissolving wax. She had felt herself without bonds, without motive; sinking in mere egoistic complaining that life could bring her no content; feeling a right to say, "I am tired of life, I want to die." That thought had sobbed within her as she fell asleep, but from the moment after her waking when the cry had drawn her, she had not even reflected, as she used to do in Florence, that she was glad to live because she could lighten sorrow—she had simply lived, with so energetic an impulse to share the life around her, to answer the call of need and do the work which cried aloud to be done, that the reasons for living, enduring, laboring, never took the form of argument.

The experience was like a new baptism to Romola. In Florence the simpler relations of the human being to his fellow-men had been complicated for her with all the special ties of marriage, the State, and religious discipleship, and when these had disappointed her trust, the shock seemed to have shaken her aloof from life and stunned her sympathy. But now she said, "It was mere baseness in me to desire death. If everything else is doubtful, this suffering that I can help is certain; if the glory of the cross is an illusion, the sorrow is only the truer. While the strength is in my arm I will stretch it out to the fainting; while the light visits my eyes they shall seek the forsaken."

And then the past arose with a fresh appeal to her. Her work in this green valley was done, and the emotions that were disengaged from the people immediately around her rushed back into the old deep channels of use and affection. That rare possibility of self-contemplation which comes in any complete severance from our wonted life made her judge herself as she had never done before: the compunction which is inseparable from a sympathetic nature keenly alive to the possible experience of others, began to stir in her with growing force. She questioned the justness of her own conclusions, of her own deeds: she had been rash, arrogant, always dissatisfied that others were not good enough, while she herself had not been true to what her soul had once recognized as the best. She began to condemn her flight: after all, it had been cowardly self-care; the grounds on which Savonarola had once taken her

back were truer, deeper, than the grounds she had had for her second flight. How could she feel the needs of others, and not feel, above all, the needs of the nearest?

But then came reaction against such self-reproach. The memory of her life with Tito, of the conditions which made their real union impossible, while their external union imposed a set of false duties on her which were essentially the concealment and sanctioning of what her mind revolted from, told her that flight had been her only resource. All minds, except such as are delivered from doubt by dullness of sensibility, must be subject to this recurring conflict where the many-twisted conditions of life have forbidden the fulfillment of a bond. For in strictness there is no replacing of relations: the presence of the new does not nullify the failure and breach of the old. Life has lost its perfection: it has been maimed; and until the wounds are quite scarred, conscience continually casts backward, doubting glances.

Romola shrank with dread from the renewal of her proximity to Tito, and yet she was uneasy that she had put herself out of reach of knowing what was his fate — uneasy that the moment might yet come when he would be in misery and need her. There was still a thread of pain within her, testifying to those words of Fra Girolamo, that she could not cease to be a wife. Could anything utterly cease for her that had once mingled itself with the current of her heart's blood?

Florence, and all her life there, had come back to her like hunger; her feelings could not go wandering after the possible and the vague: their living fiber was fed with the memory of familiar things. And the thought that she had divided herself from them forever became more and more importunate in these hours that were unfilled with action. What if Fra Girolamo had been wrong? What if the life of Florence was a web of inconsistencies? Was she, then, something higher, that she should shake the dust from off her feet, and say, "This world is not good enough for me?" If she had been really higher, she would not so easily have lost all her trust.

Her indignant grief for her godfather had no longer complete possession of her, and her sense of debt to Savonarola was recovering predominance. Nothing that had come, or was to come, could do away with the fact that there had been a great inspiration in him which had waked a new life in her. Who, in all her experience, could demand the same gratitude

from her as he? His errors—might they not bring calamities?

She could not rest. She hardly knew whether it was her strength returning with the budding leaves that made her active again, or whether it was her eager longing to get nearer Florence. She did not imagine herself daring to enter Florence, but the desire to be near enough to learn what was happening there urged itself with a strength that excluded all other purposes.

And one March morning the people in the valley were gathered together to see the blessed Lady depart. Jacopo had fetched a mule for her, and was going with her over the mountains. The Padre, too, was going with her to the nearest town, that he might help her in learning the safest way by which she might get to Pistoja. Her store of trinkets and money, untouched in this valley, was abundant for her needs.

If Romola had been less drawn by the longing that was taking her away, it would have been a hard moment for her when she walked along the village street for the last time, while the Padre and Jacopo, with the mule, were awaiting her near the well. Her steps were hindered by the wailing people, who knelt and kissed her hands, then clung to her skirts and kissed the gray folds, crying, "Ah, why will you go, when the good season is beginning and the crops will be plentiful? Why will you go?"

"Do not be sorry," said Romola; "you are well now, and I shall remember you. I must go and see if my own people want me."

"Ah, yes, if they have the pestilence!"

"Look at us again, Madonna!"

"Yes, yes, we will be good to the little Benedetto!"

At last Romola mounted her mule, but a vigorous screaming from Benedetto as he saw her turn from him in this new position was an excuse for all the people to follow her and insist that he must ride on the mule's neck to the foot of the slope.

The parting must come at last, but as Romola turned continually before she passed out of sight, she saw the little flock lingering to catch the last waving of her hand.

## INVENTION OR COMPOSITION IN PAINTING.

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(From "A Treatise on Painting.")

[LEONARDO DA VINCI, the great Italian artist, architect, engineer, musician, and universal scholar and inventor, was born near Florence in 1452. He studied under Andrea Verrocchio, who abandoned art through despair of rivaling his pupil. He entered the service of the Duke of Milan about 1483; founded an academy of arts there; modeled an equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza; became the foremost anatomist of his age; about 1497 painted the "Last Supper," on the refectory wall of a convent in Milan. In 1492 he returned to Florence; in 1502 became architect and engineer to Cæsar Borgia; in 1503 drew the cartoon "The Battle of the Standard." Later he was made royal painter to Louis XII. of France; was for a time patronized by Leo X., but left him in displeasure, took service with Francis I. of France, went to France with him in 1517, and died there, May 2, 1519.]

## 157. HOW TO REPRESENT A STORM.

To form a just idea of a storm, you must consider it attentively in its effects. When the wind blows violently over the sea or land, it removes and carries off with it everything that is not firmly fixed to the general mass. The clouds must appear straggling and broken, carried according to the direction and the force of the wind, and blended with clouds of dust raised from the sandy shore. Branches and leaves of trees must be represented as carried along by the violence of the storm, and together with numberless other light substances, scattered in the air. Trees and grass must be bent to the ground, as if yielding to the course of the wind. Boughs must be twisted out of their natural form, with their leaves reversed and entangled. Of the figures dispersed in the picture, some should appear thrown on the ground, so wrapped up in their cloaks and covered with dust as to be scarcely distinguishable. Of those who remain on their feet, some should be sheltered by, and holding fast behind, some great trees, to avoid the same fate: others bending to the ground, their hands over their faces to ward off the dust; their hair and their clothes flying straight up at the mercy of the wind.

The high tremendous waves of the stormy sea will be covered with foaming froth; the most subtle parts of which, being raised by the wind, like a thick mist, mix with the air

What vessels are seen should appear with broken cordage, and torn sails fluttering in the wind; some with broken masts fallen across the hulk, already on its side amidst the tempestuous waves. Some of the crew should be represented as if crying aloud for help, and clinging to the remains of the shattered vessel. Let the clouds appear as driven by tempestuous winds against the summits of lofty mountains, enveloping those mountains, and breaking and recoiling with redoubled force, like waves against a rocky shore. The air should be rendered awfully dark by the mist, dust, and thick clouds.

### 158. HOW TO COMPOSE A BATTLE.

First, let the air exhibit a confused mixture of smoke, arising from the discharge of artillery and musketry, and the dust raised by the horses of the combatants; and observe that dust, being of an earthy nature, is heavy, but yet, by reason of its minute particles, it is easily impelled upwards, and mixes with the air; nevertheless, it naturally falls downwards again, the most subtle parts of it alone gaining any considerable degree of elevation, and at its utmost height it is so thin and transparent as to appear nearly of the color of the air. The smoke, thus mixing with the dusty air, forms a kind of dark cloud, at the top of which it is distinguished from the dust by a bluish cast, the dust retaining more of its natural color. On that part from which the light proceeds, this mixture of air, smoke, and dust will appear much brighter than on the opposite side. The more the combatants are involved in this turbulent mist, the less distinctly they will be seen, and the more confused will they be in their lights and shades. Let the faces of the musketeers, their bodies, and every object near them, be tinged with a reddish hue, even the air or cloud of dust; in short, all that surrounds them. This red tinge you will diminish, in proportion to their distance from the primary cause. The group of figures, which appear at a distance between the spectator and the light, will form a dark mass upon a light ground; and their legs will be more undetermined and lost as they approach nearer to the ground, because there the dust is heavier and thicker.

If you mean to represent some straggling horses running out of the main body, introduce also some small clouds of dust, as far distant from each other as the leap of the horse, and

these little clouds will become fainter, more scanty, and diffused, in proportion to their distance from the horse. That nearest to his feet will consequently be the most determined, smallest, and the thickest of all.

Let the air be full of arrows, in all directions ; some ascending, some falling down, and some darting straight forwards. The bullets of the musketry, though not seen, will be marked in their course by a train of smoke, which breaks through the general confusion. The figures in the foreground should have their hair covered with dust, as also their eyebrows, and all parts liable to receive it.

The victorious party will be running forwards, their hair and other light parts flying in the wind, their eyebrows lowered, and the motion of every member properly contrasted ; for instance, in moving the right foot forwards, the left arm must be brought forwards also. If you make any of them fallen down, mark the trace of his fall on the slippery, gore-stained dust ; and where the ground is less impregnated with blood, let the print of men's feet and of horses, that have passed that way, be marked. Let there be some horses dragging the bodies of their riders, and leaving behind them a furrow, made by the body thus trailed along.

The countenances of the vanquished will appear pale and dejected. Their eyebrows raised, and much wrinkled about the forehead and cheeks. The tips of their noses somewhat divided from the nostrils by arched wrinkles terminating at the corner of the eyes, those wrinkles being occasioned by the opening and raising of the nostrils. The upper lips turned up, discovering the teeth. Their mouths wide open, and expressive of violent lamentation. One may be seen fallen wounded on the ground, endeavoring with one hand to support his body, and covering his eyes with the other, the palm of which is turned towards the enemy. Others running away, and with open mouths seeming to cry aloud. Between the legs of the combatants let the ground be strewed with all sorts of arms, as broken shields, spears, swords, and the like. Many dead bodies should be introduced, some entirely covered with dust, others in part only ; let the blood, which seems to issue immediately from the wound, appear of its natural color, and running in a winding course, till, mixing with the dust, it forms a reddish kind of mud. Some should be in the agonies of death ; their teeth shut, their eyes wildly staring, their fists clenched,



and their legs in a distorted position. Some may appear disarmed, and beaten down by the enemy, still fighting with their fists and teeth, and endeavoring to take a passionate, though unavailing revenge. There may be also a straggling horse without a rider, running in wild disorder; his mane flying in the wind, beating down with his feet all before him and doing a deal of damage. A wounded soldier may also be seen falling to the ground, and attempting to cover himself with his shield, while an enemy bending over him endeavors to give him the finishing stroke. Several dead bodies should be heaped together under a dead horse. Some of the conquerors, as having ceased fighting, may be wiping from their faces the dirt collected on them by the mixture of dust with the water from their eyes.

The *corps de reserve* will be seen advancing gayly, but cautiously, their eyebrows directed forwards, shading their eyes with their hands to observe the motions of the enemy, amidst clouds of dust and smoke, and seeming attentive to the orders of their chief. You may also make their commander holding up his staff, pushing forwards, and pointing towards the place where they are wanted. A river may likewise be introduced, with horses fording it, dashing the water about between their legs, and in the air, covering all the adjacent ground with water and foam. Not a spot is to be left without some marks of blood and carnage.

### 159. THE REPRESENTATION OF AN ORATOR AND HIS AUDIENCE.

If you have to represent a man who is speaking to a large assembly of people, you are to consider the subject-matter of his discourse, and to adapt his attitude to such subject. If he means to persuade, let it be known by his gesture. If he is giving an explanation, deduced from several reasons, let him put two fingers of the right hand within one of the left, having the other two bent close, his face turned towards the audience, with the mouth half open, seeming to speak. If he is sitting, let him appear as going to raise himself up a little, and his head be forwards. But if he is represented standing, let him bend his chest and his head forwards towards the people.

The auditory are to appear silent and attentive, with their eyes upon the speaker, in the act of admiration. There should

be some old men, with their mouths close shut, in token of approbation, and their lips pressed together, so as to form wrinkles at the corners of the mouth and about the cheeks, and forming others about the forehead, by raising the eyebrows, as if struck with astonishment. Some others of those sitting by should be seated with their hands within each other, round one of their knees; some with one knee upon the other, and upon that, one hand receiving the elbow, the other supporting the chin, covered with a venerable beard.

#### 160. OF DEMONSTRATIVE GESTURES.

The action by which a figure points at anything near, either in regard to time or situation, is to be expressed by the hand very little removed from the body. But if the same thing is far distant, the hand must also be far removed from the body, and the face of the figure pointing must be turned towards those to whom he is pointing it out.

#### 161. OF THE ATTITUDES OF THE BYSTANDERS AT SOME REMARKABLE EVENT.

All those who are present at some event deserving notice express their admiration, but in various manners: as when the hand of justice punishes some malefactor. If the subject be an act of devotion, the eyes of all present should be directed towards the object of their adoration, aided by a variety of pious actions with the other members: as at the elevation of the host at mass, and other similar ceremonies. If it be a laughable subject, or one exciting compassion and moving to tears, in those cases it will not be necessary for all to have their eyes turned towards the object, but they will express their feelings by different actions; and let there be several assembled in groups, to rejoice or lament together. If the event be terrific, let the faces of those who run away from the sight be strongly expressive of fright, with various motions, as shall be described in the tract on motion

## SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

TRANSLATED BY J. A. SYMONDS.

[MICHAEL ANGELO, the great Italian sculptor, painter, and architect, was born in Tuscany, March 6, 1475. He was a pupil of Ghirlandajo; was employed by Lorenzo de' Medici; lived chiefly in Florence but was often engaged in Rome. From 1533 to 1541 he was occupied with his great fresco, "The Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel. From 1546 till his death, February 18, 1564, he was architect of St. Peter's at Rome, holding this place under five popes; he designed and built the famous dome.]

## THE GARLAND AND THE GIRDLE.

WHAT joy hath yon glad wreath of flowers that is  
 Around her golden hair so deftly twined,  
 Each blossom pressing forward from behind,  
 As though to be the first her brows to kiss!  
 The livelong day her dress hath perfect bliss,  
 That now reveals her breast, now seems to bind;  
 And that fair woven net of gold refined  
 Rests on her cheek and throat in happiness.  
 Yet still more blissful seems to me the band  
 Gilt at the tips, so sweetly doth it ring  
 And clasp the bosom that it serves to lace;  
 Yea! and the belt to such as understand,  
 Bound round her waist, saith — "Here I'd ever cling!"  
 What would my arm do in that girdle's place?

## THE TRANSFIGURATION OF BEAUTY.

*(A Dialogue with Love.)*

Nay! prithee tell me, Love! when I behold  
 My Lady, do mine eyes her beauty see  
 In truth, or dwells that loveliness in me  
 Which multiplies her grace a thousandfold?  
 Thou needs must know, — for thou with her of old  
 Comest to stir my soul's tranquillity;  
 Yet would I not seek one sigh less, or be  
 By loss of that loved flame more simply cold. —  
 "The beauty thou discernest is all hers;  
 But grows in radiance as it soars on high  
 Through mortal eyes unto the soul above:  
 'Tis there transfigured, — for the soul confers,  
 On what she holds, her own divinity:  
 And this transfigured beauty wins thy love."

## EPISODES FROM "ORLANDO FURIOSO."

By LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

(Translation of W. S. Rose.)

[LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, one of the greatest of Italian poets, was born at Reggio, in northern Italy, September 8, 1474. He was intended for the law by his father, but at length, being allowed to follow his own inclinations, studied the classics and devoted himself to literature. About 1503 he settled in Ferrara and entered the service of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who employed him in various political negotiations. During his leisure hours throughout a period of ten years he wrote his masterpiece, "Orlando Furioso" (Orlando Mad), an epic poem in forty-five cantos, celebrating the achievements of the Paladins of Charlemagne in the wars between the Christians and the Moors. It is virtually a continuation of Boiardo's metrical romance, "Orlando Innamorato" (Orlando in Love). Ariosto subsequently joined the court of the cardinal's brother, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and in 1512 was appointed governor of Garfagnana, a mountainous district infested with brigands. After a successful administration of three years he returned to Ferrara, where he died June 6, 1533. Besides his main work he wrote comedies, satires, sonnets, and Latin poems.]

## ALCINA THE ENCHANTRESS.

Not so much does the palace, fair to see,  
 In riches other princely domes excel,  
 As that the gentlest, fairest company  
 Which the whole world contains, within it dwell:  
 Of either sex, with small variety  
 Between, in youth and beauty matched as well:  
 The fay alone exceeds the rest as far  
 As the bright sun outshines each lesser star.

Her shape is of such perfect symmetry,  
 As best to feign the industrious painter knows,  
 With long and knotted tresses; to the eye  
 Not yellow gold with brighter luster glows.  
 Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye  
 Is scattered, of the lily and the rose.  
 Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round  
 Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.

Two black and slender arches rise above  
 Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;  
 Which ever softly beam and slowly move;  
 Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,  
 Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,  
 And seems to plunder hearts in open sight.

Thence, through mid visage, does the nose descend,  
Where Envy finds not blemish to amend.

As if between two vales, which softly curl,  
The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow :  
Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,  
Which her delicious lips shut up or show.  
Of force to melt the heart of any churl,  
However rude, hence courteous accents flow ;  
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,  
Which opes at will a paradise on earth.

Like milk the bosom, and the neck of snow ;  
Round is the neck, and full and large the breast ;  
Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,  
Which rise and fall, as, to the margin pressed  
By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go.  
Not prying Argus could discern the rest.  
Yet might the observing eye of things concealed  
Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.

To all her arms a just proportion bear,  
And a white hand is oftentimes descried,  
Which narrow is, and someddeal long ; and where  
No knot appears, nor vein is signified.  
For finish of that stately shape and rare,  
A foot, neat, short, and round, beneath is spied.  
Angelic visions, creatures of the sky,  
Concealed beneath no covering veil can lie.

A spring is planted in Rogero's way,  
On all sides did she speak, smile, sing, or move ;  
No wonder then the stripling was her prey,  
Who in the fairy saw such show of love.  
With him the guilt and falsehood little weigh,  
Of which the offended myrtle told above.  
Nor will he think that perfidy and guile  
Can be united with so sweet a smile.

No ! he could now believe, by magic art,  
Astolpho well transformed upon the plain,  
For punishment of foul ungrateful heart,  
And haply meriting severer pain.  
And, as for all he heard him late impart,  
'Twas prompted by revenge, 'twas false and vain.

By hate and malice was the sufferer stung,  
To blame and wound the fay with slanderous tongue.

The beauteous lady whom he loved so well  
Is newly banished from his altered breast;  
For (such the magic of Alcina's spell)  
She every ancient passion dispossessed:  
And in his bosom, there alone to dwell,  
The image of her love and self impressed.  
So witched, Rogero sure some grace deserves,  
If from his faith his frail affection swerves.

At board lyre, lute, and harp of tuneful string,  
And other sounds, in mixed diversity,  
Made, round about, the joyous palace ring,  
With glorious concert and sweet harmony.  
Nor lacked there well-accorded voice to sing  
Of love, its passion and its ecstasy;  
Nor who, with rare inventions, choicely versed,  
Delightful fiction to the guests rehearsed.

What table, spread by whatsoever heir  
Of Ninus, though triumphant were the board,  
Or what more famous and more costly, where  
Cleopatra feasted with the Latian lord,  
Could with this banquet's matchless joys compare,  
By the fond fairy for Rogero stored?  
I think not such a feast is spread above,  
Where Ganymede presents the cup to Jove.

They form a ring, the board and festive cheer  
Removed, and sitting, play a merry game:  
Each asks, still whispering in a neighbor's ear,  
What secret pleases best; to knight and dame  
A fair occasion, without let or fear,  
Their love, unheard of any, to proclaim.  
And in conclusion the two lovers plight  
Their word, to meet together on that night.

Soon, and much sooner than their wont, was ended  
The game at which the palace inmates play:  
When pages on the troop with torches tended,  
And with their radiance chased the night away.  
To seek his bed the paladin ascended,  
Girt with that goodly squadron, in a gay

And airy bower, appointed for his rest,  
'Mid all the others chosen as the best.

And when of comfits and of cordial wine  
A fitting proffer has been made anew,  
The guests their bodies reverently incline,  
And to their bowers depart the courtly crew.  
He upon perfumed sheets, whose texture fine  
Seemed of Arachne's loom, his body threw:  
Hearkening the while with still attentive ears,  
If he the coming of the lady hears.

At every movement heard on distant floor,  
Hoping 'twas she, Rogero raised his head:  
He thinks he hears; but it is heard no more,  
Then sighs at his mistake: oftentimes from bed  
He issued, and undid his chamber door,  
And peeped abroad, but still no better sped:  
And cursed a thousand times the hour that she  
So long retarded his felicity.

"Yes, now she comes," the stripling often said,  
And reckoned up the paces, as he lay,  
Which from her bower were haply to be made  
To that where he was waiting for the fay.  
These thoughts, and other thoughts as vain, he weighed  
Before she came, and, restless at her stay,  
Often believed some hindrance, yet unscanned,  
Might interpose between the fruit and hand.

At length, when dropping sweets the costly fay  
Had put some end to her perfumery,  
The time now come she need no more delay,  
Since all was hushed within the palace, she  
Stole from her bower alone, through secret way,  
And passed towards the chamber silently,  
Where on his couch the youthful cavalier  
Lay, with a heart long torn by Hope and Fear.

When the successor of Astolpho spies  
Those smiling stars above him, at the sight  
A flame, like that of kindled sulphur, flies  
Through his full veins, as ravished by delight  
Out of himself; and now up to the eyes  
Plunged in a sea of bliss, he swims outright.

He leaps from bed and folds her to his breast,  
Nor waits until the lady be undressed ;

Though but in a light sendal clad, that she  
Wore in the place of farthingale or gown ;  
Which o'er a shift of finest quality,  
And white, about her limbs the fay had thrown,  
The mantle yielded at his touch, as he  
Embraced her, and that veil remained alone,  
Which upon every side the damsel shows,  
More than clear glass the lily or the rose.

The plant no closer does the ivy clip,  
With whose green boughs its stem is interlaced,  
Than those fond lovers, each from either's lip  
The balmy breath collecting, lie embraced :  
Rich perfume this, whose like no seed or slip  
Bears in sweet Indian or Sabæan waste ;  
While so to speak their joys is either fixed,  
That oftentimes those meeting lips are mixed.

These things were carried closely by the dame  
And youth, or if surmised, were never bruited ;  
For silence seldom was a cause for blame,  
But oftener as a virtue well reputed.  
By those shrewd courtiers, conscious of his claim,  
Rogero is with proffers fair saluted :  
Worshiped of all those inmates, who fulfill  
In this the enamored fay, Alcina's will.

No pleasure is omitted there ; since they  
Alike are prisoners in Love's magic hall.  
They change their raiment twice or thrice a day,  
Now for this use, and now at other call.  
'Tis often feast, and always holiday ;  
'Tis wrestling, tourney, pageant, bath, and ball ;  
Now underneath a hill by fountain cast,  
They read the amorous lays of ages past ;

Now by glad hill, or through the shady dale,  
They hunt the fearful hare, and now they flush  
With busy dog, sagacious of the trail,  
Wild pheasant from the stubble field or bush.  
Now where green junipers perfume the gale,  
Suspend the snare, or lime the fluttering thrush ;



And casting now for fish, with net or hook,  
Disturb their secret haunts in pleasant brook.

Rogero revels there, in like delight,  
While Charles and Agramant are troubled sore.  
But not for him their story will I slight,  
Nor Bradamant forget; who evermore,  
'Mid toilsome pain and care, her cherished knight,  
Ravished from her, did many a day deplore;  
Whom by unwonted ways, transported through  
Mid air, the damsel saw, nor whither knew.

Of her I speak before the royal pair,  
Who many days pursued her search in vain;  
By shadowy wood, or over champaign bare,  
By farm and city, and by hill and plain;  
But seeks her cherished friend with fruitless care,  
Divided by such space of land and main:  
Often she goes among the Paynim spears,  
Yet never aught of her Rogero hears.

Of hundreds questioned, upon every side,  
Each day, no answer ever gives content.  
She roams from post to post, and far and wide  
Searches pavilion, lodging, booth, or tent,  
And this, 'mid foot or horseman, unespied,  
May safely do, without impediment,  
Thanks to the ring, whose more than mortal aid,  
When in her mouth, conceals the vanished maid.

She cannot, will not, think that he is dead;  
Because the wreck of such a noble knight  
Would from Hydaspes' distant waves have spread,  
To where the sun descends with westering light.  
She knows not what to think, nor whither sped,  
He roams in earth or air; yet, hapless wight,  
Him ever seeks, and for attendant train  
Has sobs and sighs, and every bitter pain.

At length to find the wondrous cave she thought,  
Where the prophetic bones of Merlin lie,  
And there lament herself until she wrought  
Upon the pitying marble to reply;  
For thence, if yet he lived, would she be taught,  
Or this glad life to hard necessity

Had yielded up; and, when she was possessed  
Of the seer's counsels, would pursue the best.

With this intention, Bradamant her way  
Directed thither, where in Poictier's wood  
The vocal tomb, containing Merlin's clay,  
Concealed in Alpine place and savage, stood.  
But that enchantress sage, who night and day  
Thought of the damsel, watchful for her good,  
She, I repeat, who taught her what should be  
In that fair grotto her posterity;

She who preserved her with protecting care,  
That same enchantress, still benign and wise,  
Who, knowing she a matchless race should bear  
Of men, or rather semi-deities,  
Spies daily what her thoughts and actions are,  
And lots for her each day, divining, tries;—  
She all Rogero's fortune knew, how freed;  
Then borne to India by the griffin steed:

Him on that courser plainly she had eyed,  
Who would not the controlling rein obey;  
When, severed by such interval, he hied,  
Borne through the perilous, unwonted way,  
And knew that he sport, dance, and banquet plied,  
And lapt in idleness and pleasure lay;  
Nor memory of his lord nor of the dame,  
Once loved so well, preserved, nor of his fame.

And thus such gentle knight ingloriously  
Would have consumed his fairest years and best  
In long inaction, afterwards to be,  
Body and soul, destroyed; and *that*, possessed  
Alone by us in perpetuity,  
That flower, whose sweets outlive the fragile rest  
Which quickens man when he in earth is laid,  
Would have been plucked or severed in the blade,

But that enchantress kind, who with more care  
Than for himself he watched, still kept the knight,  
Designed to drag him, by rough road and bare,  
Towards true virtue, in his own despite;  
As often cunning leech will burn and pare  
The flesh, and poisonous drug employ aright:

Who, though at first his cruel art offend,  
Is thanked, since he preserves us, in the end.

She, not like old Atlantes, rendered blind  
By the great love she to the stripling bore,  
Set not on gifting him with life her mind,  
As was the scope of that enchanter hoar;  
Who, reckless all of fame and praise declined,  
Wished length of days to his Rogero more  
Than that, to win a world's applause, the peer  
Should of his joyous life forego one year.

By him he to Alcina's isle had been  
Dispatched, that in her palace he might dwell,  
Forgetting arms; and, as enchanter seen  
In magic and the use of every spell,  
The heart had fastened of that fairy queen,  
Enamored of the gentle youth, so well,  
That she the knot would never disengage,  
Though he should live to more than Nestor's age.

#### MEDORO AND ANGELICA.

The Scots pursue their chief, who pricks before,  
Through the deep wood, inspired by high disdain,  
When he has left the one and the other Moor,  
*This dead, that scarce alive*, upon the plain.  
There for a mighty space lay young Medore,  
Spouting his life-blood from so large a vein,  
He would have perished, but that thither made  
A stranger, as it chanced, who lent him aid.

By chance arrived a damsel at the place,  
Who was (though mean and rustic was her wear)  
Of royal presence and of beauteous face,  
And lofty manners, sagely debonair:  
Her have I left unsung so long a space,  
That you will hardly recognize the fair  
Angelica; in her (if known not) scan  
The lofty daughter of Catay's great khan.

Angelica, when she had won again  
The ring Brunello had from her conveyed,  
So waxed in stubborn pride and haught disdain,  
She seemed to scorn this ample world, and strayed

Alone, and held as cheap each living swain,  
Although, amid the best, by Fame arrayed :  
Nor brooked she to remember a galant  
In Count Orlando or King Sacripant ;

And above every other deed repented,  
That good Rinaldo she had loved of yore ;  
And that to look so low she had consented,  
(As by such choice dishonored) grieved her sore.  
Love, hearing this, such arrogance resented,  
And would the damsel's pride endure no more.  
Where young Medoro lay he took his stand,  
And waited her, with bow and shaft in hand.

When fair Angelica the stripling spies,  
Nigh hurt to death in that disastrous fray, —  
Who for his king, that there unsheltered lies,  
More sad than for his own misfortune lay, —  
She feels new pity in her bosom rise,  
Which makes its entry in unwonted way.  
Touched was her haughty heart, once hard and curst,  
And more when he his piteous tale rehearsed.

And calling back to memory her art,  
For she in Ind had learned chirurgery,  
(Since it appears such studies in that part  
Worthy of praise and fame are held to be,  
And, as an heirloom, sires to sons impart,  
With little aid of books, the mystery,)  
Disposed herself to work with simples' juice,  
Till she in him should healthier life produce ;

And recollects an herb had caught her sight  
In passing hither, on a pleasant plain ;  
What (whether dittany or pancy light)  
I know not, fraught with virtue to restrain  
The crimson blood forth-welling, and of might  
To sheathe each perilous and piercing pain.  
She found it near, and having pulled the weed,  
Returned to seek Medoro on the mead.

Returning, she upon a swain did light,  
Who was on horseback passing through the wood.  
Strayed from the lowing herd, the rustic wight  
A heifer, missing for two days, pursued.

Him she with her conducted, where the might  
Of the faint youth was ebbing with his blood:  
Which had the ground about so deeply dyed,  
Life was nigh wasted with the gushing tide.

Angelica alights upon the ground,  
And he her rustic comrade, at her hest.  
She hastened 'twixt two stones the herb to pound,  
Then took it, and the healing juice exprest:  
With this did she foment the stripling's wound,  
And, even to the hips, his waist and breast;  
And (with such virtue was the salve endued)  
It stanch'd his life-blood, and his strength renewed;

And into him infused such force again,  
That he could mount the horse the swain conveyed;  
But good Medoro would not leave the plain  
Till he in earth had seen his master laid.  
He, with the monarch, buried Cloridane,  
And after followed whither pleased the maid,  
Who was to stay with him, by pity led,  
Beneath the courteous shepherd's humble shed.

Nor would the damsel quit the lowly pile  
(So she esteemed the youth) till he was sound;  
Such pity first she felt, when him erewhile  
She saw outstretched and bleeding on the ground.  
'Touched by his mien and manners neat, a file  
She felt corrode her heart with secret wound;  
She felt corrode her heart, and with desire,  
By little and by little warmed, took fire.

The shepherd dwelt, between two mountains hoar,  
In goodly cabin, in the greenwood-shade,  
With wife and children; and, short time before,  
The brent-new shed had builded in the glade.  
Here of his grisly wound the youthful Moor  
Was briefly healed by the Catayan maid;  
But who in briefer space, a sorer smart  
'Than young Medoro's suffered at her heart.

A wound far wider and which deeper lies,  
Now in her heart she feels, from viewless bow;  
Which from the boy's fair hair and beauteous eyes  
Had the winged archer dealt: a sudden glow

She feels, and still the flames increasing rise;  
Yet less she heeds her own than other's woe:  
—Heeds not herself, and only to content  
The author of her cruel ill is bent.

Her ill but festered and increased the more  
The stripling's wounds were seen to heal and close;  
The youth grew lusty, while she suffered sore,  
And, with new fever parched, now burnt, now froze:  
From day to day in beauty waked Medore:  
She miserably wasted; like the snow's  
Unseasonable flake, which melts away  
Exposed, in sunny place, to scorching ray.

She, if of vain desire she will not die,  
Must help herself, nor yet delay the aid.  
And she in truth, her will to satisfy,  
Deemed 'twas no time to wait till she was prayed.  
And next of shame renouncing every tie,  
With tongue as bold as eyes, petition made,  
And begged him, haply and unwitting foe,  
To sheathe the suffering of that cruel blow.

O Count Orlando, O king of Circassy,  
Say what your valor has availed to you!  
Say what your honor boots, what goodly fee  
Remunerates ye both, for service true!  
Sirs, show me but a single courtesy  
With which she ever graced ye, — old or new, —  
As some poor recompense, desert, or guerdon,  
For having borne so long so sore a burden!

Oh! couldst thou yet again to life return,  
How hard would this appear, O Agricane!  
In that she whilom thee was wont to spurn,  
With sharp repulse and insolent disdain.  
O Ferraù, O ye thousand more, forlorn,  
Unsung, who wrought a thousand feats in vain  
For this ungrateful fair, what pain 'twould be  
Could you within his arms the damsel see!

To pluck, as yet untouched, the virgin rose,  
Angelica permits the young Medore.  
Was none so blest as in that garden's close  
Yet to have set his venturous foot before.

They holy ceremonies interpose,  
 Somedea! to veil — to gild — the matter o'er.  
 Young Love was bridesman there the tie to bless,  
 And for brideswoman stood the shepherdess.

In the low shed, with all solemnities,  
 The couple made their wedding as they might;  
 And there above a month, in tranquil guise,  
 The happy lovers rested in delight.  
 Save for the youth the lady has no eyes,  
 Nor with his looks can satisfy her sight.  
 Nor yet of hanging on his neck can tire,  
 Or feel she can content her fond desire.

The beauteous boy is with her, night and day  
 Does she untent herself, or keep the shed.  
 Morning or eve they to some meadow stray,  
 Now to this bank, and to that other led:  
 Haply, in cavern harbored, at midday,  
 Grateful as that to which Æneas fled  
 With Dido, when the tempest raged above,  
 The faithful witness to their secret love.

Amid such pleasures, where, with tree o'ergrown,  
 Ran stream, or bubbling fountain's wave did spin,  
 On bark or rock, if yielding were the stone,  
 The knife was straight at work, or ready pin.  
 And there, without, in thousand places lone,  
 And in as many places graved, within.  
 MEDORO and ANGELICA were traced,  
 In divers cyphers quaintly interlaced.

#### ORLANDO'S MADNESS.

He mounts his horse, and watches long, before  
 Departing, if the foe will reappear;  
 Nor seeing puissant Mandricardo more,  
 At last resolves in search of him to steer.  
 But, as one nurtured well in courtly lore,  
 From thence departed not the cavalier,  
 Till he with kind salutes, in friendly strain,  
 Fair leave had taken of the loving twain. . . .

By different ways the cavaliers withdrew,  
 One on the right and one on the left hand.

The Count, ere other path he would pursue,  
Took from the sapling, and replaced, his brand.  
And where he weened he might the paynim best  
Encounter, thitherward his steed addrest.

The course in pathless woods, which, without rein,  
The 'Tartar's charger had pursued astray,  
Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,  
Follow him, without tidings of his way.  
Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,  
On either bank of which a meadow lay ;  
Which, stained with native hues and rich, he sees,  
And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The midday fervor made the shelter sweet  
To hardy herd as well as naked swain ;  
So that Orlando well beneath the heat  
Someddeal might wince, opprest with plate and chain.  
He entered, for repose, the cool retreat,  
And found it the abode of grief and pain ;  
And place of sojourn more accursed and fell,  
On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there, on many a tree,  
Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,  
What as the writing of his deity  
He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.  
This was a place of those described by me,  
Whither oftentimes, attended by Medore,  
From the near shepherd's cot had went to stray  
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid those green abodes,  
In a hundred parts, their cyphered names are dight ;  
Whose many letters are so many goads,  
Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.  
He would discredit in a thousand modes,  
That which he credits in his own despite ;  
And would parforce persuade himself, *that rhind*  
Other Angelica than his had signed.

"And yet I know these characters," he cried,  
"Of which I have so many read and seen ;  
By her may this Medoro be belied,  
And me, she, figured in the name, may mean."



Feeding on such like phantasies, beside  
The real truth, did sad Orlando lean  
Upon the empty hope, though ill contented,  
Which he by self-illusions had fomented.

But stirred and aye rekindled it, the more  
That he to quench the ill suspicion wrought,  
Like the incautious bird, by fowler's lore,  
Hampered in net or lime; which, in the thought  
To free its tangled pinions and to soar,  
By struggling, is but more securely caught.  
Orlando passes thither, where a mountain  
O'erhangs in guise of arch the crystal fountain.

Splay-footed ivy, with its mantling spray,  
And gadding vine, the cavern's entry case;  
Where often in the hottest noon of day  
The pair had rested, locked in fond embrace.  
Within the grotto, and without it, they  
Had oftener than in any other place  
With charcoal or with chalk their names pourtrayed,  
Or flourished with the knife's indenting blade.

Here from his horse the sorrowing countly lit,  
And at the entrance of the grot surveyed  
A crowd of words, which seemed but newly writ,  
And which the young Medoro's hand had made.  
On the great pleasure he had known in it,  
This sentence he in verses had arrayed;  
Which in his tongue, I deem, might make pretense  
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense:

"Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,  
And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,  
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,  
Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave  
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain,  
For the convenient harborage you gave,  
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,  
As recompense, forever sing your praise.

"And any loving lord devoutly pray,  
Damsel and cavalier, and every one,  
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,  
Stranger or native, — to this crystal run,

Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say,  
*Benignant be to you the fostering sun*  
*And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide,*  
*That never swain his flock may hither guide!"*

In Arabic was writ the blessing said,  
 Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,  
 Who, versed in many languages, best read  
 Was in this speech; which oftentimes from wrong,  
 And injury, and shame, had saved his head,  
 What time he roved the Saracens among.  
 But let him boast not of its former boot,  
 O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines imprest  
 Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain  
 Seeking another sense than was exprest,  
 And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;  
 And all the while, within his troubled breast,  
 He felt an icy hand his heart core strain.  
 With mind and eyes close fastened on the block,  
 At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling; so a prey  
 Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.  
 This is a pang, believe the experienced say  
 Of him who speaks, which does all griefs outgo.  
 His pride had from his forehead passed away,  
 His chin had fallen upon his breast below;  
 Nor found he, so grief barred each natural vent,  
 Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Stified within, the impetuous sorrow stays,  
 Which would too quickly issue; so to abide  
 Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase,  
 Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;  
 What time, when one turns up the inverted base,  
 Towards the mouth, so hastes the hurrying tide,  
 And in the streight encounters such a stop,  
 It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop.

He somewhat to himself returned and thought  
 How possibly the thing might be untrue:  
 That some one (so he hoped, desired, and sought  
 To think) his lady would with shame pursue;

Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought  
 To whelm *his* reason, as should him undo;  
 And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,  
 Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,  
 And manned someddeal his spirits and awoke;  
 Then prest the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,  
 As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.  
 Nor far the warrior had pursued his beat,  
 Ere eddying from the roof he saw the smoke;  
 Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,  
 And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador  
 To a discreet attendant: one undrest  
 His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,  
 And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.  
 This was the homestead where the young Medore  
 Lay wounded, and was here supremely blest.  
 Orlando here, with other food unfed,  
 Having supt full of sorrow, sought his bed.

The more the wretched sufferer seeks for ease,  
 He finds but so much more distress and pain;  
 Who everywhere the loathed handwriting sees,  
 On wall, and door, and window: he would fain  
 Question his host of this, but holds his peace,  
 Because, in sooth, he dreads too clear, too plain  
 To make the thing, and this would rather shrowd,  
 That it may less offend him, with a cloud.

Little availed the count his self-deceit;  
 For there was one who spake of it unsought;  
 The shepherd-swain, who to allay the heat,  
 With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought:  
 The tale which he was wonted to repeat  
 — Of the two lovers — to each listener taught,  
 A history which many loved to hear,  
 He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer.

“How at Angelica's persuasive prayer,  
 He to his farm had carried young Medore,  
 Grievously wounded with an arrow; where,  
 In little space she healed the angry sore.

But while she exercised this pious care,  
Love in her heart the lady wounded more,  
And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,  
She burnt all over restless with desire:

“Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,  
Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,  
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn  
To be the consort of a poor foot-page.”  
— His story done, to them in proof was borne.  
The gem, which, in reward for harborage,  
To her extended in that kind abode,  
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

A deadly ax was this unhappy close,  
Which, at a single stroke, lopt off the head;  
When, satiate with innumerable blows.  
That cruel hangman Love his hate had fed.  
Orlando studied to conceal his woes;  
And yet the mischief gathered force and spread,  
And would break out parforce in tears and sighs,  
Would he, or would he not, from mouth and eyes.

When he can give the rein to raging woe,  
Alone, by other's presence unrepst,  
From his full eyes the tears descending flow,  
In a wide stream, and flood his troubled breast.  
'Mid sob and groan, he tosses to and fro  
About his weary bed in search of rest;  
And vainly shifting, harder than a rock  
And sharper than a nettle found its flock.

Amid the pressure of such cruel pain,  
It past into the wretched sufferer's head,  
That oft the ungrateful lady must have lain,  
Together with her leman, on that bed:  
Nor less he loathed the couch in his disdain,  
Nor from the down upstart with less dread,  
Than churl who, when about to close his eyes,  
Springs from the turf, if he a serpent spies.

In him, forthwith, such deadly hatred breed  
That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay  
Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,  
Whose twilight goes before approaching day.

In haste, Orlando takes his arms and steel,  
And to the deepest greenwood wends his way.  
And, when assured that he is there alone,  
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,  
He paused; nor found he peace by night or day:  
He fled from town, in forest harboring,  
And in the open air on hard earth lay.  
He marveled at himself how such a spring  
Of water from his eyes could stream away,  
And breath was for so many sobs supplied;  
And thus oftentimes, amid his mourning, cried:

"These are no longer real tears which rise,  
And which I scatter from so full a vein.  
Of tears my ceaseless sorrow lacked supplies:  
They stopt when to mid-height scarce rose my pain.  
The vital moisture rushing to my eyes,  
Driven by the fire within me, now would gain  
A vent; and it is this which I expend,  
And which my sorrows and my life will end.

"No; these, which are the index of my woes,  
These are not sighs, nor sighs are such; they fail  
At times, and have their season of repose:  
I feel my breast can never less exhale  
Its sorrow: Love, who with his pinions blows  
The fire about my heart, creates this gale.  
Love, by what miracle dost thou contrive,  
It wastes not in the fire thou keep'st alive?

"I am not — am not what I seem to sight:  
What Roland was is dead and under ground,  
Slain by that most ungrateful lady's spite,  
Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.  
Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,  
Which in this hell, tormented, walks its round,  
To be, but in its shadow left above,  
A warning to all such as trust in love."

All night about the forest roved the count,  
And, at the break of daily light, was brought  
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,  
Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.

To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount,  
Inflamed his fury so, in him was nought  
But turned to hatred, phrensy, rage, and spite;  
Nor paused he more, but bared his faulchion bright;

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block,  
Into the sky, in tiny fragments sped.  
Wo worth each sapling and that caverned rock,  
Where Medore and Angelica were read!  
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock  
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.  
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,  
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop,  
Cast without cease into the beauteous source;  
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,  
Never again was clear the troubled course.  
At length for lack of breath, compelled to stop,  
(When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force  
Serves not his fury more) he falls, and lies  
Upon the mead, and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and woe-begone, he fell to ground,  
And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he aught,  
Nor ate nor slept, till in his daily round  
The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought  
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound  
To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.  
At length impelled by phrensy, the fourth day,  
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

Here was his helmet, there his shield bestowed;  
His arms far off; and farther than the rest,  
His cuirass; through the greenwood wide was strowed  
All his good gear, in fine; and next his vest  
He rent; and, in his fury, naked showed  
His shaggy paunch, and all his back and breast.  
And 'gan that phrensy act, so passing dread,  
Of stranger folly never shall be said.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,  
That all obscured remained the warrior's sprite;  
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,  
Or wonderous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight:

But neither this, nor bill, nor ax to hew,  
 Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.  
 He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,  
 Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

He many others, with as little let  
 As fennel, wallwort-stem, or dill, upore;  
 And ilex, knotted oak, and fir upset,  
 And beech, and mountain-ash, and elm-tree hoar.  
 He did what fowler, ere he spreads his net,  
 Does, to prepare the champaign for his lore,  
 By stubble, rush, and nettle stalk; and broke,  
 Like these, old sturdy trees and stems of oak.

The shepherd swains, who hear the tumult nigh,  
 Leaving their flocks beneath the greenwood tree,  
 Some here, some there, across the forest hie,  
 And hurry thither, all, the cause to see.



## THE PRINCE.

By NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

[NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI, Florentine writer and statesman, was born May 3, 1469. He came of a noble but impoverished family, his father being Bernardo Machiavelli, a jurist. He was secretary of the council named "The Ten" from 1498 until the fall of the republic in 1512, and during this time was occupied in the voluminous correspondence of his bureau, in diplomatic missions to France, Germany, and the petty states of Italy, and in the organization of the Florentine militia. On the restoration of the Medici in 1512, he was banished, and in the following year arrested and subjected to torture on the charge of conspiracy, but was soon pardoned and liberated. The next eight years he spent in retirement and literary work, was then again employed as ambassador, and died at Florence, June 22, 1527. His chief works are: "The Prince" (*Il Principe*), a study of the founding and maintenance of a state; "Florentine History"; "Art of War"; "Discourses on Livy"; "Mandragola," and other comedies.]

### OF CRUELTY AND CLEMENCY, AND WHETHER IT IS BETTER TO BE LOVED THAN FEARED.

TO PROCEED to other qualities which are requisite in those who govern. A prince ought unquestionably to be merciful, but should take care how he executes his clemency. Cæsar

Borgia was accounted cruel; but it was to that cruelty that he was indebted for the advantage of uniting Romagna to his other dominions, and of establishing in that province peace and tranquillity, of which it had been so long deprived. And, everything well considered, it must be allowed that this prince showed greater clemency than the people of Florence, who, to avoid the reproach of cruelty, suffered Pistoia to be destroyed. When it is necessary for a prince to restrain his subjects within the bounds of duty, he should not regard the imputation of cruelty, because by making a few examples, he will find that he really showed more humanity in the end, than he, who by too great indulgence, suffers disorders to arise, which commonly terminate in rapine and murder. For such disorders disturb a whole community, whilst punishments inflicted by the prince affect only a few individuals.

This is particularly true with respect to a new prince, who can scarcely avoid the reproach of cruelty, every new government being replete with dangers. Thus Virgil makes Dido excuse her severity, by the necessity to which she was reduced of maintaining the interests of a throne which she did not inherit from her ancestors:—

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt  
Moliri, et latè fines custode tueri. — *Æn.* lib. i.

A prince, however, should not be afraid of phantoms of his own raising; neither should he lend too ready an ear to terrifying tales which may be told him, but should temper his mercy with prudence, in such a manner that too much confidence may not put him off his guard, nor causeless jealousies make him insupportable. There is a medium between a foolish security and an unreasonable distrust.

It has been sometimes asked whether it is better to be loved than feared; to which I answer that one should wish to be both. But as that is a hard matter to accomplish, I think, if it is necessary to make a selection, that it is safer to be feared than be loved. For it may be truly affirmed of mankind in general that they are ungrateful, fickle, timid, dissembling, and self-interested; so long as you can serve them, they are entirely devoted to you; their wealth, their blood, their lives, and even their offspring are at your disposal, when you have no occasion for them; but in the day of need, they turn their



back upon you. The prince who relies on professions courts his own destruction, because the friends whom he acquires by means of money alone, and whose attachment does not spring from a regard for personal merit, are seldom proof against reverse of fortune, but abandon their benefactor when he most requires their services. Men are generally more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded, than to one who merely strives to be beloved : and the reason is obvious, for friendship of this kind, being a mere moral tie, a species of duty resulting from a benefit, cannot endure against the calculations of interest ; whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence. A prince, however, ought to make himself feared, in such a manner that if he cannot gain the love, he may at least avoid the hatred, of his subjects ; and he may attain this object by respecting his subjects' property and the honor of their wives. If he finds it absolutely necessary to inflict the punishment of death, he should avow the reason for it, and above all things, he should abstain from touching the property of the condemned party. For certain it is that men sooner forget the death of their relations than the loss of their patrimony. Besides, when he once begins to live by means of rapine, many occasions offer for seizing the wealth of his subjects ; but there will be little or no necessity for shedding blood.

But when a prince is at the head of his army, and has under his command a multitude of soldiers, he should make little account of being esteemed cruel ; such a character will be useful to him, by keeping his troops in obedience, and preventing every species of faction.

Hannibal, among many other admirable talents, possessed in a high degree that of making himself feared by his troops ; insomuch, that having led a very large army, composed of all kinds of people, into a foreign country, he never had occasion, either in prosperity or adversity, to punish the least disorder or the slightest want of discipline : and this can only be attributed to his extreme severity, and such other qualities as caused him to be feared and respected by his soldiers, and without which his extraordinary talents and courage would have been unavailing.

There have been writers notwithstanding, but, in my opinion, very injudicious ones, who, whilst they render every degree of justice to his talents and his splendid achievements,

still condemn the principle on which he acted. But nothing can in this respect more fully justify him than the example of Scipio, one of the greatest generals mentioned in history. His extreme indulgence towards the troops he commanded in Spain occasioned disorders, and at length a revolt, which drew on him from Fabius Maximus, in full senate, the reproach of having destroyed the Roman soldiery. This general having suffered the barbarous conduct of one of his lieutenants towards the Locrians to go unpunished, a senator, in his justification, observed that there were some men who knew better how to avoid doing ill themselves than to punish it in others. This excess of indulgence would in time have tarnished the glory and reputation of Scipio, if he had been a prince; but as he lived under a republican government, it was not only connived at, but redounded to his glory.

I conclude, then, with regard to the question, whether it is better to be loved than feared, — that it depends on the inclinations of the subjects themselves, whether they will love their prince or not; but the prince has it in his own power to make them fear him, and if he is wise, he will rather rely on his own resources than on the caprice of others, remembering that he should at the same time so conduct himself as to avoid being hated.

#### WHETHER PRINCES OUGHT TO BE FAITHFUL TO THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day, who have been distinguished for great exploits, few indeed have been remarkable for this virtue, or have scrupled to deceive others who may have relied on their good faith.

It should therefore be known that there are two ways of deciding any contest: the one by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the second to beasts; but when laws are not sufficiently powerful, it is necessary to recur to force: a prince ought therefore to understand how to use both these descriptions of arms. This doctrine is admirably illustrated to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles, and many other princes of antiquity, by the centaur Chiron, who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those who were destined to govern, that it was their

duty to use by turns the arms adapted to both these natures, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage. Now, as a prince must learn how to act the part of a beast sometimes, he should inake the fox and the lion his patterns. The first can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the latter readily falls into such snares as are laid for him. From the fox, therefore, a prince will learn dexterity in avoiding snares, and from the lion, how to employ his strength to keep the wolves in awe. But they who entirely rely upon the lion's strength, will not always meet with success: in other words, a prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good; but as the generality of mankind are wicked, and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part. I could give numerous proofs of this, and show numberless engagements and treaties which have been violated by the treachery of princes, and that those who enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs. It is necessary, however, to disguise the appearance of craft, and thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and dissembling; for men are generally so simple and so weak, that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient. Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, his artifices always proved successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing; never did a prince so often break his word or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he so well understood this chapter in the art of government.

It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even venture to affirm that it is sometimes dangerous to use, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess

all these good qualities, but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude, while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course. He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith, and piety : this last quality it is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart ; and those few dare not oppose the voice of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince on their side. Now, in forming a judgment of the minds of men, and more especially of princes, as we cannot recur to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. Let it then be the prince's chief care to maintain his authority ; the means he employs, be what they may, will, for this purpose, always appear honorable and meet applause ; for the vulgar are ever caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. And as the world is chiefly composed of such as are called the vulgar, the voice of the few is seldom or never heard or regarded.

There is a prince now alive (whose name it may not be proper to mention) who ever preaches the doctrines of peace and good faith ; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would long ago have lost both his reputation and dominions.<sup>1</sup>

#### WHETHER FORTRESSES AND SOME OTHER THINGS ARE REALLY OF SERVICE TO A PRINCE.

Some princes, in order to maintain themselves effectually in possession of their dominions, disarm their subjects. Others encourage divisions in the provinces subjugated to their rule. Some go so far as designedly to make themselves inimical to

<sup>1</sup> Ferdinand V., king of Aragon and Castile.

the people, while others strenuously endeavor to gain over those whom they had suspected at the commencement of their reign. One prince builds fortresses, and another razes them to the ground. It is not easy to determine what line of conduct is the best to adopt, without a thorough knowledge of the different states where the rules are to be applied. It will be sufficient therefore to treat this part of the subject in a general way.

A new prince never disarms his subjects ; on the contrary, if he find them without the means of defense, he at once provides them with arms, and his subjects are thus converted into soldiers entirely devoted to his service. The suspected become thenceforth attached to his cause, his friends continue firm in their attachment, and all his people become his partisans.

It is, without doubt, impossible to arm every one ; but if the prince is kind and obliging to those whom he does arm, he can have little to fear from the rest. Those who are in his service will think themselves honored by the preference, and those who are not, will readily excuse him, from a persuasion that the greatest merit is due to those who run the greatest dangers. But a prince who disarms his subjects forfeits their affection by the distrust which he betrays, and nothing is more likely to excite their hatred. In addition, it becomes necessary, under such circumstances, to support an army of mercenaries, the dangers of which I have before sufficiently explained. Besides, amongst other inconveniences, troops of this kind can never be efficient against a powerful enemy and disaffected subjects.

Thus it has always been a maxim with those who raise themselves to power, to arm their subjects. But when a prince acquires a new state, and annexes it as an appendage to his hereditary dominions, he should then disarm his subjects, excepting those who were favorable to his views antecedent to his new conquest ; and even then it would still behoove him to soften and enervate, as occasion may require, in order that his whole military force may consist of his own subjects.

Some of our ancestors, who were deemed wise men, used to say that Pistoia should be restrained by domestic factions, and Pisa by fortresses. Upon which account they always fomented divisions and discord in the cities and towns where the people were suspected. This policy was well devised, considering the uncertain state of affairs in Italy at that time. But it could scarcely be adopted now, because a town divided against itself

could never successfully withstand an enemy, for the latter would infallibly allure one of the two factions to its cause, and so become master of the place.

The Venetians, adopting this very policy, favored alternately the Guelphs and the Ghibellines in the cities subjected to their sway; and although they never suffered them to come to actual collision together, yet they incessantly fomented divisions, which prevented them from thinking of revolt; but Venice did not derive from such conduct the benefit which was anticipated; for her armies having been defeated at Vaila, one of these factions had the audacity to aspire to sovereign power, and was successful in the attempt.

These expedients argue weakness in a prince; for no government of any power will ever permit such divisions, although in times of peace they are unquestionably attended with less inconvenience, because they divert the attention of the people from rebellion, yet in time of war they betray the impotence of a state which must employ so weak a policy.

It is by conquering difficulties that princes raise themselves to power, and fortune cannot more successfully elevate a new prince, than by raising enemies and confederacies against him, thus stimulating his genius, exercising his courage, and affording him an opportunity of climbing to the highest degree of power. Many persons are therefore of opinion that it is advantageous for a prince to have enemies, which by preventing him from indulging in a dangerous repose will enable him to win the esteem and admiration not only of his faithful, but of his rebellious subjects.

Princes, and particularly new ones, have often experienced more zeal and fidelity from those subjects whom they suspected at the beginning of their reign, than from others in whom they placed more confidence at first. Pandolpho Petrucci, prince of Sienna, governed chiefly by the assistance of those whom he once suspected. It is, however, difficult to establish general rules upon a subject that must vary according to circumstances. I shall only observe that if those who are disaffected to the prince at the beginning of his reign stand in actual need of his protection, he may easily gain their support; and afterwards they will continue faithful to him, from a desire to efface by their services every unfavorable prejudice to which their former conduct may have given birth. Those, on the other hand, who have never opposed the prince's interest, will serve

him with that lukewarm zeal which is the invariable result of complete security.

But since the nature of my subject seems to require it, I cannot refrain from advising a prince who may have attained supreme authority by means of popular favor, minutely to examine the cause and motives of this good will : if it arise more from a hatred of the old government than from any interest inspired by the prince himself, he may, perhaps, find it no easy matter to preserve the people's affection, as it will be almost impossible ever to satisfy their wishes.

If we examine history, ancient or modern, we shall find it easier for a prince to gain the friendship of those who lived quietly under the preceding government, and were consequently averse to his accession, than to make others his friends who sided with him at first, and favored his enterprise merely from discontent.

Princes have sometimes erected fortresses for the purpose of more easily defending their states from the attacks of internal enemies, and in order to be able effectually to repel the first efforts at a revolt. This mode is an old and, in my opinion, a very good plan. Nevertheless, even in our own times, Nicholas Vitelli actually demolished the two fortresses of the city of Castello to effect the safety of that state ; and Guy d'Ubaldo, duke of Urbino, having recovered his duchy from which he had been driven by Caesar Borgia, razed all the fortresses, in order the more easily to maintain his conquest. The Bentivoglii acted in a similar manner at Bologna, when that state was restored to their dominion.

Fortresses are therefore useful or dangerous according to circumstances ; and if in some cases they are serviceable, they are in others injurious. Thus a prince who is more in dread of his subjects than of foreign foes ought to fortify his cities ; but if the reverse, he should abstain from such a course. The citadel which Francis Sforza built at Milan has caused more irreparable injury to his family than all the disturbances and disorders to which that duchy has ever been exposed.

There is no better fortress for a prince than the affection of the people. If he is hated by his subjects, all other fortresses will be in vain, for when they fly to arms, there will be no want of enemies without the walls to afford them assistance. Fortresses have been of little use to the princes of the present day, with the exception perhaps of the countess of Forli, who, after

the death of her husband Count Jerome, found herself enabled by such assistance to wait for succors from the state of Milan, whereby her authority was restored; yet even then she was greatly indebted to circumstances, which prevented her subjects from obtaining the assistance of foreign aid. When she was afterwards attacked by Caesar Borgia, she must doubtless then, though perhaps too late, have become convinced that the best fortress for a prince is found in the people's affection.

After due reflection, therefore, I see no reason for blaming a prince, either for building fortresses, or abstaining from such a course; but he doubtless is deserving of the most decisive censure who is content to rely on their protection alone, regardless of the hatred of his subjects.

#### EXHORTATION TO DELIVER ITALY FROM FOREIGN POWERS.

When I take a review of the subject-matter treated of in this book, and examine whether the circumstances in which we are now placed would be favorable to the establishment of a new government, honorable alike to its founder and advantageous to Italy, it appears to me that there never was, nor ever will be, a period more appropriate for the execution of so glorious an undertaking.

If it was necessary that the people of Israel should be slaves to Egypt, in order to elicit the rare talents of Moses; that the Persians should groan under the oppression of the Medes, in order to prove the courage and magnanimity of Cyrus; and that the Athenians should be scattered and dispersed, in order to make manifest the rare virtues of Theseus, it will be likewise necessary, for the glory of some Italian hero, that his country should be reduced to its present miserable condition, that they should be greater slaves than the Israelites, more oppressed than the Persians, and still more dispersed than the Athenians; in a word, that they should be without laws and without chiefs, pillaged, torn to pieces, and enslaved by foreign powers.

And though it has sometimes unquestionably happened that men have arisen, who appeared to be sent by Heaven to achieve our deliverance, yet jealous fortune has ever abandoned them in the midst of their career, so that our unfortunate country still groans and pines away in the expectation of a deliverer, who may put an end to the devastations in Lombardy, Tuscany, and the kingdom of Naples. She supplicates Heaven to raise



up a prince who may free her from the odious and humiliating yoke of foreigners, who may close the numberless wounds with which she has been so long afflicted, and under whose standard she may march against her cruel oppressors.

But on whom can Italy cast her eyes except upon your illustrious house, which, visibly favored by Heaven and the church, the government of which is confided to its care, possesses also the wisdom and the power necessary to undertake so glorious an enterprise? and I cannot think that the execution of this project will seem difficult if you reflect on the actions and conduct of the heroes whose examples I have above adduced. Though their exploits were indeed wonderful, they were still but men; and although their merit raised them above others, yet none of them certainly were placed in a situation so favorable as that in which you now stand. You have justice on your side; their cause was not more lawful than yours, and the blessing of God will attend you no less than them. Every war that is necessary is just; and it is humanity to take up arms for the defense of a people to whom no other resource is left.

All circumstances concur to facilitate the execution of so noble a project, for the accomplishment of which it will only be necessary to tread in the steps of those great men whom I have had an opportunity of mentioning in the course of this work. For though some of them, it is true, were conducted by the hand of God in a wonderful manner, though the sea divided to let them pass, a cloud directed their course, a rock streamed with water to assuage their thirst, and manna fell from heaven to appease their hunger, yet there is no occasion for such miracles at present, as you possess in yourself sufficient power to execute a plan you ought by no means to neglect. God will not do everything for us; much is left to ourselves, and the free exercise of our will, that so our own actions may not be wholly destitute of merit.

If none of our princes have hitherto been able to effect what is now expected from your illustrious house, and if Italy has continually been unfortunate in her wars, the evil has arisen from the defects in military discipline, which no person has possessed the ability to reform.

Nothing reflects so much honor on a new prince as the new laws and institutions established under his direction, especially when they are good and bear the character of grandeur. Now

it must be acknowledged that Italy soon accommodates herself to new forms. Her inhabitants are by no means deficient in courage, but they are destitute of proper chiefs; the proof of this is in the duels and other individual combats in which the Italians have always evinced consummate ability, whilst their valor in battles has appeared well-nigh extinguished. This can only be attributed to the weakness of the officers, who are unable to insure obedience from those who know, or think they know, the art of war. Thus we have seen the greatest generals of the present day, whose orders were never executed with exactness and celerity. These are the reasons why, in the wars in which we have been for the last twenty years engaged, the armies raised in Italy have been almost always beaten. Witness Tarus, Alexandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, and Mestri.

If therefore your illustrious house is willing to regulate its conduct by the example of our ancestors, who have delivered their country from the rule of foreigners, it is necessary, above all things, as the only true foundation of every enterprise, to set on foot a national army; you cannot have better or more faithful soldiers, and though every one of them may be a good man, yet they will become still better when they are all united, and see themselves honored, caressed, and rewarded by a prince of their own.

It is therefore absolutely necessary to have troops raised in our own country, if we wish to protect it from the invasion of foreign powers. The Swiss as well as the Spanish infantry are highly esteemed, but both have defects which may be avoided in the formation of our troops, which would render them superior to both of those powers. The Spaniards cannot support the shock of cavalry, and the Swiss cannot maintain their ground against infantry that is equally resolute with themselves.

Experience has fully shown that the Spanish battalions cannot resist the French cavalry, and that the Swiss have been beaten by the infantry of Spain. And though there has not been any thorough trial with regard to the Swiss on this point, yet there was a sort of specimen at the battle of Ravenna, where the Spanish infantry came in contact with the German troops, who fought in the same order as the Swiss. Upon that occasion, the Swiss, having with their accustomed vivacity, and

under the protection of their bucklers, thrown themselves across the pikes of the Germaus, the latter were obliged to give way, and would have been entirely defeated if their cavalry had not come to their relief.

It is necessary therefore to institute a military force possessing neither the defects of the Swiss nor those of the Spanish infantry, and that may be able to maintain its ground against the French cavalry ; and this is to be effected, not by changing their arms, but by altering their discipline. Nothing is more likely to make a new prince esteemed, and to render his reign illustrious.

Such an opportunity ought eagerly to be embraced, that Italy, after her long sufferings, may at last behold her deliverer appear. With what demonstrations of joy and gratitude, with what affection, with what impatience for revenge, would he not be received by those unfortunate provinces who have so long groaned under such odious oppression. What city would shut her gates against him, and what people would be so blind as to refuse him obedience ? What rivals would he have to dread ? Is there one Italian who would not hasten to pay him homage ? All are weary of the tyranny of these barbarians. May your illustrious house, strong in all the hopes which justice gives our cause, deign to undertake this noble enterprise, that so, under your banners, our nation may resume its ancient splendor, and, under your auspices, behold the prophecy of Petrarch at last fulfilled.

Virtu contr' al furore  
Prendera l' arme, et sia il combatter corto.  
Che l' antico valore  
Na gl' Italici cuor non è ancor morto.

When virtue takes the field,  
Short will the conflict be ;  
Barbarian rage shall yield  
The palm to Italy :  
For patriot blood still warms Italian veins ;  
Though low the fire, a spark at least remains.

## THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Marmion.")

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

Not far advanced was morning day,  
 When Marmion did his troop array  
     To Surrey's camp to ride;  
 He had safe conduct for his band,  
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
     And Douglas gave a guide:  
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,  
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
 And whispered, in an undertone,  
 "Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."  
 The train from out the castle drew;  
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—  
     "Though something I might plain," he said,  
     "Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
     Sent hither by your king's behest,  
     While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;  
     Part we in friendship from your land,  
     And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—  
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—

"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still  
 Be open to my sovereign's will,  
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er  
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
 My castles are my king's alone,  
 From turret to foundation stone —  
 The hand of Douglas is his own;  
 And never shall in friendly grasp  
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
 And shook his very frame for ire,  
 And — "This to me!" he said, —  
 "An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
 To cleave the Douglas' head!  
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
 He, who does England's message here,  
 Although the meanest in her state,  
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:  
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
 Even in thy pitch of pride,  
 Here in thy Hold, thy vassals near,  
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,  
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)  
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied!  
 And if thou saidst, I am not peer  
 To any lord in Scotland here,  
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" —  
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:  
 Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou then  
 To beard the lion in his den,  
 The Douglas in his hall;  
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go? —  
 No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no! —  
 Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder, ho!  
 Let the portcullis fall."  
 Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need,  
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,  
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,  
 The ponderous gate behind him rung:  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
 Just as it trembled on the rise;  
 Not lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:  
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,  
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours,  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.  
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"  
 But soon he reined his fury's pace:  
 "A royal messenger he came,  
 Though most unworthy of the name. —  
 A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!  
 Did ever knight so foul a deed!  
 At first in heart it liked me ill,  
 When the King praised his clerkly skill.  
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:  
 So swore I, and I swear it still,  
 Let my boy bishop fret his fill. —  
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!  
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
 I thought to slay him where he stood. —  
 'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;  
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:  
 I warrant him a warrior tried." —  
 With this his mandate he recalls,  
 And slowly seeks his castle halls. . . .

And why stands Scotland idly now,  
 Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,  
 Since England gains the pass the while,  
 And struggles through the deep defile?  
 What checks the fiery soul of James?  
 Why sits that champion of the dames  
     Inactive on his steed,  
 And sees, between him and his land,  
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
     His host Lord Surrey lead?  
 What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand? —  
 O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!  
     Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!  
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
 Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,  
 And cry, — "Saint Andrew and our right!"

Another sight had seen that morn,  
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
 And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne!—  
 The precious hour has passed in vain,  
 And England's host has gained the plain;  
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,  
 Around the base of Flodden hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,  
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high, —  
 "Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!  
 And see ascending squadrons come

Between Tweed's river and the hill,  
 Foot, horse, and cannon: — hap what hap,  
 My basnet to a 'prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till! —  
 Yet more! yet more! — how fair arrayed  
 They file from out the hawthorn shade,  
 And sweep so gallant by!

With all their banners bravely spread,  
 And all their armor flashing high,  
 Saint George might waken from the dead,  
 To see fair England's standard's fly." —

"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount; "thou'dst best,  
 And listen to our lord's behest." —

With kindling brow Lord Marmion said, —  
 "This instant be our band arrayed;  
 The river must be quickly crossed,  
 That we may join Lord Surrey's host.  
 If fight King James, — as well I trust,  
 That fight he will, and fight he must, —  
 The Lady Clare behind our lines  
 Shall tarry, while the battle joins." . . .

A moment then Lord Marmion stayed,  
 And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,  
 Then forward moved his band.

Until, Lord Surrey's rear guard won,  
 He halted by a cross of stone,  
 That, on a hillock standing lone,  
 Did all the field command.

[He leaves Clare with Blount and Eustace and ten archers to guard her.]

He waited not for answer there,  
 And would not mark the maid's despair,  
 Nor heed the discontented look

From either squire ; but spurred amain,  
And, dashing through the battle plain,  
His way to Surrey took.

“——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!

Welcome to danger's hour! —

Short greeting serves in time of strife : —

Thus have I ranged my power :

Myself will rule this central host,

Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vaward post,

With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;

Lord Daere, with his horsemen light,

Shall be in rearward of the fight,

And succor those that need it most.

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,

Would gladly to the vanguard go :

Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,

With thee their charge will blithely share ;

There fight thine own retainers too,

Beneath De Burgh, thy steward true.” —

“Thanks, noble Surrey!” Marmion said,

Nor further greeting there he paid ;

But, parting like a thunderbolt,

First in the vanguard made a halt,

Where such a shout there rose

Of “Marmion! Marmion!” that the cry,

Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,

Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still

With Lady Clare upon the hill ;

On which (for far the day was spent)

The western sunbeams now were bent.

The cry they heard, its meaning knew,

Could plain their distant comrades view :

Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,

“Unworthy office here to stay !

No hope of gilded spurs to-day. —

But, see! look up — on Flodden bent,

The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”

And sudden, as he spoke,

From the sharp ridges of the hill,

All downward to the banks of Till,

Was wreathed in sable smoke ;



Volumed and vast, and rolling far,  
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
As down the hill they broke;  
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
Announced their march; their tread alone  
At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain throne  
King James did rushing come. —  
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,  
Until at weapon point they close. —  
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,  
With sword sway, and with lance's thrust;  
And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air.  
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye  
Could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast;  
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears;  
And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
As in the storm the white sea mew.  
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
Floating like foam upon the wave;  
But naught distinct they see:  
Wide raged the battle on the plain;  
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;  
Fell England's arrow flight like rain;  
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,  
Wild and disorderly.  
Amid the scene of tumult, high  
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:  
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,  
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,  
Still bear them bravely in the fight;  
Although against them come,  
Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
And many a stubborn Highlandman,  
And many a rugged Border clan,  
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,  
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;  
Though there the western mountaineer  
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,  
And flung the feeble targe aside,  
And with both hands the broadsword plied:  
'Twas vain. — But Fortune, on the right,  
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.  
Then fell that spotless banner white,  
The Howard's lion fell;  
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
Around the battle yell.  
The Border slogan rent the sky:  
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;  
Loud were the clanging blows;  
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,  
The pennon sunk and rose;  
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
It wavered 'mid the foes.  
No longer Blount the view could bear: —  
"By heaven, and all its saints! I swear,  
I will not see it lost!  
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare  
May bid your beads, and patter prayer, —  
I gallop to the host."  
And to the fray he rode amain,  
Followed by all the archer train.  
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,  
Made, for a space, an opening large, —  
The rescued banner rose, —  
But darkly closed the war around,  
Like pine tree, rooted from the ground,  
It sunk among the foes.  
Then Eustace mounted too; — yet stayed,  
As loath to leave the helpless maid,  
When, fast as shaft can fly,  
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
The loose rein dangling from his head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red,  
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;  
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
A look and sign to Clara cast,  
To mark he would return in haste,  
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
 Left in that dreadful hour alone:  
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;  
 Perchance a courage, not her own,  
 Braces her mind to desperate tone. —  
 The scattered van of England wheels; —  
 She only said, as loud in air  
 The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"  
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,  
 Fight but to die. — "Is Wilton there?"  
 With that, straight up the hill there rode  
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,  
 And in their arms, a helpless load,  
 A wounded knight they bore.  
 His hand still strained the broken brand;  
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand.  
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,  
 With dented shield, and helmet beat,  
 The falcon crest and plumage gone,  
 Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .  
 Young Blount his armor did unlace,  
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
 Said, — "By Saint George, he's gone!  
 That spear wound has our master sped,  
 And see the deep cut on his head!  
 Good night to Marmion." —  
 "Unmurtured Blount! — thy brawling cease:  
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!" —

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,  
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare: —  
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?  
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!  
 Redeem my pennon, — charge again;  
 Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!  
 Last of my race, on battle plain  
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again! —  
 Yet my last thought is England's: — fly,  
 To Dacre bear my signet ring;  
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring. —  
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:  
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field;  
 His lifeblood stains the spotless shield:  
 Edmund is down; — my life is left; —  
 The Admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —  
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
 Full upon Scotland's central host,  
 Or victory and England's lost. —  
 Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!  
 Leave Marmion here alone — to die." —  
 They parted, and alone he lay;  
 Clare drew her from the sight away,  
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
 And half he murmured, — "Is there none,  
     Of all my halls have nursed,  
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
 Of blessed water from the spring,  
     To slake my dying thirst!" —

O, woman! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made;  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow  
 A ministering angel thou! —  
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid  
     To the nigh streamlet ran:  
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;  
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
     Sees but the dying man.  
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,  
     But in abhorrence backward drew,  
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,  
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide  
     Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
 Where shall she turn! — behold her mark  
     A little fountain cell,  
 Where water, clear as diamond spark,  
     In a stone basin fell.  
 Above, some half-worn letters say,  
 "Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray.  
 for . the . kind . soul . of . Cyril . Gray.  
 Who . built . this . cross . and . well."  
 She filled the helm, and back she hied,  
 And with surprise and joy espied  
     A Monk supporting Marmion's head;  
 A pious man, whom duty brought  
 To dubious verge of battle fought,  
     To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
 And as she stooped his brow to lave —  
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"

Then, as remembrance rose, —  
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!

I must redress her woes.  
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare;  
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"

"Alas!" she said, "the while, —  
 O think of your immortal weal!  
 In vain for Constance is your zeal;  
 She — died at Holy Isle." —

Lord Marmion started from the ground;  
 As light as if he felt no wound;  
 Though in the action burst the tide,  
 In torrents from his wounded side.  
 "Then it was truth!" — he said — "I knew  
 That the dark presage must be true. —

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs  
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
 Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
 And priests slain on the altar stone,  
 Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be! — this dizzy trance —  
 Curse on you base marauder's lance,  
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!  
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand." —  
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,  
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound  
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound,  
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers:  
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
 A lady's voice was in his ear;  
 And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,  
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"*

So the notes rung;  
 "Avoid thee, Fiend! — with cruel hand,  
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand! —

O look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;  
O think on faith and bliss! —  
By many a deathbed I have been,  
And many a sinner's parting seen,  
But never aught like this." —  
The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
And — STANLEY! was the cry: —  
A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye:  
With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted "Victory! —  
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"  
Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,  
Still rose the battle's deadly swell;  
For still the Scots, around their king,  
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.  
Where's now their victor vanward wing,  
Where Huntley, and where Home? —  
O for a blast of that dread horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes born,  
That to King Charles did come,  
When Rowland brave, and Oliver,  
And every paladin and peer,  
On Roncesvalles died!  
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,  
To quit the plunder of the slain,  
And turn the doubtful day again,  
While yet on Flodden side,  
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,  
And round it toils and bleeds and dies,  
Our Caledonian pride!  
In vain the wish — for far away,  
While spoil and havoc mark their way,  
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray. —  
"O Lady," cried the Monk, "away!" —  
And placed her on her steed;  
And led her to the chapel fair,  
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.  
There all the night they spent in prayer,  
And, at the dawn of morning, there  
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Claire.

But as they left the darkening heath,  
More desperate grew the strife of death.  
The English shafts in volleys hailed,  
In headlong charge their horse assailed:  
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their king.  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring;  
The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell.  
No thought was there of dastard flight;  
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well;  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded king.  
Then skillful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife his shattered bands;  
And from the charge they drew,  
As mountain waves, from wasted lands,  
Sweep back to ocean blue.  
Then did their loss his foemen know;  
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,  
They melted from the field as snow,  
When streams are swoln, and south winds blow,  
Dissolves in silent dew.  
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
While many a broken band,  
Disordered, through her currents dash,  
To gain the Scottish land;  
To town and tower, to down and dale,  
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
And raise the universal wail.  
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
Shall many an age that wail prolong:  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield!

# LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS<sup>1</sup> WHEN HE WAS SICK.

BY WILLIAM DUNBAR.

[Born 145-; perhaps died with James IV. at Flodden in 1513.]

I THAT in heill<sup>2</sup> was and gladness  
Am troublit now with great sickness,  
And feeblit with infirmitie:  
*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*<sup>3</sup>

Our pleasance here is all vainglory,  
This false world is but transitory,  
The flesh is bruckle,<sup>4</sup> the Fiend is slee:  
*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

The state of man does change and vary,  
Now sound, now sick, now blithe, now sary,<sup>5</sup>  
Now dancing merry, now like to dee:  
*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

No state in Earth here standis sicker;<sup>6</sup>  
As with the wind wavis the wicker,<sup>7</sup>  
So wavis this worldis vanité:  
*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

Unto the Dead goes all Estatis,  
Princes, Prelatis, and Potestatis,  
Both rich and poor of all degree:  
*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

He takes the Knightis in to field,  
Enarmit under helm and shield,  
Victor he is at all melee:  
*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Since for the Dead<sup>8</sup> remede is none,  
Best is that we for dead<sup>8</sup> dispone,<sup>9</sup>  
After our dead<sup>8</sup> that live may we:  
*Timor Mortis conturbat me.*

<sup>1</sup> Poets.      <sup>2</sup> Health.      <sup>3</sup> The fear of Death disturbeth me.      <sup>4</sup> Brittle.  
<sup>5</sup> Sorrowful.      <sup>6</sup> Secure.      <sup>7</sup> Osier.      <sup>8</sup> Death.      <sup>9</sup> Prepare.



## UTOPIA AND ITS CUSTOMS.

BY SIR THOMAS MORE.

[**SIR THOMAS MORE**, English statesman and scholar, was born in London, February 7, 1478; son of Sir John More, justice of the King's Bench. He was placed as a page in the household of Archbishop Morton, who sent him to Oxford. Having completed his legal studies in London, he obtained the appointment of under-sheriff of London, and was elected a member of Parliament during the last years of Henry VII.; and in the reign of Henry VIII. became a knight, treasurer of the exchequer, speaker of the House of Commons, and, on the fall of Wolsey, lord chancellor. He resigned the seals in 1532 rather than sanction the divorce of Queen Catherine, and two years later was committed to the Tower for refusing to swear allegiance to the "Act of Succession." After a year's imprisonment, he was tried for high treason, and beheaded in the Tower, July 6, 1535. More's masterpiece is his "Utopia" (published in Latin, 1516; in English, 1551), an account of an imaginary commonwealth in a distant island of the Atlantic. He also wrote a "History of Richard III." in English, and a number of Latin dissertations, letters, etc.]

THE island of Utopia is in the middle two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it; but it grows narrower toward both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent: between its horns the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds. In this bay there is no great current. The whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbor, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce.

On the other side of the island there are likewise many harbors; and the coast is so fortified, both by nature and art, that a small number of men can hinder the descent of a great army. But they report (and there remain good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent.

Utopus, that conquered it (whose name it still carries, for Abraxa was its first name), brought the rude and uncivilized inhabitants into such a good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they now far excel all the rest of mankind; having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent, and to bring the sea quite round them. To accomplish this, he ordered a deep channel to be dug fifteen miles long; and that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants, but also his own soldiers, to labor in carrying it on. As he set a vast number of

men to work, he beyond all men's expectations brought it to a speedy conclusion. And his neighbors, who at first laughed at the folly of the undertaking, no sooner saw it brought to perfection, than they were struck with admiration and terror.

There are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built: the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow. The nearest lie at least twenty-four miles distance from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it.

Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot, to consult about their common concerns; for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the center of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles: and where the towns lie wider, they have much more ground: no town desires to enlarge its bounds, for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords.

They have built over all the country farmhouses for husbandmen, which are well contrived, and are furnished with all things necessary for country labor. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the cities to dwell in them; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family; and over thirty families there is a magistrate.

Every year twenty of this family come back to the town, after they have stayed two years in the country; and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them the next from the town.

By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors, which might otherwise be fatal and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a shifting of the husbandmen, to prevent any man being forced against his will to follow that hard course of life too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it that they desire leave to continue in it many years.

These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns, either by land or water, as is most

convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner ; for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but a vast number of eggs are laid in a gentle and equal heat, in order to be hatched, and they are no sooner out of the shell, and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them. They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding them ; for they do not put them to any work, either of plowing or carriage, in which they employ oxen ; for though their horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer ; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge, and with less trouble ; and even when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labor, they are good meat at last. They sow no corn, but that which is to be their bread ; for they drink either wine, cider, or perry, and often water, sometimes boiled with honey or licorice, with which they abound ; and though they know exactly how much corn will serve every town, and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more, and breed more cattle, than are necessary for their consumption ; and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their neighbors.

When they want anything in the country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it. And the magistrates of the town take care to see it given them ; for they meet generally in the town once a month, upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes, the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns, and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the harvest ; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly dispatch it all in one day.

#### OF THEIR TOWNS, PARTICULARLY OF AMAUROT.

He that knows one of their towns, knows them all, they are so like one another, except where the situation makes some difference. I shall therefore describe one of them ; and none is so proper as Amaurot ; for as none is more eminent, all the rest yielding in precedence to this, because it is the seat of their supreme council, so there was none of them better known to me, I having lived five years altogether in it.

It lies upon the side of a hill, or rather a rising ground : its figure is almost square, for from the one side of it, which shoots up almost to the top of the hill, it runs down in a descent for two miles to the river Anider ; but it is a little broader the other way, that runs along by the bank of that river. The Anider rises about eighty miles above Amaurot, in a small spring at first ; but other brooks falling into it, of which two are more considerable than the rest. As it runs by Amaurot, it is grown half a mile broad ; but it still grows larger and larger, till after sixty miles' course below it, it is lost in the ocean : between the town and the sea, and for some miles above the town, it ebbs and flows every six hours, with a strong current. The tide comes up for about thirty miles so full that there is nothing but salt water in the river, the fresh water being driven back with its force ; and above that for some miles the water is brackish ; but a little higher, as it runs by the town, it is quite fresh ; and when the tide ebbs, it continues fresh all along to the sea. There is a bridge cast over the river, not of timber, but of fair stone, consisting of many stately arches ; it lies at that part of the town which is farthest from the sea, so that ships without any hindrance lie all along the side of the town.

There is likewise another river that runs by it, which though it is not great, yet it runs pleasantly, for it rises out of the same hill on which the town stands, and so runs down through it, and falls into the Anider. The inhabitants have fortified the fountain head of this river, which springs a little without the town ; that so if they should happen to be besieged, the enemy might not be able to stop or divert the course of the water, nor poison it ; from thence it is carried in earthen pipes to the lower streets ; and for those places of the town to which the water of that small river cannot be conveyed, they have great cisterns for receiving the rain water, which supplies the want of the other.

The town is compassed with a high and thick wall, in which there are many towers and forts ; there is also a broad and deep dry ditch, set thick with thorns, cast round three sides of the town, and the river is instead of a ditch on the fourth side. The streets are very convenient for all carriage, and are well sheltered from the winds. Their buildings are good, and are so uniform that a whole side of a street looks like one house. The streets are twenty feet broad ; there lie gardens behind all

their houses ; these are large but inclosed with buildings, that on all hands face the streets ; so that every house has both a door to the street, and a back door to the garden. Their doors have all two leaves, which, as they are easily opened, so they shut of their own accord ; and there being no property among them, every man may freely enter into any house whatsoever. At every ten years' end they shift their houses by lots. They cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have both vines, fruits, herbs, and flowers in them ; and all is so well ordered, and so finely kept, that I never saw gardens anywhere that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs. And this humor of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets, who vie with each other ; and there is indeed nothing belonging to the whole town that is both more useful and more pleasant. So that he who founded the town seems to have taken care of nothing more than of their gardens ; for they say, the whole scheme of the town was designed at first by Utopus, but he left all that belonged to the ornament and improvement of it to be added by them that should come after him, that being too much for one man to bring to perfection.

Their records, that contain the history of their town and state, are preserved with an exact care, and run backward 1760 years. From these it appears that their houses were at first low and mean, like cottages, made of any sort of timber, and were built with mud walls and thatched with straw. But now their houses are three stories high : the fronts of them are faced either with stone, plastering, or brick ; and between the facings of their walls they throw in their rubbish. Their roofs are flat, and on them they lay a sort of plaster, which costs very little, and yet is so tempered that it is not apt to take fire, and yet resists the weather more than lead. They have great quantities of glass among them, with which they glaze their windows. They use also in their windows a thin linen cloth, that is so oiled or gummed that it both keeps out the wind and gives free admission to the light.

#### OF THEIR TRADES, AND MANNER OF LIFE.

Agriculture is that which is so universally understood among them that no person, either man or woman, is ignorant of it ;

they are instructed in it from their childhood, partly by what they learn at school, and partly by practice ; they being led out often into the fields about the town, where they not only see others at work, but are likewise exercised in it themselves. Besides agriculture, which is so common to them all, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself, such as the manufacture of wool or flax, masonry, smith's work, or carpenter's work ; for there is no sort of trade that is in great esteem among them.

Throughout the island they wear the same sort of clothes without any other distinction, except what is necessary to distinguish the two sexes, and the married and unmarried. The fashion never alters ; and as it is neither disagreeable nor uneasy, so it is suited to the climate, and calculated both for their summers and winters. Every family makes their own clothes ; but all among them, women as well as men, learn one or other of the trades formerly mentioned. Women, for the most part, deal in wool and flax, which suit best with their weakness, leaving the ruder trades to the men. The same trade generally passes down from father to son, inclinations often following descent ; but if any man's genius lies another way, he is by adoption translated into a family that deals in the trade to which he is inclined : and when that is to be done, care is taken not only by his father, but by the magistrate, that he may be put to a discreet and good man. And if after a person has learned one trade, he desires to acquire another, that is also allowed, and is managed in the same manner as the former. When he has learned both, he follows that which he likes best, unless the public has more occasion for the other.

The chief and almost the only business of the Syphogrants, or magistrates, is to take care that no man may live idle, but that every one may follow his trade diligently : yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil, from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden, which as it is indeed a heavy slavery, so it is everywhere the common course of life amongst all mechanics except the Utopians ; but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint six of these for work ; three of which are before dinner, and three after. They then sup, and at eight o'clock, counting from noon, go to bed and sleep eight hours. The rest of their time besides that taken up in work, eating, and sleeping is left to every man's discretion ; yet they are not to abuse that interval to

luxury and idleness, but must employ it in some proper exercise according to their various inclinations, which is for the most part reading.

It is ordinary to have public lectures every morning before daybreak, at which none are obliged to appear but those who are marked out for literature; yet a great many, both men and women of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or other, according to their inclinations. But if others, that are not made for contemplation, choose rather to employ themselves at that time in their trades, as many of them do, they are not hindered, but are rather commended, as men that take care to serve their country. After supper they spend an hour in some diversion, in summer in their gardens, and in winter in the halls where they eat, where they entertain each other, either with music or discourse. They do not so much as know dice, or any such foolish and mischievous games; they have, however, two sorts of games not unlike our chess; the one is between several numbers, in which one number, as it were, consumes another: the other resembles a battle between the virtues and the vices, in which the enmity in the vices among themselves, and their agreement against virtue, is not unpleasantly represented; together with the special oppositions between the particular virtues and vices; as also the methods by which vice either openly assaults or secretly undermines virtue; and virtue on the other hand resists it. But the time appointed for labor is to be narrowly examined, otherwise you may imagine that since there are only six hours appointed for work, they may fall under a scarcity of necessary provisions.

But it is so far from being true, that this time is not sufficient for supplying them with plenty of all things, either necessary or convenient; that it is rather too much; and this you will easily apprehend, if you consider how great a part of all other nations is quite idle. First, women generally do little, who are the half of mankind; and if some few women are diligent, their husbands are idle: then consider the great company of idle priests, and of those that are called religious men; add to these all rich men, chiefly those that have estates in land, who are called noblemen and gentlemen, together with their families, made up of idle persons, that are kept more for show than use; add to these all those strong and lusty beggars that go about pretending some disease, in excuse for their begging; and upon the whole account you will find that the

number of those by whose labors mankind is supplied is much less than you perhaps imagined.

Then consider how few of those that work are employed in labors that are of real service; for we who measure all things by money give rise to many trades that are both vain and superfluous, and serve only to support riot and luxury. For if those who work were employed only in such things as the conveniences of life require, there would be such an abundance of them that the prices of them would so sink that tradesmen could not be maintained by their gains; if all those who labor about useless things were set to more profitable employments, and if all they that languish out their lives in sloth and idleness, every one of whom consumes as much as any two of the men that are at work, were forced to labor, you may easily imagine that a small proportion of time would serve for doing all that is either necessary, profitable, or pleasant to mankind, especially while pleasure is kept within its due bounds.

This appears very plainly in Utopia, for there, in a great city, and in all the territory that lies round it, you can scarce find five hundred, either men or women, who by their age and strength are capable of labor, that are not engaged in it; even the Syphogrants, though excused by the law, yet do not excuse themselves, but work, that by their examples they may excite the industry of the rest of the people. The like exemption is allowed to those who, being recommended to the people by the priests, are by the secret suffrages of the Syphogrants privileged from labor, that they may apply themselves wholly to study; and if any of these fall short of those hopes that they seemed at first to give, they are obliged to return to work. And sometimes a mechanic, that so employs his leisure hours as to make a considerable advancement in learning, is eased from being a tradesman, and ranked among their learned men. Out of these they choose their ambassadors, their priests, their Tranibors, and the Prince himself; anciently called their Barzenes, but is called of late their Ademus.

And thus from the great numbers among them that are neither suffered to be idle, nor to be employed in any fruitless labor, you may easily make the estimate how much may be done in those few hours in which they are obliged to labor. But besides all that has been already said, it is to be considered that the needful arts among them are managed with less labor than anywhere else. The building or the repairing of houses



among us employ many hands, because often a thriftless heir suffers a house that his father built to fall into decay, so that his successor must, at a great cost, repair that which he might have kept up with a small charge: it frequently happens that the same house which one person built at a vast expense is neglected by another, who thinks he has a more delicate sense of the beauties of architecture; and he, suffering it to fall to ruin, builds another at no less charge. But among the Utopians, all things are so regulated that men very seldom build upon a new piece of ground; and are not only very quick in repairing their houses, but show their foresight in preventing their decay: so their buildings are preserved very long, with but little labor; and thus the builders to whom that care belongs are often without employment, except the hewing of timber, and the squaring of stones, that the materials may be in readiness for raising a building very suddenly, when there is any occasion for it.

As to their clothes, observe how little work is spent in them: while they are at labor, they are clothed with leather and skins, cast carelessly about them, which will last seven years; and when they appear in public they put on an upper garment which hides the other; and these are all of one color, and that is the natural color of the wool. As they need less woollen cloth than is used anywhere else, so that which they make use of is much less costly. They use linen cloth more; but that is prepared with less labor, and they value cloth only by the whiteness of the linen, or the cleanness of white wool, without much regard to the fineness of the thread.

Nor is there anything that can tempt a man to desire more; for if he had them, he would neither be the warmer, nor would he make one jot the better appearance for it. And thus, since they are all employed in some useful labor, and since they content themselves with fewer things, it falls out that there is a great abundance of all things among them: so that it frequently happens that for want of other work, vast numbers are sent out to mend the highways. But when no public undertaking is to be performed, the hours of working are lessened. The magistrates never engage the people in unnecessary labor, since the chief end of the constitution is to regulate labor by the necessities of the public, and to allow all the people as much time as is necessary for the improvement of their minds, in which they think the happiness of life consists.

## MEMOIRS OF BABER.

[BABER or BABAR, great-grandson of Timur, a Turk in speech and affiliations though a Mongol in blood, was born in 1483; succeeded his father as Sultan of Ferghâna in 1494; conquered Kashgar and most of Afghanistan, and in 1525-26 subdued India with a Turkish army, and founded the so-called "Mogul" empire. He wrote voluminous and delightful memoirs in the Turkish language.]

IN THE month of Ramzân, in the year 899 [1494 A.D.], and in the twelfth year of my age, I became King of Ferghâna.

In this country there are seven districts, five on the south of the Seihun, and two on the north.

Of the districts on the south of the river, one is Andejân, which has a central position, and is the capital of Ferghâna. It abounds in grain and fruits, its grapes and melons are excellent and plentiful. In the melon season it is not customary to sell them at the beds. There are no better Nâshpâlis produced than those of Andejân. In Mâweralnâher, after the fortresses of Samarkand and Kêsh, none is equal in size to Andejân. It has three gates. The citadel is situated on the south of the city. The watercourses of the mills by which the water enters the city are nine; and it is remarkable that of all the water that enters the city, none flows out of it. Around the fortress, on the edge of the stone-faced moat, is a broad highway covered with pebbles. All around the fort are the suburbs, which are only separated from the moat by this highway that runs along its banks.

The district abounds in birds and beasts of game. Its pheasants are so fat that the report goes that four persons may dine on the broth of one of them, and not be able to finish it. The inhabitants of the country are all Turks, and there is none in town or market who does not understand the Tûrki tongue. The common speech of the people of this country is the same as the correct language of composition; so that the works of Mir Ali Shir, surnamed Nawâi, though he was bred and flourished at Heri, are written in this dialect. The inhabitants are remarkable for their beauty. Khwâjeh Yûsef, so famous for his science in music, was a native of Andejân. The air is unwholesome, and in autumn agues are prevalent.

Another district is Ush, which is situated to the southeast of Andejân, but more to the east, and distant from Andejân four farsangs by the road. The air of Ush is excellent. It is

abundantly supplied with running water, and is extremely pleasant in spring. The excellencies of Ush are celebrated even in the sacred traditions. On the southeast of the fort is a mountain of a beautiful figure, named Barakoh, on the top of which Sultan Mahmûd Khan built a small summerhouse, beneath which, on the shoulder of the hill, in the year 902, I built a larger palace and colonnade. Although the former is in the more elevated situation, yet that built by me is the more pleasant of the two; the whole town and suburbs are seen stretched out below. The river of Andejân, after passing through the suburbs of Ush, flows on towards Andejân. On both banks there are gardens, all of which overlook the river. Its violets are particularly elegant. It abounds in streams of running water. In the spring its tulips and roses blow in great profusion. On the skirt of this same hill of Barakoh, between the hill and the town, there is a mosque, called the Mosque of Jouza; and from the hill there comes a great and wide stream of water. Beneath the outer court of the mosque there is a meadow of clover, sheltered and pleasant, where every traveler and passenger loves to rest. It is a standing joke among the common people at Ush to carry across the three streams all such as fall asleep there. On this hill, about the latter end of the reign of Omar-Sheikh Mirza, there was discovered a species of stone finely waved red and white, of which they make the handles of knives, the clasps of belts, and other things of that sort, and it is a very beautiful stone. In all Ferghâna, for healthiness and beauty of situation, there is no place that equals Ush.

Another is Marghinân, which lies on the west of Andejân, at the distance of seven farsangs, and is a fine district. It is noted for its pomegranates and apricots. There is one species of pomegranate named dâna-kilân (or great seed), which, in its flavor, unites with a sweet acid, and may even be deemed to excel the pomegranate of Semnân. They have a way of taking out the stones of the zerd-alû (or apricot), and of putting in almonds in their place, after which the fruit is dried. When so prepared it is termed Seikkhani, and is very pleasant. The game and venison are here also excellent. The white deer is found in its vicinity. All the inhabitants are Sarts; the race are great boxers, noisy, and turbulent, so that they are famous all over Mâweralnâher for their blustering and fondness for boxing, and most of the celebrated bullies of Samar-

kand and Bokhara are from Marghinân. The author of the "Hedâya," was from a village named Rashdan, a dependency of Marghinân.

Asfera is another district. It is situated at the foot of the mountains, and possesses numerous streams and beautiful gardens. It lies southwest of Marghinân, at the distance of nine farsangs. Many species of fruit trees abound there ; but in the gardens, the almond trees are the most numerous. The inhabitants are all mountaineers and Sarts. Among the small hills to the southeast of Asfera is a slab of stone, called sang aineth (the stone-mirror) ; its length is about ten gez. It is in some places as high as a man, in others not higher than his middle ; everything is seen in it as in a glass.

The district of Asfera is separated into four divisions, all situated at the foot of the hills ; one of them is Asfera, another Warûkh, another Sukh, and the fourth Hûshiâr. When Muhammed Shiebâni Khan defeated Sultan Mahmûd Khan and Ulehi Chan, and took Tâshkend and Shahrokhia, I spent nearly a year in Sûkh and Hûshiâr among the hills, in great distress ; and it was from thence that I set out on my expedition to Kâbul.

Khojend, another of the districts, is situated on the west of Andejân, at the distance of twenty-five farsangs, and it is also at the same distance from Samarkand. This is a very ancient city. Sheikh Mashelet and Khwâjeh Kemâl were of Khojend. Its fruits are very good, particularly its pomegranates, which are so celebrated that the apples of Samarkand and pomegranates of Khojend have passed into a proverb ; but excellent as the latter are, they are greatly excelled at present by the pomegranates of Marghinân. The fortress of Khojend is situated on an eminence, having on the north the river Seihun, which flows past at the distance of about a bowshot. On the north of the fort of the river Seihun there is a hill which is named Myoghil, where they say that there are turquoise and other mines. In this hill there are many serpents. Khojend is a good sporting country ; the white deer, the mountain goat, the stag, the fowl of the desert, and the hare are found in great plenty ; but the air is extremely noisome, and inflammations of the eyes are common ; insomuch, that they say that the very sparrows have inflammations in the eyes. This badness of the air they ascribe to the hill on the north. Kandbâdâm is one of the districts belonging to Khojend. Though

of no great extent, yet it is rather a fine little district; and its almonds, from which it derives its name, are of excellent quality and are exported to Hindustân, Hormuz, and other quarters. It is distant from Khojend five or six farsangs to the east. Between Kandbâdâm and Khojend there is a desert, named Ha-dervîsh, where a sharp wind prevails, and constantly blows from the desert in the direction of Marghinân, which lies to the east of the desert, or in the direction of Khojend, which lies to the west, and this wind is excessively keen. It is said that certain Dervishes having encountered the wind in this desert, and being separated, were unable to find each other again, and perished, calling out, "Ha, Dervîsh! Ha, Dervîsh!" and that hence the desert is denominated Ha-dervîsh unto this day.

Of the districts to the north of Seihun, one is Akhsi, which in histories is called Akhsîkat. Hence Asîr-ed-din, the port, is termed Asîr-ed-din Akhsîkati. There is no town in Ferghâna after Andejân which is more considerable than this. It lies to the west of Andejân, at the distance of nine farsangs. Omar-Sheikh Mirza made it his capital. The river Seihun flows under the walls of its castle. The castle is situated on a high precipice, and the steep ravines around serve instead of a moat. When Omar-Sheikh Mirza made it his capital, he, in one or two instances, scarped the ravines outside of the fort. In all Ferghâna there is no fortified town so strong as this. The suburbs are rather more than a shiraa kos from the fort. The proverb, "Where is the town, and where are the trees?" applies in a particular manner to Akhsi. The melons here are excellent; there is one species which is termed Mîr Taimûri, no such melons are known to exist in the world. The melons of Bokhâra are also celebrated; but at this time when I took Samarkand, I had melons brought from Akhsi and Bokhâra, and cut open at an entertainment, when those of Akhsi were judged beyond comparison the best. There is good hunting and hawking. From the river of Akhsi to the town there is a desert in which the white deer are very numerous. Towards Andejân is a waste, abounding with the stag, the fowl of the desert, and the hare, all of which are extremely fat.

All around the country of Ferghâna, among the mountains, there are excellent Yailâks (or summer stations). The tabûlghû wood is found here among the mountains, and in no other country. The tabûlghû, which has a red bark, is a wood of which they make walking-staves, whip handles, and bird

cages. They also cut it into the forked tops of arrows. It is an excellent wood, and is carried to a great distance, as a rarity in much request. In many books it is related that the Yabruj-us-sannum grows on these hills; but now it is quite unknown. There is, however, a species of grass which is produced on the mountains of Betekend, and which the people of the country term aikoti, that is said to have the virtue of the meherghiah, and is what passes under the name of meherghiah. In these hills, also, there are mines of turquoise and of iron.

The revenues of Ferghâna may suffice, without oppressing the country, to maintain three or four thousand troops.

As Omar-Sheikh Mirza was a prince of high ambition and magnificent pretensions, he was always bent on some scheme of conquest. He several times led an army against Samarkand, was repeatedly defeated, and as often returned back disappointed and desponding.

At this time the Khanship of the (Ulûs or) tribe of Moghuls was held by my maternal uncle, Sultan Mahmûd Khan, the eldest son of Yunis Khan. He and Sultan Ahmed Mirza, the King of Samarkand, who was my father Omar-Sheikh Mirza's elder brother, having taken offense at Omar-Sheikh Mirza's conduct, entered into a negotiation, the result of which was, that Sultan Ahmed Mirza having given Sultan Mahmûd Khan one of his daughters in marriage, they this year concluded an alliance, when the latter marched an army from the north of the river of Khojend, and the former another from the south of it, against that prince's domains.

At this very crisis a singular incident occurred. It has already been mentioned that the fort of Akhsi is situated on a steep precipice, on the very edge of which some of its buildings are raised. On Monday, the fourth of the month of Ramzân, of the year that has been mentioned, Omar-Sheikh Mirza was precipitated from the top of the steep, with his pigeons and pigeon-house, and took his flight to the other world.

He was then in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Omar-Sheikh Mirza was of low stature, had a short, bushy beard, brownish hair, and was very corpulent. He used to wear his tunic extremely tight; insomuch, that as he was wont to contract his belly while he tied the strings, when he let himself out again the strings often burst. He was not



curious in either his food or dress. He tied his turban in the fashion called *Destâr-pêch* (or plaited turban). At that time all turbans were worn in the *char-pêch* (or four-plait) style. He wore his without folds, and allowed the end to hang down. During the heats, when out of the *Divân*, he generally wore the *Moghul* cap.

As for his opinions and habits, he was of the sect of *Hanî-fah*, and strict in his belief. He neglected the five regular and stated prayers, and during his whole life rigidly performed the *Kaza* (or retributory prayers and fasts). He devoted much of his time to reading the *Koran*. He was extremely attached to *Kwâjeh Obeidullâh*, whose disciple he was, and whose society he greatly affected. The reverend *Kwâjeh*, on his part, used to call him his son. He read elegantly; his general reading was the *Khamsahs*, the *Mesnevis*, and books of history, and he was particularly fond of reading the *Shahnâmeh*. Though he had a turn for poetry, he did not cultivate it. He was so strictly just, that when the caravan from *Khita* had once reached the hill country to the east of *Andejân*, and the snow fell so deep as to bury it, so that of the whole only two persons escaped: he no sooner received information of the occurrence than he dispatched overseers to collect and take charge of all the property and effects of the people of the caravan; and wherever the heirs were not at hand, though himself in great want, his resources being exhausted, he placed the property under sequestration, and preserved it untouched, till in the course of one or two years, the heirs, coming from *Khorasân* and *Samar-kand*, in consequence of the intimation which they received, he delivered back the goods safe and uninjured into their hands. His generosity was large, and so was his whole soul; he was of an excellent temper, affable, eloquent, and sweet in his conversation, yet brave withal, and manly. On two occasions he advanced in front of the troops, and exhibited distinguished prowess; once at the gates of *Akhsi*, and once at the gates of *Shahrokhîa*. He was a middling shot with the bow; he had uncommon force in his fists, and never hit a man whom he did not knock down. From his excessive ambition for conquest, he often exchanged peace for war, and friendship for hostility. In the earlier part of his life he was greatly addicted to drinking *bûzeh* and *talar*. Latterly, once or twice in the week, he indulged in a drinking party. He was a pleasant companion, and in the course of conversation used often to cite with great

felicity appropriate verses from the poets. In his latter days he was much addicted to the use of Maajun, while under the influence of which he was subject to a feverish irritability. He was a humane man. He played a great deal at backgammon, and sometimes at games of chance with the dice.

He had three sons and five daughters. Of the sons, I, Zehîreddîn Muhammed Baber, was the eldest.

Another was Khwajeh Hussein Beg, who was a good-humored man, of plain, simple manners; he excelled in singing at drinking parties, as was the fashion of the time, what was called Tûiûk, a sort of Moghul drinking-song.

There was another named Sheikh Mazîd Beg, who was first appointed my governor. His arrangements and discipline were excellent. He had been in the service of Baber Mirza. No man stood higher in the esteem of Omar-Sheikh Mirza than himself. He was, however, of grossly libidinous habits and addicted to pederasty.

Ali Mazîd Beg Kochin was another. He twice rebelled, once in Akhsi, and once in Tâshkend. He was a libidinous, treacherous, good-for-nothing hypocrite.

Another was Hassan Yâkûb Beg, who was frank, good-tempered, clever, and active. The following verses are his:—

Return again, O Hûma, for without the parrot down of thy cheek  
The crow will assuredly soon carry off my bones.

He was a man of courage, an excellent archer, and remarkable for his skill in playing the games of choughân and leap-frog. After the death of Omar-Sheikh Mirza, he became master of my household. He was, however, narrow-minded, of small capacity, and a promoter of dissension.

Another was Baba Kûli Beg, of the family of Sheikh Ali Behâder. After the death of Sheikh Mazîd Beg, he was appointed my governor. When Sultan Ahmed Mirza led his army against Andegân, he went over to him and delivered Uratippa into his hands. After Sultan Mahmûd Mirza's death, he fled from Samarkand, and was on his way to join me, when Sultan Ali Mirza, issuing out of Uratippa, encountered, defeated, and slew him. He was remarkable for maintaining his troops in good order and with excellent equipments. He kept a watchful eye over his servants, but neither prayed nor fasted, and was cruel, and like an infidel in his whole deportment.



Another was Mîr Ali Dost Taghai, who was of the Begs of the Tumans of Saghrichi, and related to my maternal grandmother Isan-doulet-begum. I showed him great favor from the time of Omar-Sheikh Mirza. I was told that he would be an useful man, but during all the years that he was with me I cannot tell what service he ever did. He had been in Sultan Abusaïd Mirza's service, and pretended to be an enchanter. He was Grand Huntsman, and was a man of disagreeable manners and habits, covetous, mean, seditious, insincere, harsh of speech, and sour of visage.

Weis Laghari was another. He was from Samarkand and of the Tokchi tribe, and was latterly much in the confidence of Omar-Sheikh Mirza. He attended me on my expeditions. He was a man of excellent understanding and talents, but a little disposed to be factious.

Mîr Ghiâs Taghia, the younger brother of Ali Dost, was another. None of all the young Moghul Emirs in Sultan Abusaïd Mirza's court was a greater favorite, and the Great Seal was delivered to his custody by that prince. He was in very great favor with Omar-Sheikh Mirza in his latter years, and was on intimate terms with Weis Laghari. From the time that Sultan Mahmûd Khan got possession of Kâsân till the end of his life, he remained in the service of the Khan, by whom he was treated with great consideration. He was an extremely witty and jocose man, but fearless in debauchery.

There was another named Ali Dervîsh, a native of Khorasân, who served in the Khorasân Bands under Sultan Abusaïd Mirza; for when that prince got possession of Samarkand and Khorasân, he formed such of the young men of these two kingdoms as were fit for service into bands of household troops, which he termed the Bands of Samarkand. He made a gallant charge in my presence in the affair at the gate of Samarkand. He was a brave man. He wrote the Nastâlik character after a fashion. He was, however, a gross flatterer, and sordidly mean and miserly.

Kamber Ali, Moghul, an Akhteji, was another; when his father came to the country, he for some time exercised the trade of a skinner, whence he got the name of Kamber Ali Selakh (or the skinner). He had served Yunis Khan in the capacity of Ewer-bearer, but finally arrived at the rank of Beg. From me he received distinguished favors. Till he had attained high rank, his conduct was exceedingly good; but after

he had gained a certain elevation he became negligent and perverse. He talked a great deal and very idly; indeed there can be no doubt that a great talker must often talk foolishly. He was a man of concentrated capacity, and of a muddy brain.

At the time when this fatal accident befell Omar-Sheikh Mirza, I was in Andejân, at the Chârbâgh palace. On Tuesday the fifth of Ramzân, the news reached Andejân; I immediately mounted in the greatest haste, and taking with me such of my followers as were at hand, set out to secure the castle. When I had just reached what is called the Mirza's gate, Shiram Taghâi seized my horse's bridle and carried me towards the Id-gâh. The idea had entered his mind that, as Sultan Ahmed Mirza, who was a powerful prince, was approaching with a great army, the Begs of Andejân might deliver up both the country and me into his hands; he was therefore for conducting me towards Urkend and the country on the skirt of the hills in that quarter, that if they should deliver up the country, I might not fall into his power, but might join my maternal uncles Ilcheh Khan or Sultan Mahmûd Khan. Khwâjeh Moulâna Kazi was of the race of Sheikh Bûrhanân-ed-dîn Kiliç, and by the mother's side descended of Sultan Ilik Mâzi. He was sprung of a religious family that had come to be regarded as the protectors of that country. This family in some sort held the office of Sheikh-ul-Islâm by hereditary descent, and will hereafter be often mentioned. The Kazi, and the Begs who were in the castle, on hearing of our proceedings, sent Khwâjeh Muhammed Derzi, who was an old and trusty household servant of Omar-Sheikh Mirza, and the Beg-utkeh or governor of one of his daughters, to dispel our apprehensions. He overtook us and made me turn, after we had nearly reached the Id-gâh, and conducted me into the citadel, where I alighted. Khwâjeh Moulâna Kazi and the Begs, having met in my presence, held a consultation; and, after having mutually communicated their ideas, and resolved on their plan, applied themselves to put the fortress, with its towers and ramparts, in a state of defense. Hassan Yâkûb, Kâsim Kochîn, and some other Begs, who had been sent out on an excursion to Marghinân and that quarter, arrived a day or two after, and entered into my service; and all of them, with one heart and soul, set themselves zealously to maintain the place.

Sultan Ahmed Mirza, after having made himself master of Uratippa, Khojend, and Marghinân, advanced to Kaba, within

four farsangs of Andejân, and encamped. At this time one Dervish Gaw, a man of note in Andejân, was capitally punished on account of some seditious expressions, an example which reduced all the rest of the inhabitants to their duty.

I now sent Khwâjeh Kazi, Uzûn Hussan, and Khwâjeh Hussein, ambassadors, to Sultan Ahmed Mirza, with a message to this effect: "It is plain that you must place some one of your servants in charge of this country; I am at once your servant and your son; if you intrust me with this employment, your purpose will be attained in the most satisfactory and easy way." As Sultan Ahmed Mirza was a mild, weak man, of few words, who was implicitly guided in all his opinions and actions by his Begs; and as they were not favorably disposed to this proposition, a harsh answer was returned, and he marched forward. But the Almighty God, who, of his perfect power, has, in his own good time and season, accomplished my designs in the best and most proper manner, without the aid of mortal strength, on this occasion also brought certain events to pass, which reduced the enemy to great difficulties, frustrated the object of their expedition, and made them return without success, heartily repenting of their attempt.

One of these was the following: the Kaba is a black river and extremely slimy, insomuch that it can only be passed by a bridge; as the host was very numerous, there was a great crowding on the bridge, and many horses and camels fell over into the black water and perished. Now as three or four years before this the same troops had suffered a severe defeat at the passage of the river Chirr, the present disaster recalled the former to their remembrance, and the soldiers of the army were seized with a panic. Another circumstance was, that at this time a disease attacked the horses with such violence that they were taken ill, and began to die in great numbers. A third circumstance was, that they found my soldiers and subjects so unanimous and resolute, that they perceived clearly that their determination was to fight to the last drop of their blood, and the last gasp of their life, without yielding, and that they would never submit to the government of the invaders. Disconcerted by these circumstances, after they had come within one farsang of Andejân, they on their part sent Dervish Muhammed Terkhân, who was met near the Id-gâh by Hassan Yâkûb, from the castle, when they conferred together and patched up a sort of peace, in consequence of which the invading army retired.

## POEMS OF CLÉMENT MAROT.

[CLÉMENT MAROT, one of the most important of French poets of the Renaissance, was born at Cahors in the winter of 1496-1497. He was son of the court poet to Anne of Brittany (queen of Charles VIII. and Louis XII.), and by him carefully instructed in the artificial poetry of the time, and introduced to the court of Queen Claude; and by presenting to Francis I. (acceded 1515) his "Judgment of Minos," "Temple of Cupid," etc., won his favor and that of his sister, Margaret of Angoulême, to whose suite he was attached, as also to the household of her husband, the Duc d'Alençon. In 1524 he accompanied Francis on his Italian campaign, and was wounded and taken prisoner with him at Pavia. It was the beginning of twenty years of intermittent but steadily increasing misfortune. His patrons favored the humanistic and Reformation movement in France, his own pen was caustic against the corruption and sensuality of the clergy, and he was hated and hunted as a heretic to his death. Imprisoned on this ground in 1525, he escaped through a prelate friend (see "The Lion and the Rat," below), and wrote the poem "Hell" thereon. In 1531 he was again imprisoned; in 1535 once more summoned, he fled to Ferrara, where he wrote "Blasons" and much of great repute besides; thence to Venice, then back to Francis' protection in Paris. Here in 1539 he published a famous translation of the Psalms, an influence of the first order in advancing the Reformation in France. The Sorbonne condemned it; in 1543 he had again to fly, first to Geneva, whence his doctrinal looseness got him expelled by the influence of Calvin, then to Turin, where he died the next year (1544). His artistic progress emancipated him even overmuch from the artificialities of his early training: he made his versified epistles the lightest, easiest, most conversational of compositions, brimming with humor and delicate satire; and his ballades, rondeaux, elegies, *étrennes*, etc., are equally full of inimitable ease and charm, though abounding in quaint mannerisms and archaisms. Some of his satirical descriptions explain the church hatred toward him.]

## THE LION AND THE RAT.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR. — Clément Marot was accused by Diane de Poitiers of mocking at the Catholics, whom he called "tartuffes," and of eating bacon during Lent. Found guilty and imprisoned in the Châtelet in Paris (1525), he wrote this ingenious epistle to his friend, Lyon Jamet, who aided him in regaining his liberty.

I WILL not write of love that drives men mad, —  
 Full well you know her service, sweet and sad;  
 Nor will I write of arms and warriors bold, —  
 A soldier's luck you know full well of old;  
 Fortune still turns her wheel, now up, now down, —  
 You've learned to care not if she smile or frown;  
 And why the abuses of the hour upbraid  
 To one who knows that sin may not be stayed?  
 Nor will I write of God, whose loving care we feel, —  
 For He alone can all his power reveal;

Why write of fair Parisian dames to you  
 Who know them better than their husbands do?  
 Why tell you who is rude, and who polite?  
 Nay, and it please you, I'll a fable write.

The title is, "The Lion and the Rat,"  
 And you will see it might be "Tit for Tat."  
 This mighty Lion, as he forth did stroll,  
 Found a stout rat caught fast within a hole,—  
 Grown fat with too much bacon and raw meat.  
 Now Master Lion dreams not of defeat,—  
 Finds ways and means,—and 'tis no easy matter  
 To free a rat who hourly waxes fatter,—  
 With teeth and nails to break the horrid trap;  
 Whereat our prisoner, lifting high his cap,  
 Full gracefully upon his bended knee  
 Thanks the kind monarch who had set him free.  
 Now by the god of rats and mice he swears  
 He dares do all that any lion dares!  
 Now to my story's point: forth from his lair  
 In search of prey our lion doth repair,  
 When suddenly, as by some dire mishap  
 Behold our monarch caught within a trap!  
 Despite his strength, despite his royal pride,  
 Securely to a heavy post he's tied.

At once our Rat, altho' no knife had he,  
 Arrived upon the scene right merrily;  
 True, he rejoiced not in the lion's plight,—  
 Yet, as a member of the race of rats,  
 Vastly above all pussies, kits or cats,  
 It filled his little heart with dear delight  
 That he should come just in the nick of time  
 To save King Lion; hear his modest rhyme:  
 "Be silent but a moment, Lion mine!  
 Your ropes and cords I'll instantly untwine,  
 And do it gladly: it is plain to see  
 Your heart's a kind one, for you rescued me.  
 And as a Lion royal set me free,  
 So I, poor rat, will do the like for thee.  
 You can't refuse, after your succor leonine  
 To listen to this mousey plea o' mine!"

Thereat King Lion turns his burning eyes  
 Upon our little rat, in vast surprise,  
 Saying in scorn: "Poor little vermin,  
 Go, seek the darkest corner you can squirm in.  
 You have no knife, no scissors, not a thing  
 To cut a cord or rope or even string!

How can you free me from this horrid snare!  
 The cat may come, dear mousie! have a care!"  
 "O King," replied this scion of all mice,  
 "I'll surely set you free, and in a trice.  
 Fear not, I've knives as sharp as any saw,  
 And white as ivory, sheathed within my jaw.  
 Swiftly they'll cut the cruel cords that bind  
 So close: I can work well, you'll find."

And with these words friend Rat begins to gnaw  
 The mighty rope, wearying his tiny jaw  
 Full many hours, but works so steadily  
 That the end crowns his labor finally,  
 And Master Lion hurries him away;  
 But as he went within himself he thought:  
 "No kindly deed is vain, howe'er 'tis wrought."  
 There's the whole story, simply told in rhyme.  
 'Tis long indeed, yet old in point of time,  
 As Æsop testifies and millions more.

Now, come to see me, play the Lion's part,  
 And I'll endeavor, studying every art,  
 To play the Rat, free from ingratitude,  
 While you will show the Lion's fortitude,  
 If caught in snare as in foul prison hid,  
 Like any Rat! Now this God's grace forbid!"

#### A LOVE-LESSON.

(Translated by Leigh Hunt.)

A sweet "No, no," with a sweet smile beneath,  
 Becomes an honest girl; I'd have you learn it; —  
 As for plain "Yes," it may be said, i' faith,  
 Too plainly and too oft; — pray, well discern it.

Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,  
 Or lose the kiss for which my lips beset you;  
 But that in suffering me to take it, sweet,  
 I'd have you say, "No, no, I will not let you."

#### ON THE LAUGH OF MADAME D'ALBRET.

(Translated by Leigh Hunt.)

Yes, that fair neck, too beautiful by half,  
 Those eyes, that voice, that bloom, all do her honor;  
 Yet after all, that little giddy laugh  
 Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon her.

Good God! 'twould make the very streets and ways  
 Through which she passes, burst into a pleasure!  
 Did melancholy come to mar my days,  
 And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,  
 No spell were wanting, from the dead to raise me,  
 But only that sweet laugh, wherewith she slays me.

### THE ABBOT AND HIS HENCHMAN.

(Translated by Wm. J. Eckoff.)

The abbot's man, and he, the man of God,  
 In silly laughs and moistening of the clod  
 Seem as each were the other one's twin brother,—  
 In short, two peas resembling one another.  
 And yet last night the well-matched pair fell out.  
 You wonder what it could have been about?  
 With a deep sigh the pious prior said,  
 "At night put the big wine jug near my bed.  
 I fear I should expire were I left dry."  
 To which fat flunky dared to make reply:  
 "And you want me to lie all night bereft  
 Of balmy sleep? You know I get what's left  
 In that big jug. — I'm loath to see you die,  
 But yet — expire for lose my sleep? Not I."

### ON A LADY WHO WISHED TO BEHOLD MAROT.

(Translated for this Work.)

As in my works to readers I appeared,  
 She loved me, then desired to see my face;  
 Well, she has seen me, swarthy, gray of beard,  
 Yet I am none the lower in her grace.  
 O tender heart, O nymph of noble race,  
 You are just: this frame already hoar with age,  
 This is not I, 'tis but my prison cage.  
 And in the writings you were wont to read,  
 Your sweet eyes saw me better (I engage)  
 Far, than the hour you looked on me indeed.

THE SACK OF ROME BY THE CONSTABLE OF  
BOURBON, 1527.

BY LORD BYRON.

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

*Scene: Before the Walls of Rome. — The assault: the army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; BOURBON, with a white scarf over his armor, foremost.*

*Chorus of Spirits in the air.*

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.  
Whither flies the silent lark?  
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?  
Is the day indeed begun?  
Nature's eye is melancholy  
O'er the city high and holy:  
But without there is a din  
Should arouse the saints within,  
And revive the heroic ashes  
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.  
Oh ye seven hills! awaken,  
Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!  
Mars is in their every tramp!  
Not a step is out of tune,  
As the tides obey the moon!  
On they march, though to self-slaughter,  
Regular as rolling water,  
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border  
Of huge moles, but keep their order;  
Breaking only rank by rank.  
Hearken to the armor's clank!



Look down o'er each frowning warrior,  
 How he glares upon the barrier :  
 Look on each step of each ladder,  
 As the stripes that streak an adder.

Look upon the bristling wall,  
 Manned without an interval !  
 Round and round, and tier on tier,  
 Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,  
 Lit match, bell-mouthed musketoon,  
 Gaping to be murderous soon ;  
 All the warlike gear of old,  
 Mixed with what we now <sup>call</sup> old,  
 In this strife 'twixt old and new,  
 Gather like a locusts' crew.  
 Shade of Remus ! 'tis a time  
 Awful as thy brother's crime !  
 Christians war against Christ's shrine : —  
 Must its lot be like to thine ?

Near — and near — and nearer still,  
 As the earthquake saps the hill,  
 First with trembling, hollow motion,  
 Like a scarce-awakened ocean,  
 Then with stronger shock and louder,  
 Till the rocks are crushed to powder, —  
 Onward sweeps the rolling host !  
 Heroes of the immortal boast !  
 Mighty chiefs ! eternal shadows !  
 First flowers of the bloody meadows  
 Which encompass Rome, the mother  
 Of a people without brother !  
 Will you sleep when nations' quarrels  
 Plow the root up of your laurels ?  
 Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,  
 Weep not — *strike !* for Rome is mourning !

Onward sweep the varied nations !  
 Famine long hath dealt their rations.  
 To the wall, with hate and hunger,  
 Numerous as wolves, and stronger,  
 On they sweep. Oh ! glorious city,  
 Must thou be a theme for pity ?  
 Fight, like your first sire, each Roman !  
 Alaric was a gentle foeman,

Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!  
 Rouse thee, thou eternal city;  
 Rouse thee! Rather give the torch  
 With thine own hand to thy porch,  
 Than behold such hosts pollute  
 Your worst dwelling with their foot.

Ah! behold yon bleeding specter!  
 Ilion's children find no Hector;  
 Priam's offspring loved their brother;  
 Rome's great sire forgot his mother,  
 When he slew his gallant twin,  
 With inexpiable sin.  
 See the giant shadow stride  
 O'er the ramparts high and wide!  
 When the first o'erleapt thy wall,  
 Its foundation mourned thy fall.  
 Now, though towering like a Babel,  
 Who to stop his steps are able?  
 Stalking o'er thy highest dome,  
 Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

Now they reach thee in their anger:  
 Fire and smoke and hellish clangor  
 Are around thee, thou world's wonder!  
 Death is in thy walls and under.  
 Now the meeting steel first clashes,  
 Downward then the ladder crashes,  
 With its iron load all gleaming,  
 Lying at its foot blaspheming!  
 Up again! for every warrior  
 Slain, another climbs the barrier.  
 Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches  
 Europe's mingling gore enriches.  
 Rome! although thy wall may perish,  
 Such manure thy fields will cherish,  
 Making gay the harvest home;  
 But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome! —  
 Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,  
 Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

Yet once more, ye old Penates,  
 Let not your quenched hearths be Até's!  
 Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,  
 Yield not to these stranger Neros!

Though the son who slew his mother  
 Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother :  
 'Twas the Roman curbed the Roman ; —  
 Brennus was a baffled foe-man.  
 Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,  
 Rise ! for yours are holier charters !  
 Mighty gods of temples falling,  
 Yet in ruin still appalling,  
 Mightier founders of those altars  
 True and Christian, — strike the assaulters !  
 Tiber ! Tiber ! let thy torrent  
 Show even nature's self abhorrent.  
 Let each breathing heart dilated  
 Turn, as doth the lion baited :  
 Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,  
 But be still the Roman's Rome !



## BENVENUTO CELLINI'S EARLY LIFE.

(From his "Life" : translated by J. A. Symonds.)

[BENVENUTO CELLINI, the Italian goldsmith, sculptor, and autobiographer, was born in Florence, November 10, 1500 ; died February 13, 1571. He worked at his trade of goldsmith in Rome under the patronage of Popes Clement VII. and Paul III. ; assisted in the defense of the castle of San Angelo (1527) ; and in 1538 at the instigation of his inveterate enemy, Pier Luigi Farnese, was confined in a loathsome underground dungeon of the same castle, from which he made a marvelous escape. According to his own account he was as expert with sword and dagger as with goldsmiths' tools, and declares that he killed the Constable of Bourbon and wounded the Prince of Orange during the siege of Rome. He was at the court of Francis I. of France (1540-1544), and on his return to Florence worked under the patronage of Cosimo I. and the Medici family. He executed among other pieces of sculpture in metal and marble the famous bronze of Persens with the head of Medea, in the Loggia dei Lanzi. In 1558 he began to write his autobiography, one of the most interesting works of its kind in literature, and also valuable as a picture of Italian society in the sixteenth century.]

My father was the devoted servant and attached friend of the house of Medici ; and when Piero was banished, he intrusted him with many affairs of the greatest possible importance. Afterwards, when the magnificent Piero Soderini was elected, and my father continued in his office of musician, Soderini, perceiving his wonderful talent, began to employ him in many matters of great importance as an engineer. So long as Soderini remained in Florence, he showed the utmost good will to

my father ; and in those days, I being still of tender age, my father had me carried, and made me perform upon the flute ; I used to play treble in concert with the musicians of the palace before the Signory, following my notes : and a beadle used to carry me upon his shoulders. The Gonfalonier, that is, Soderini, whom I have already mentioned, took much pleasure in making me chatter, and gave me comfits, and was wont to say to my father : "Maestro Giovanni, besides music, teach the boy those other arts which do you so much honor." To which my father answered : "I do not wish him to practice any art but playing and composing ; for in this profession I hope to make him the greatest man of the world, if God prolongs his life." To these words one of the old counselors made answer : "Ah ! Maestro Giovanni, do what the Gonfalonier tells you ! for why should he never become anything more than a good musician ?"

Thus some time passed, until the Medici returned. When they arrived, the Cardinal, who afterwards became Pope Leo, received my father very kindly. During their exile the scutcheons which were on the palace of the Medici had had their balls erased, and a great red cross painted over them, which was the bearing of the Commune. Accordingly, as soon as they returned, the red cross was scratched out, and on the scutcheon the red balls and the golden field were painted in again, and finished with great beauty. My father, who possessed a simple vein of poetry, instilled in him by nature, together with a certain touch of prophecy, which was doubtless a divine gift in him, wrote these four verses under the said arms of the Medici, when they were uncovered to the view : —

These arms, which have so long from sight been laid  
Beneath the holy cross, that symbol meek,  
Now lift their glorious glad face, and seek  
With Peter's sacred cloak to be arrayed.

This epigram was read by all Florence. A few days afterwards Pope Julius II. died. The Cardinal de' Medici went to Rome, and was elected Pope against the expectation of everybody. He reigned as Leo X., that generous and great soul. My father sent him his four prophetic verses. The Pope sent to tell him to come to Rome, for this would be to his advantage. But he had no will to go ; and so, in lieu of reward, his place in the palace was taken from him by Jacopo Salviati,

upon that man's election as Gonfalonier. This was the reason why I commenced goldsmith; after which I spent part of my time in learning that art, and part in playing, much against my will.

When my father spoke to me in the way I have above described, I entreated him to let me draw a certain fixed number of hours in the day; all the rest of my time I would give to music, only with the view of satisfying his desire. Upon this he said to me: "So then, you take no pleasure in playing?" To which I answered, "No"; because that art seemed too base in comparison with what I had in my own mind. My good father, driven to despair by this fixed idea of mine, placed me in the workshop of Cavaliere Bandinello's father, who was called Michel Agnolo, a goldsmith from Pinzi di Monte, and a master excellent in that craft. He had no distinction of birth whatever, but was the son of a charcoal seller. This is no blame to Bandinello, who has founded the honor of the family — if only he had done so honestly! However that may be, I have no cause now to talk about him. After I had stayed there some days, my father took me away from Michel Agnolo, finding himself unable to live without having me always under his eyes. Accordingly, much to my discontent, I remained at music till I reached the age of fifteen. If I were to describe all the wonderful things that happened to me up to that time, and all the great dangers to my own life which I ran, I should astound my readers; but, in order to avoid prolixity, and having very much to relate, I will omit these incidents.

When I reached the age of fifteen, I put myself, against my father's will, to the goldsmith's trade with a man called Antonio, son of Sandro, known commonly as Marcone the goldsmith. He was a most excellent craftsman and a very good fellow to boot, high-spirited and frank in all his ways. My father would not let him give me wages like the other apprentices; for having taken up the study of this art to please myself, he wished me to indulge my whim for drawing to the full. I did so willingly enough; and that honest master of mine took marvelous delight in my performances. He had an only son, a bastard, to whom he often gave his orders, in order to spare me. My liking for the art was so great, or, I may truly say, my natural bias, both one and the other, that in a few months I caught up the good, nay, the best young craftsmen in our business, and began to reap the fruits of my labors. I

did not, however, neglect to gratify my good father from time to time by playing on the flute or cornet. Each time he heard me, I used to make his tears fall accompanied with deep-drawn sighs of satisfaction. My filial piety often made me give him that contentment, and induced me to pretend that I enjoyed the music too.

[His younger brother, a fierce-tempered lad, is nearly killed in a duel in which his adversary's kinsfolk take part; Benvenuto rescues him from death, and with him and the other party is banished by the Eight.]

The Cardinal de' Medici, who afterwards became Pope Clement VII., had us recalled to Florence at the entreaty of my father. A certain pupil of my father's, moved by his own bad nature, suggested to the Cardinal that he ought to send me to Bologna, in order to learn to play well from a great master there. The name of this master was Antonio, and he was in truth a worthy man in the musician's art. The Cardinal said to my father that, if he sent me there, he would give me letters of recommendation and support. My father, dying with joy at such an opportunity, sent me off; and I being eager to see the world, went with good grace.

When I reached Bologna, I put myself under a certain Maestro Ercole del Piffero, and began to earn something by my trade. In the mean time I used to go every day to take my music lesson, and in a few weeks made considerable progress in that accursed art. However, I made still greater in my trade of goldsmith; for the Cardinal having given me no assistance, I went to live with a Bolognese illuminator who was called Scipione Cavalletti (his house was in the street of our Lady del Baraccan); and while there I devoted myself to drawing and working for one Graziadio, a Jew, with whom I earned considerably.

At the end of six months I returned to Florence, where that fellow Pierino, who had been my father's pupil, was greatly mortified by my return. To please my father, I went to his house and played the cornet and the flute with one of his brothers, who was named Girolamo, several years younger than the said Piero, a very worthy young man, and quite the contrary of his brother. On one of those days my father came to Piero's house to hear us play, and in ecstasy at my performance exclaimed: "I shall yet make you a marvelous musician against the will of all or any one who may desire to prevent

me." To this Piero answered and spoke the truth: "Your Benvenuto will get much more honor and profit if he devotes himself to the goldsmith's trade than to this piping." These words made my father so angry, seeing that I too had the same opinion as Piero, that he flew into a rage and cried out at him: "Well did I know that it was you, *you*, who put obstacles in the way of my cherished wish; you are the man who had me ousted from my place at the palace, paying me back with that black ingratitude which is the usual recompense of great benefits. I got you promoted, and you have got me cashiered; I taught you to play with all the little art you have, and you are preventing my son from obeying me; but bear in mind these words of prophecy: not years or months, I say, but only a few weeks will pass before this dirty ingratitude of yours shall plunge you into ruin." To these words answered Pierino and said: "Maestro Giovanni, the majority of men, when they grow old, go mad at the same time; and this has happened to you. I am not astonished at it, because most liberally have you squandered all your property, without reflecting that your children had need of it. I mind to do just the opposite, and to leave my children so much that they shall be able to succor yours."

To this my father answered: "No bad tree ever bore good fruit; quite the contrary; and I tell you further that you are bad, and that your children will be mad and paupers, and will cringe for alms to my virtuous and wealthy sons." Thereupon we left the house, muttering words of anger on both sides. I had taken my father's part; and when we stepped into the street together, I told him I was quite ready to take vengeance for the insults heaped on him by that scoundrel, provided you permit me to give myself up to the art of design. He answered: "My dear son, I too in my time was a good draughtsman; but for recreation, after such stupendous labors, and for the love of me who am your father, who begat you and brought you up and implanted so many honorable talents in you, for the sake of recreation, I say, will not you promise sometimes to take in hand your flute and that seductive cornet, and to play upon them to your heart's content, inviting the delight of music?" I promised I would do so, and very willingly for his love's sake. Then my good father said that such excellent parts as I possessed would be the greatest vengeance I could take for the insults of his enemies.

Not a whole month had been completed after this scene before

the man Pierino happened to be building a vault in a house of his, which he had in the Via dello Studio ; and being one day in a ground-floor room above the vault which he was making, together with much company around him, he fell to talking about his old master, my father. While repeating the words which he had said to him concerning his ruin, no sooner had they escaped his lips than the floor where he was standing (either because the vault had been badly built, or rather through the sheer mightiness of God, who does not always pay on Saturday) suddenly gave way. Some of the stones and bricks of the vault, which fell with him, broke both his legs. The friends who were with him, remaining on the border of the broken vault, took no harm, but were astounded and full of wonder, especially because of the prophecy which he had just contemptuously repeated to them. When my father heard of this, he took his sword, and went to see the man. There, in the presence of his father, who was called Niccolao da Volterra, a trumpeter of the Signory, he said : " O Piero, my dear pupil, I am sorely grieved at your mischance ; but if you remember it was only a short time ago that I warned you of it ; and as much as I then said will come to happen between your children and mine." Shortly afterwards, the ungrateful Piero died of that illness. He left a wife of bad character and one son, who after the lapse of some years came to me to beg for alms in Rome. I gave him something, as well because it is my nature to be charitable, as also because I recalled with tears the happy state which Pierino held when my father spake those words of prophecy, namely, that Pierino's children should live to crave succor from his own virtuous sons. Of this perhaps enough is now said ; but let none ever laugh at the prognostications of any worthy man whom he has wrongfully insulted ; because it is not he who speaks, nay, but the very voice of God through him.

All this while I worked as a goldsmith, and was able to assist my good father. His other son, my brother Cecchino, had, as I said before, been instructed in the rudiments of Latin letters. It was our father's wish to make me, the elder, a great musician and composer, and him, the younger, a great and learned jurist. He could not, however, put force upon the inclinations of our nature, which directed me to the arts of design, and my brother, who had a fine and graceful person, to the profession of arms. Cecchino, being still quite a lad, was returning from



his first lesson in the school of the stupendous Giovannino de' Medici. On the day when he reached home, I happened to be absent; and he, being in want of proper clothes, sought out our sisters, who, unknown to my father, gave him a cloak and doublet of mine, both new and of good quality. I ought to say that, beside the aid I gave my father and my excellent and honest sisters, I had bought those handsome clothes out of my own savings. When I found I had been cheated, and my clothes taken from me, and my brother from whom I should have recovered them was gone, I asked my father why he suffered so great a wrong to be done me, seeing that I was always ready to assist him. He replied that I was his good son, but that the other, whom he thought to have lost, had been found again; also that it was a duty, nay, a precept from God Himself, that he who hath should give to him who hath not; and that for his sake I ought to bear this injustice, for God would increase me in all good things. I, like a youth without experience, retorted on my poor afflicted parent; and taking the miserable remnants of my clothes and money, went toward a gate of the city. As I did not know which gate would start me on the road to Rome, I arrived at Lucca, and from Lucca reached Pisa.

When I came to Pisa (I was about sixteen years of age at the time), I stopped near the middle bridge, by what is called the Fish-stone, at the shop of a goldsmith, and began attentively to watch what the master was about. He asked me who I was, and what was my profession. I told him that I worked a little in the same trade as his own. This worthy man bade me come into his shop, and at once gave me work to do, and spoke as follows: "Your good appearance makes me believe you are a decent honest youth." Then he told me out gold, silver, and gems; and when the first day's work was finished, he took me in the evening to his house, where he dwelt respectably with his handsome wife and children. Thinking of the grief which my good father might be feeling for me, I wrote him that I was sojourning with a very excellent and honest man, called Maestro Ulivieri della Chiostra, and was working with him at many things of beauty and importance. I bade him be of good cheer, for that I was bent on learning, and hoped by my acquirements to bring him back both profit and honor before long. My good father answered the letter at once in words like these: "My son, the love I bear you is so great, that if it were not for the

honor of our family, which above all things I regard, I should immediately have set off for you; for indeed it seems like being without the light of my eyes, when I do not see you daily, as I used to do. I will make it my business to complete the training of my household up to virtuous honesty; do you make it yours to acquire excellence in your art; and I only wish you to remember these four simple words, obey them, and never let them escape your memory:—

“In whatever house you be,  
Steal not, and live honestly.”

This letter fell into the hands of my master Ulivieri, and he read it unknown to me. Afterwards he avowed that he had read it, and added: “So then, my Benvenuto, your good looks did not deceive me, as a letter from your father which has come into my hands gives me assurance, which proves him to be a man of notable honesty and worth. Consider yourself then to be at home here, and as though in your own father’s house.”

While I stayed at Pisa, I went to see the Campo Santo, and there I found many beautiful fragments of antiquity, that is to say, marble sarcophagi. In other parts of Pisa also I saw many antique objects, which I diligently studied whenever I had days or hours free from the labor of the workshop. My master, who took pleasure in coming to visit me in the little room which he had allotted me, observing that I spent all my time in studious occupations, began to love me like a father. I made great progress in the one year that I stayed there, and completed several fine and valuable things in gold and silver, which inspired me with a resolute ambition to advance in my art.

My father, in the mean while, kept writing piteous entreaties that I should return to him, and in every letter bade me not to lose the music he had taught me with such trouble. On this, I suddenly gave up all wish to go back to him, so much did I hate that accursed music; and I felt as though of a truth I were in paradise the whole year I stayed at Pisa, where I never played the flute.

At the end of the year my master Ulivieri had occasion to go to Florence, in order to sell certain gold and silver sweepings which he had; and inasmuch as the bad air of Pisa had given me a touch of fever, I went with the fever hanging still

about me, in my master's company, back to Florence. There my father received him most affectionately, and lovingly prayed him, unknown by me, not to insist on taking me again to Pisa. I was ill about two months, during which time my father had me most kindly treated and cured, always repeating that it seemed to him a thousand years till I got well again, in order that he might hear me play a little. But when he talked to me of music, with his fingers on my pulse, seeing he had some acquaintance with medicine and Latin learning, he felt it change so much if he approached that topic, that he was often dismayed and left my side in tears. When I perceived how greatly he was disappointed, I bade one of my sisters bring me a flute; for though the fever never left me, that instrument is so easy that it did not hurt me to play upon it; and I used it with such dexterity of hand and tongue that my father, coming suddenly upon me, blessed me a thousand times, exclaiming that while I was away from him I had made great progress, as he thought; and he begged me to go forwards, and not to sacrifice so fine an accomplishment.

When I had recovered my health, I returned to my old friend Marcone, the worthy goldsmith, who put me in the way of earning money, with which I helped my father and our household. About that time there came to Florence a sculptor named Piero Torrigiani; he arrived from England, where he had resided many years; and being intimate with my master, he daily visited his house; and when he saw my drawings and the things which I was making, he said: "I have come to Florence to enlist as many young men as I can; for I have undertaken to execute a great work for my king, and want some of my own Florentines to help me. Now your method of working and your designs are worthy rather of a sculptor than a goldsmith; and since I have to turn out a great piece of bronze, I will at the same time turn you into a rich and able artist." This man had a splendid person and a most arrogant spirit, with the air of a great soldier more than of a sculptor, especially in regard to his vehement gestures and his resonant voice, together with a habit he had of knitting his brows, enough to frighten any man of courage. He kept talking every day about his gallant feats among those beasts of Englishmen.

In course of conversation he happened to mention Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, led thereto by a drawing I had made from

a cartoon of that divinest painter. This cartoon was the first masterpiece which Michel Agnolo exhibited, in proof of his stupendous talents. He produced it in competition with another painter, Lionardo da Vinci, who also made a cartoon; and both were intended for the council hall in the palace of the Signory. They represented the taking of Pisa by the Florentines; and our admirable Lionardo had chosen to depict a battle of horses, with the capture of some standards, in as divine a style as could possibly be imagined. Michel Agnolo in his cartoon portrayed a number of foot soldiers, who, the season being summer, had gone to bathe in Arno. He drew them at the very moment the alarm is sounded, and the men all naked run to arms,—so splendid in their action that nothing survives of ancient or of modern art which touches the same lofty point of excellence; and as I have already said, the design of the great Lionardo was itself most admirably beautiful. These two cartoons stood, one in the palace of the Medici, the other in the hall of the Pope. So long as they remained intact, they were the school of the world. Though the divine Michel Agnolo in later life finished that great chapel of Pope Julius, he never rose halfway to the same pitch of power; his genius never afterwards attained to the force of those first studies.

Now let us return to Piero Torrigiani, who, with my drawing in his hand, spoke as follows: "This Buonarroti and I used, when we were boys, to go into the Church of the Carmine, to learn drawing from the chapel of Masaccio. It was Buonarroti's habit to banter all who were drawing there; and one day, among others, when he was annoying me, I got more angry than usual, and clenching my fist, gave him such a blow on the nose, that I felt bone and cartilage go down like biscuit beneath my knuckles; and this mark of mine he will carry with him to the grave." These words begat in me such hatred of the man, since I was always gazing at the masterpieces of the divine Michel Agnolo, that although I felt a wish to go with him to England, I now could never bear the sight of him.

All the while I was at Florence, I studied the noble manner of Michel Agnolo, and from this I have never deviated. About that time I contracted a close and familiar friendship with an amiable lad of my own age, who was also in the goldsmith's trade. He was called Francesco, son of Filippo, and grandson of Fra Lippo Lippi, that most excellent painter. Through intercourse together, such love grew up between us that, day or

night, we never stayed apart. The house where he lived was still full of the fine studies which his father had made, bound up in several books of drawings by his hand, and taken from the best antiquities of Rome. The sight of these things filled me with passionate enthusiasm; and for two years or thereabouts we lived in intimacy. At that time I fashioned a silver bas-relief of the size of a little child's hand. It was intended for the clasp to a man's belt; for they were then worn as large as that. I carved on it a knot of leaves in the antique style, with figures of children and other masks of great beauty. This piece I made in the workshop of one Francesco Salimbene; and on its being exhibited to the trade, the goldsmiths praised me as the best young craftsman of their art.

There was one Giovan Battista, surnamed Il Tasso, a wood carver, precisely of my own age, who one day said to me that if I was willing to go to Rome, he should be glad to join me. Now we had this conversation together immediately after dinner; and I being angry with my father for the same old reason of the music, said to Tasso: "You are a fellow of words, not deeds." He answered: "I too have come to anger with my mother; and if I had cash enough to take me to Rome, I would not turn back to lock the door of that wretched little workshop I call mine." To these words I replied that if that was all that kept him in Florence I had money enough in my pockets to bring us both to Rome. Talking thus and walking onwards, we found ourselves at the gate San Piero Gattolini without noticing that we had got there; whereupon I said: "Friend Tasso, this is God's doing that we have reached this gate without either you or me noticing that we were there; and now that I am here, it seems to me that I have finished half the journey." And so, being of one accord, we pursued our way together, saying, "Oh, what will our old folks say this evening?" We then made an agreement not to think more about them till we reached Rome. So we tied our aprons behind our backs, and trudged almost in silence to Siena. When we arrived at Siena, Tasso said (for he had hurt his feet) that he would not go farther, and asked me to lend him money to get back. I made answer: "I should not have enough left to go forward; you ought indeed to have thought of this on leaving Florence; and if it is because of your feet that you shirk the journey, we will find a return horse for Rome, which will deprive you of the excuse." Accordingly I hired a horse; and

seeing that he did not answer, I took my way toward the gate of Rome. When he knew that I was firmly resolved to go, muttering between his teeth, and limping as well as he could, he came on behind me very slowly and at a great distance. On reaching the gate, I felt pity for my comrade, and waited for him, and took him on the crupper, saying: "What would our friends speak of us to-morrow, if, having left for Rome, we had not pluck to get beyond Siena?" Then the good Tasso said I spoke the truth; and as he was a pleasant fellow, he began to laugh and sing; and in this way, always singing and laughing, we traveled the whole way to Rome. I had just nineteen years then, and so had the century.

When we reached Rome, I put myself under a master who was known as Il Firenzuola. His name was Giovanni, and he came from Firenzuola in Lombardy,—a most able craftsman in large vases and big plate of that kind. I showed him part of the model for the clasp which I had made in Florence at Salimbene's. It pleased him exceedingly; and turning to one of his journeymen, a Florentine called Giannotto Giannotti, who had been several years with him, he spoke as follows: "This fellow is one of the Florentines who know something, and you are one of those who know nothing." Then I recognized the man, and turned to speak with him; for before he went to Rome, we often went to draw together, and had been very intimate comrades. He was so put out by the words his master flung at him, that he said he did not recognize me or know who I was; whereupon I got angry, and cried out: "O Giannotto, you who were once my friend—for have we not been together in such and such places, and drawn, and ate, and drunk, and slept in company at your house in the country? I don't want you to bear witness on my behalf to this worthy man, your master, because I hope my hands are such that without aid from you they will declare what sort of a fellow I am."

When I had thus spoken, Firenzuola, who was a man of hot spirit and brave, turned to Giannotto, and said to him: "You vile rascal, aren't you ashamed to treat a man who has been so intimate a comrade with you in this way?" And with the same movement of quick feeling, he faced round and said to me: "Welcome to my workshop; and do as you have promised; let your hands declare what man you are."

He gave me a very fine piece of silver plate to work on for a cardinal. It was a little oblong box, copied from the por-

phyry sarcophagus before the door of the Rotonda. Besides what I copied, I enriched it with so many elegant masks of my invention, that my master went about showing it through the art, and boasting that so good a piece of work had been turned out from his shop. It was about half a cubit in size, and was so constructed as to serve for a saltcellar at table. This was the first earning that I touched at Rome, and part of it I sent to assist my good father; the rest I kept for my own use, living upon it while I went about studying the antiquities of Rome, until my money failed, and I had to return to the shop for work. Battista del Tasso, my comrade, did not stay long in Rome, but went back to Florence.

After undertaking some new commissions, I took it into my head, as soon as I had finished them, to change my master; I had indeed been worried into doing so by a certain Milanese, called Pagolo Arsago. My first master, Firenzuola, had a great quarrel about this with Arsago, and abused him in my presence, whereupon I took up speech in defense of my new master. I said that I was born free, and free I meant to live, and that there was no reason to complain of him, far less of me, since some few crowns of wages were still due to me; also that I chose to go, like a free journeyman, where it pleased me, knowing I did wrong to no man. My new master then put in with his excuses, saying that he had not asked me to come, and that I should gratify him by returning with Firenzuola. To this I replied that I was not aware of wronging the latter in any way, and as I had completed his commissions, I chose to be my own master and not the man of others, and that he who wanted me must beg me of myself. Firenzuola cried: "I don't intend to beg you of yourself; I have done with you; don't show yourself again upon my premises." I reminded him of the money he owed me. He laughed me in the face; on which I said that if I knew how to use my tools in handicraft as well as he had seen, I could be quite as clever with my sword in claiming the just payment of my labor. While we were exchanging these words, an old man happened to come up, called Maestro Antonio, of San Marino. He was the chief among the Roman goldsmiths, and had been Firenzuola's master. Hearing what I had to say, which I took good care that he should understand, he immediately espoused my cause, and bade Firenzuola pay me. The dispute waxed warm, because Firenzuola was an admirable swordsman, far better than he was a goldsmith.

Yet reason made itself heard; and I backed my cause with the same spirit, till I got myself paid. In course of time Firenzuola and I became friends, and at his request I stood godfather to one of his children.

I went on working with Pagolo Arsago, and earned a good deal of money, the greater part of which I always sent to my good father. At the end of two years, upon my father's entreaty, I returned to Florence, and put myself once more under Francesco Salimbene, with whom I earned a great deal, and took continual pains to improve in my art. I renewed my intimacy with Francesco di Filippo; and though I was too much given to pleasure, owing to that accursed music, I never neglected to devote some hours of the day or night to study. At that time I fashioned a silver heart's key (*chiavaquore*), as it was then called. This was a girdle three inches broad, which used to be made for brides, and was executed in half-relief with some small figures in the round. It was a commission from a man called Raffaello Lapaccini. I was very badly paid; but the honor which it brought me was worth far more than the gain I might have justly made by it. Having at this time worked with many different persons in Florence, I had come to know some worthy men among the goldsmiths, as, for instance, Marcone, my first master; but I also met with others reputed honest, who did all they could to ruin me, and robbed me grossly. When I perceived this, I left their company, and held them for thieves and blackguards. One of the goldsmiths, called Giovanbattista Sogliani, kindly accommodated me with part of his shop, which stood at the side of the New Market near the Landi's bank. There I finished several pretty pieces, and made good gains, and was able to give my family much help. This roused the jealousy of the bad men among my former masters, who were called Salvatore and Michele Guasconti. In the guild of the goldsmiths they had three big shops, and drove a thriving trade. On becoming aware of their evil will against me, I complained to certain worthy fellows, and remarked that they ought to have been satisfied with the thieveries they practiced on me under the cloak of hypocritical kindness. This coming to their ears, they threatened to make me sorely repent of such words; but I, who knew not what the color of fear was, paid them little or no heed.

It chanced one day that I was leaning against a shop of one



of these men, who called out to me, and began partly reproaching, partly bullying. I answered that had they done their duty by me, I should have spoken of them what one speaks of good and worthy men: but as they had done the contrary, they ought to complain of themselves and not of me. While I was standing there and talking, one of them, named Gherardo Guasconti, their cousin, having perhaps been put up to it by them, lay in wait till a beast of burden went by. It was a load of bricks. When the load reached me, Gherardo pushed it so violently on my body that I was very much hurt. Turning suddenly round and seeing him laughing, I struck him such a blow on the temple that he fell down, stunned, like one dead. Then I faced round to his cousins, and said: "That's the way to treat cowardly thieves of your sort;" and when they wanted to make a move upon me, trusting to their numbers, I, whose blood was now well up, laid hands to a little knife I had, and cried: "If one of you comes out of the shop, let the other run for the confessor, because the doctor will have nothing to do here." These words so frightened them that not one stirred to help their cousin. As soon as I had gone, the fathers and sons ran to the Eight, and declared that I had assaulted them in their shops with sword in hand, a thing which had never yet been seen in Florence. The magistrates had me summoned. I appeared before them; and they began to upbraid and cry out upon me — partly, I think, because they saw me in my cloak, while the others were dressed like citizens in mantle and hood; but also because my adversaries had been to the houses of those magistrates, and had talked with all of them in private, while I, inexperienced in such matters, had not spoken to any of them, trusting in the goodness of my cause. I said that, having received such outrage and insult from Gherardo, and in my fury having only given him a box on the ear, I did not think I deserved such a vehement reprimand. I had hardly time to finish the word "box," before Prinzivalle della Stufa, who was one of the Eight, interrupted me by saying: "You gave him a blow, and not a box, on the ear." The bell was rung and we were all ordered out, when Prinzivalle spoke thus in my defense to his brother judges: "Mark, sirs, the simplicity of this poor young man, who has accused himself of having given a box on the ear, under the impression that this is of less importance than a blow; whereas a box on the ear in the New Market carries a fine of

twenty-five crowns, while a blow costs little or nothing. He is a young man of admirable talents, and supports his poor family by his labor in great abundance; I would to God that our city had plenty of this sort, instead of the present dearth of them."

Among the magistrates were some Radical fellows with turned-up hoods, who had been influenced by the entreaties and the calumnies of my opponents, because they all belonged to the party of Fra Girolamo; and these men would have had me sent to prison and punished without too close a reckoning. But the good Prinzivalle put a stop to that. So they sentenced me to pay four measures of flour, which were to be given as alms to the nunnery of the Murate. I was called in again; and he ordered me not to speak a word under pain of their displeasure, and to perform the sentence they had passed. Then, after giving me another sharp rebuke, they sent us to the chancellor, I muttering all the while, "It was a slap and not a blow," with which we left the Eight bursting with laughter. The chancellor bound us over upon bail on both sides; but only I was punished by having to pay the four measures of meal. Albeit just then I felt as though I had been massacred, I sent for one of my cousins, called Maestro Annibale, the surgeon, father of Messer Libroдоро Libroдori, desiring that he should go bail for me. He refused to come, which made me so angry, that, fuming with fury and swelling like an asp, I took a desperate resolve.

At this point one may observe how the stars do not so much sway as force our conduct. When I reflected on the great obligations which this Annibale owed my family, my rage grew to such a pitch that, turning wholly to evil, and being also by nature somewhat choleric, I waited till the magistrates had gone to dinner; and when I was alone, and observed that none of their officers were watching me, in the fire of my anger, I left the palace, ran to my shop, seized a dagger, and rushed to the house of my enemies, who were at home and shop together. I found them at table; and Gherardo, who had been the cause of the quarrel, flung himself upon me. I stabbed him in the breast, piercing doublet and jerkin through and through to the shirt, without however grazing his flesh or doing him the least harm in the world. When I felt my hand go in, and heard the clothes tear, I thought that I had killed him; and seeing him fall terror-struck to earth, I cried: "Traitors, this day is the

day on which I mean to murder you all." Father, mother, and sisters, thinking the last day had come, threw themselves upon their knees, screaming out for mercy with all their might; but I perceiving that they offered no resistance, and that he was stretched for dead upon the ground, thought it too base a thing to touch them. I ran storming down the staircase; and when I reached the street, I found all the rest of the household, more than twelve persons, one of them had seized an iron shovel, another a thick iron pipe, one had an anvil, some of them hammers, and some cudgels. When I got among them, raging like a mad bull, I flung four or five to the earth, and fell down with them myself, continually aiming my dagger now at one and now at another. Those who remained upright plied both hands with all their force, giving it me with hammers, cudgels, and anvil; but inasmuch as God does sometimes mercifully intervene, He so ordered that neither they nor I did any harm to one another. I only lost my cap, on which my adversaries seized, though they had run away from it before, and struck at it with all their weapons. Afterwards, they searched among their dead and wounded, and saw that not a single man was injured.

I went off in the direction of Santa Maria Novella, and stumbling up against Fra Alessio Strozzi, whom by the way I did not know, I entreated this good friar for the love of God to save my life, since I had committed a great fault. He told me to have no fear; for had I done every sin in the world, I was yet in perfect safety in his little cell.

After about an hour, the Eight, in an extraordinary meeting, caused one of the most dreadful bans which ever were heard of to be published against me, announcing heavy penalties against who should harbor me or know where I was, without regard to place or to the quality of my protector. My poor afflicted father went to the Eight, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for mercy for his unfortunate young son. Thereupon one of those Radical fellows, shaking the crest of his twisted hood, stood up and addressed my father with these insulting words: "Get up from there, and begone at once, for to-morrow we shall send your son into the country with the lances." My poor father had still the spirit to answer: "What God shall have ordained, that will you do, and not a jot or tittle more." Whereto the same man replied that for certain God had ordained as he had spoken. My father said: "The thought

consoles me that you do not know for certain ;” and quitting their presence, he came to visit me, together with a young man of my own age, called Piero di Giovanni Landi — we loved one another as though we had been brothers.

Under his mantle the lad carried a first-rate sword and a splendid coat of mail ; and when they found me, my brave father told me what had happened, and what the magistrates had said to him. Then he kissed me on the forehead and both eyes, and gave me his hearty blessing, saying : “ May the power and goodness of God be your protection ;” and reaching me the sword and armor, he helped me with his own hands to put them on. Afterwards he added : “ Oh, my good son, with these arms in thy hand thou shalt either live or die.” Pier Landi, who was present, kept shedding tears ; and when he had given me ten golden crowns, I bade him remove a few hairs from my chin, which were the first down of my manhood. Frate Alessio disguised me like a friar and gave me a lay brother to go with me. Quitting the convent, and issuing from the city by the gate of Prato, I went along the walls as far as the Piazza di San Gallo. Then I ascended the slope of Montui, and in one of the first houses there I found a man called Il Grassuccio, own brother to Messer Benedetto da Monte Varchi. I flung off my monk’s clothes, and became once more a man. Then we mounted two horses, which were waiting there for us, and went by night to Siena. Grassuccio returned to Florence, sought out my father, and gave him the news of my safe escape. In the excess of his joy, it seemed a thousand years to my father till he should meet that member of the Eight who had insulted him ; and when he came across the man, he said : “ See you, Antonio, that it was God who knew what had to happen to my son, and not yourself ?” To which the fellow answered : “ Only let him get another time into our clutches !” And my father : “ I shall spend my time in thanking God that He has rescued him from that fate.”

## HOW TO AND HOW NOT TO EDUCATE A PRINCE.

BY RABELAIS.

[FRANCOIS RABELAIS, French satirist and humanist, was born at Chinon, 1483 or 1495. He was a Benedictine monk, left the order in a quarrel, became a physician, and finally rector of Meudon. He was a disinterested and charitable man, and a zealous teacher, and his house was the resort of the learned. He died at Paris, 1553 or 1559. His one remembered work is the *extravaganza*, "The Lives, Heroic Deeds, and Sayings of Gargantua and Pantagruel," in which deep thoughts and ideas of enlarged common sense are imbedded in masses of fantastic romance, horse-play, and other matter.]

GARGANTUA with all his heart submitted his study to the discretion of Ponocrates ; who first of all appointed that he should do as he was accustomed, to the end it might be understood by what means, in so long time, his old masters had made him such a sot and puppy. He disposed, therefore, of his time in such fashion that ordinarily he did awake betwixt eight or nine o'clock, whether it was day or night (for so had his ancient governors ordained), alleging that which David saith: *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere*. Then did he tumble and toss, wag his legs, and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up and rouse his vital spirits, and appareled himself according to the season ; but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, furred with fox-skins. Afterward he combed his head with a comb *de al-main*, which is the four fingers and the thumb, for his preceptors had said that to comb himself otherwise, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then he . . . to fortify against the fog and bad air, went to breakfast, having some good fried tripes, fair rashers on the coals, good gammons of bacon, store of good minced meat, and a great deal of sippet-brewis, made up of the fat of the beef-pot, laid upon bread, cheese, and chopped parsley strewed together.

Ponocrates shewed him that he ought not to eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered : "What ! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself ? I have wallowed and rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed, before I rose ; is not that enough ? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a *Jew*, his physician, and lived till his dying day in despite of his enemies. My first masters have used me to it, saying, that to eat breakfast made a good memory ; and therefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Master

Tubal (who was the first licentiate at Paris) told me that it was not enough to run apace, but to set forth betimes. So the total welfare of our humidity doth not depend upon drinking, switter-swatter like ducks, but in being at it early in the morning; *Unde versus*,

“*Lever matin n'est point bonheur,  
Boire matin est le meilleur.*”

To rise betimes is good for nothing,  
To drink betimes is meat and cloathing.

After a good breakfast he went to church, and they carried to him in a great basket a huge breviary, weighing, what in grease, clasps, parchment, and cover, little more or less than eleven hundred and six pounds: There he heard six and twenty or thirty masses: This while, to the same place, came his matins-mumbler, muffled up about the chin, round as a hoop, and his breath pretty well antidoted with the vine-tree sirup: with him he mumbled all his *kiriels*, which he so curiously thumbed and fingered, that there fell not so much as one bead of them to the ground.

As he went from the church they brought him, upon a dray drawn with oxen, a confused heap of *patenotres* of Saint Claude, every one of the bigness of a hat-block; and sauntering along through the cloisters, galleries, or garden, he riddled over more of them than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study some paultry half-hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but (as the comedy has it) *his mind was in the kitchen*. Then he sat down at table: and because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of gammons, dried neats' tongues, botargos, sausages, and such other forerunners of wine; in the meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by the whole shovels full. Immediately after that, he drank a horrible draught of white wine for the comfort of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate according to the season, meat agreeable to his appetite; and then left off eating when his belly was like to crack for fullness. As for his drinking, he had in that neither end nor rule; for he was wont to say that the limits and bounds of drinking were, that a man might drink till the cork of his shoes swells up half a foot high.

Then with a starched phiz mumbling over some scraps of a scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his

teeth with the foot of a hog, and talked merrily with the people; then the carpet being spread, they brought plenty of cards, many dice, with great store and abundance of checkers and chessboards.

There he played,

[Above two hundred fantastic inventions of names for sports.]

After he had thus well played, shuffled, clogged, and thrown away his time, it was thought fit to drink a little, and that was every man eleven bumpers; and afterwards make much of himself, and stretch upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep for two or three hours together, without thinking or speaking any hurt: After he was awakened, he would shake his ears a little, and then they brought him fresh wine, and he drank better than ever. Ponocrates shewed him that it was an ill diet to drink after sleeping. "It is," answered Gargantua, "the very life of the Patriarchs and holy Fathers. For naturally I sleep: Salt and sleep to me is so many gammons."

Then began he to study a little, and out came the *patenotres*; which the more formally to dispatch, he got upon an old mule, which had served nine kings; and so mumbling with his mouth, nodding and doddling his head, would go and see a coney ferreted or caught in a grinne. At his return he went into the kitchen to know what roast meat was on the spit, and supped very well, upon my conscience; and commonly did invite some of his neighbors that were good drinkers, with whom, carousing merrily, they told stories of all sorts, from the old to the new. Among others, he had for domestics the Lord of Fouille, of Grouville, of Griviot, and of Marigny. After supper, were brought into the room the fair wooden gospels and the books of the four kings; that is to say, the tables and cards, with a deal of *cock-alls*, *mumblety-pegs*, and *wheels* of fortune; or else they went to see the wenches thereabouts with their wakes, their junketings, and little collations; then to sleep without control till eight o'clock the next morning.

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another guise way; but for a while bore with him, considering *that Nature cannot endure a sudden change without great violence*. Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Master Theodore, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course; the said

physician purged him canonically with Anticyrian hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all that foulness and perverse habit of his brain. By this means, also, Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors, as Timotheus did to his scholars who had been instructed under other musicians: to do this the better, they brought him into the company of learned men, which stirred in him an emulation and desire to whet his wit and improve his parts, and to bend his study another way; so as that the world might have a value for him. And afterwards he put himself into such a road that he lost not any one hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge.

Gargantua awaked about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronounciation fit for the matter; and hereunto was appointed a young page, born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God, whose word did shew his majesty and marvelous judgment. Then went he unto the secret places; there his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. In returning, they considered the face of the sky, if it were such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done he was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before; he himself said them by heart, and upon them would ground some practical cases concerning the estate of man, which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours he had a lecture read unto him: this done, they went forth, still conferring on the substance of the lecture, either unto a field near the University called the Brack, or unto the meadows, where they played at the ball, tennis, and at the pelitrigone, most gallantly exercising their bodies, as before they had done their minds: all their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased, and that was commonly when they did sweat all over their body, or were otherwise weary. Then were they well wiped and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready.



Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently pronounce some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime, Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal, there was read some pleasant history of the warlike actions of former times, until he had taken a glass of wine. Then (if they thought good) they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at the table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of fleshs, fishes, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing; by means whereof he learned, in a little time, all the passages competent for this, that were to be found in Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyry, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Elian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things many times, to be more certain they caused the very books to be brought to the table. And so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in those days there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning, and ending their repast with some conserve or marmalade of quinces, he picked his teeth with mastic toothpickers; washed his hands with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some neat hymn, made in the praise of the divine bounty and munificence.

This done they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science, and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice; so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practical part thereof, that Tunstal, the Englishman, who had written very largely to that purpose, confessed that verily, in comparison of him, he understood no more High Dutch. And not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, and music. For, in waiting on the concoction, and attending the digestion of his food, they made a thousand pretty instruments and geometrical figures, and did in some measure practice the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme or ground at random, as it best pleased them; in matter of musical instruments he learned to play upon the lute, the virginals, the harp, the all-

man flute with nine holes, the viol, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, and digestion finished, he then betook himself to his principal study for three hours together or more, as well to repeat his morning lectures as to proceed in the book he had in hand, as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters.

This being done they went abroad, and with them a young gentleman of Tourain, named the Esquire Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his cloaths, he rode a Naples courser, a Dutch roussin, a Spanish jennet, a barded or trapped steed, then a light, fleet horse, unto whom he gave a hundred carieres, made him go the high saults, bounding in the air, free the ditch with a skip, leap over a stile or pale, turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance: for it is the greatest foolery in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilt, or in fight; a carpenter can do even as much: but it is a glorious and praiseworthy action, with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies: therefore with a sharp, stiff, strong, and well-steeled lance would he usually force up a door, pierce a harness, beat down a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a cuirassier saddle, with the mail coat and gauntlet; all this he did in complete armor from head to foot. As for the prancing flourishes and smacking poppisms, for the better cherishing of the horse commonly used in riding, none did them better than he. The great vaulter of Ferrara was but an ape compared to him. He was singularly skillful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another, without putting foot to ground, and these horses were called *desultories*; he could likewise, from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure, without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-ax, which he so dexterously wielded both in the nimble, strong, and smooth management of that weapon, and that in all the feats practiceable by it, that he passed knight of arms in the field, and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back-sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed or unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target.

Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge,

and the bustard. He played at the balloon, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot.

He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, nor at the hare's leap, nor yet at the *almanes*; "for," said Gymnast, "these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use;" but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, ramp and grapple after this fashion up against a window, of the full height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his belly, on his back, sideways, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river Seine without wetting it, and dragged along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then, with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulphs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in its course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the edge of the decks, set the compass in order, tackled the bow-lines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again; he climbed up trees like a cat, and leaped from one to the other like a squirrel; he did pull down the great boughs and branches like another Milo; then with two sharp, well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house, like a rat; then suddenly came down from the top to the bottom, with such an even composition of members that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practice the javelin, the boar-spear or partisan, and the halbert; he broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest crossbows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, and shot well, traversed, and planted the cannon, shot at but-marks, at the papgay from below upwards, from above downwards, then before him, sideways, and behind him, like the Parthians.

They tied a cable rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with

his hands to the very top : then upon the same track came down so sturdily and firm that they could not, on a plain meadow, have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole, fixed upon two trees ; there would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope, with so great swiftness that hardly could one overtake him with running ; and then to exercise his breast and lungs he would shout like all the devils in hell ; I heard him once call Eudemon, from St. Victor's gate to Monmertre ; Stentor had never such a voice at the siege of Troy.

Then, for the strengthening of his nerves or sinews, they made him two great sows of lead, each of them weighing eight thousand and seven hundred kintals, which they called *alteres* ; those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them without stirring three quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force.

He fought at barriers with the stoutest and most vigorous champions ; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet that he abandoned himself to the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old ; in whose imitation likewise he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him. The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, wiped, and refreshed with other cloaths, he returned fair and softly, and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrast, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page, called Rhizotomos, had charge ; together with little mattocks, pickaxes, grubbing hooks, cabbies, pruning knives, and other instruments requisite for gardening. Being come to their lodging whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which had been read, and then sat down at table.

Here remark, that his dinner was sober and thrifty, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach, but his supper was copious and large, for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him ; which, indeed, is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physie ; although a rabble of logger-headed physicians, nuzzelled in the brabbling shop of



Sophisters, counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner, as long as they thought good; the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After they had given thanks, he set himself to sing vocally, and play upon harmonious instruments, or otherwise passed his time at some pretty sports, made with cards or dice, or in practicing the feats of legerdemain, with cups and balls. There they stayed some nights in frolicking thus, and making themselves merry till it was time to go to bed; and on other nights they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travelers in strange and remote countries. When it was full night, before they retired themselves, they went unto the most open place of the house, to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, opposition, and conjunctions of both fixed stars and planets.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done, and understood, in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, in falling down before Him, and strengthening their faith towards Him, and glorifying Him for His boundless bounty; and giving thanks to Him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to His divine clemency for the future, which being done they went to bed, and betook themselves to their repose.

If it happened that the weather was anything cloudy, foul, and rainy, all the forenoon was employed as before specified, according to custom, with this difference only, that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air; but after dinner, instead of their wonted exercitations, they did abide within, and by way of *Apothérapie*, did recreate themselves in bottling of hay, and cleaving and sawing of wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn. Then they studied the art of painting or carving, or brought into use the antique (ancient) play of *Tables*, as Leonicus has written of it; and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. In playing, they examined the passages of ancient authors wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it. They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance; how the lapidaries did work, as also the goldsmiths, and cutters of precious stones: nor did they omit to visit the alchymists, money-coiners, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watch-

makers, looking-glass framers, printers, organists, dyers, and other such kind of artificers, and everywhere giving them somewhat to drink, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trade.

They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn commencements, the repetitions, the acclamations, the pleadings of the lawyers, and sermons of evangelical preachers.

He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters themselves at all weapons, and shewed them by experience that he knew as much in it as (yea, more than) they : and, instead of simpling, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, the grease and ointments of some foreign parts, as also how they did adulterate them. He went to see the jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quack-salvers ; and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summersaults, and smooth tongue, especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and will banter and lye as fast as a dog can trot.

Being returned home, they did eat at supper more soberly than at other times ; and meats more *desiccative and extenuating* ; to the end *that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected* ; and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise.

Thus was Gargantua governed, and kept on in this course of education from day to day, profiting, as you understand such a young man of his age and good sense, so kept to his exercise, may well do ; which, although at the beginning seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king, than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless, Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intension of the spirits, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day, to go out in the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly or Boulogne, or to Mont-rouge, or Charentonbridge, or to Vanves, or St. Clou, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised, sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs.

But, although that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit ; for, in the said meadows

they usually repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's "Agriculture," of Hesiod, and of Politian's "Husbandry," would set abroad some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into roundelays and songs in the French language. In their feasting, they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed, as Cato teacheth *de re rustica*, and Pliny; with an ivy cup would wash the wine in a bason full of water, then take it out again with a funnel as pure as ever. They made the water go from one glass to another, and contrived a thousand little *automatory* engines, that is to say, moving of themselves.



## THE LOST HATCHET.

BY RABELAIS.

THERE once lived a poor honest country fellow of Gravot, Tom Wellhung by name, a wood cleaver by trade, who in that low drudgery made shift so to pick up a sorry livelihood. It happened that he lost his hatchet. Now, tell me, who ever had more cause to be vexed than poor Tom? Alas, his whole estate and life depended on his hatchet; by his hatchet he earned many a fair penny of the best woodmongers or log merchants, among whom he went a jobbing; for want of his hatchet he was like to starve; and had Death but met him six days after without a hatchet, the grim fiend would have mowed him down in the twinkling of a bedstaff. In this sad case he began to be in a heavy taking, and called upon Jupiter with most eloquent prayers (for, you know, Necessity was the mother of Eloquence). With the whites of his eyes turned up towards heaven, down on his marrowbones, his arms reared high, his fingers stretched wide, and his head bare, the poor wretch without ceasing was roaring out by way of Litany at every repetition of his supplications, "My hatchet, Lord Jupiter, my hatchet, my hatchet, only my hatchet, O Jupiter, or money to buy another, and nothing else; alas, my poor hatchet!"

Jupiter happened then to be holding a grand council about certain urgent affairs, and old Gammer Cybele was just giving her opinion, or, if you had rather have it so, it was young Phœbus the Beau; but, in short, Tom's outcry and lamentations were so loud that they were heard with no small amaze-

ment at the council board by the whole consistory of the gods. "What a devil have we below," quoth Jupiter, "that howls so horridly? By the mud of Styx, haven't we had all along, and haven't we here still, enough to do to set to rights a world of puzzling business of consequence? . . . Let us, however, dispatch this howling fellow below: you, Mercury, go see who it is, and know what he wants." Mercury looked out at heaven's trapdoor, through which, as I am told, they hear what's said here below; by the way, one might well enough mistake it for the scuttle of a ship; though Icaromenippus said it was like the mouth of a well. The light-heeled deity saw it was honest Tom, who asked for his lost hatchet; and accordingly he made his report to the Synod. "Marry," said Jupiter, "we are finely holped up, as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost hatchets. Well, he must then have it for all this, for so 'tis written in the Book of Fate (do you hear?), as well as if it was worth the whole duchy of Milan. The truth is, the fellow's hatchet is as much to him as a kingdom to a king. Come, come, let no more words be scattered about it; let him have his hatchet again. Run down immediately, and cast at the poor fellow's feet three hatchets, --- his own, another of gold, and a third of massy silver, all of one size: then, having left it to his will to take his choice, if he take his own, and be satisfied with it, give him t'other two. If he take another, chop his head off with his own; and henceforth serve me all those losers of hatchets after that manner." Having said this, Jupiter, with an awkward turn of his head, like a jackanapes swallowing of pills, made so dreadful a phiz that all the vast Olympus quaked again. Heaven's foot messenger, thanks to his low-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat, and plume of feathers, heelpieces, and running stick with pigeon wings, flings himself out at heaven's wicket, through the empty deserts of the air, and in a trice nimbly alights on the earth, and throws at friend Tom's feet the three hatchets, saying to him, "Thou hast bawled long enough to be a-dry; thy prayers and requests are granted by Jupiter: see which of these three is thy hatchet, and take it away with thee."

Wellhung lifts up the golden hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy, then, staring at Mercury, cries, "Cods-zouks, this is none of mine; I won't ha' 't!" The same he did with the silver one, and said, "'Tis not this, either: you may e'en take them again." At last he takes up his own



hatchet, examines the end of the helve, and finds his mark there; then, ravished with joy, like a fox that meets some straggling poultry, and sneering from the top of his nose, he cried, "By the mass, this is my hatchet! Master god, if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge pot of milk, brimful, covered with fine strawberries, next Ides (*i.e.* the 15th) of March."

"Honest fellow," said Mercury, "I leave it thee; take it; and because thou hast wished and chosen moderately, in point of hatchet, by Jupiter's command I give thee these two others. Thou hast now wherewith to make thyself rich; be honest." Honest Tom gave Mercury a whole cart load of thanks, and revered the most great Jupiter. His old hatchet he fastens close to his leathern girdle, and girds it about his breech like Martin of Cambray; the two others, being more heavy, he lays on his shoulder. Thus he plods on, trudging over the fields, keeping a good countenance among his neighbors and fellow-parishioners with one merry saying or other after Patelin's way. The next day, having put on a clean white jacket, he takes on his back the two precious hatchets, and comes to Chinon, the famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea, the first city of the world, according to the judgment and assertion of the most learned Massoreths. In Chinon he turned his silver hatchet into fine testons, crown pieces, and other white cash; his golden hatchet into fine angels, curious ducats, substantial ridders, spankers, and rose nobles. Then with them he purchases a good number of farms, barns, houses, outhouses, thatch houses, stables, meadows, orchards, fields, vineyards, woods, arable lands, pastures, ponds, mills, gardens, nurseries, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, swine, hogs, asses, horses, hens, cocks, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, ducks, drakes, and a world of other necessities, and in a short time became the richest man in all the country. His brother bumpkins, and the yeomen and other country-puts thereabouts, perceiving his good fortune, were not a little amazed, insomuch that their former pity of poor Tom was soon changed into an envy of his so great and unexpected rise; and, as they could not for their souls devise how this came about, they made it their business to pry up and down, and lay their heads together, to inquire, seek, and inform themselves by what means, in what place, on what day, what hour, how, why, and wherefore, he had come by this great treasure.

At last, hearing it was by losing his hatchet, "Ha! ha!" said they, "was there no more to do but lose a hatchet, to make us rich?" With this they all fairly lost their hatchets out of hand. The devil a one that had a hatchet left; he was not his mother's son that did not lose his hatchet. No more was wood felled or cleared in that country, through want of hatchets. Nay, the *Æsopian* apologue even saith that certain petty country gents of the lower class, who had sold Wellhung their little mill and little field to have wherewithal to make a figure at the next muster, having been told that this treasure was come to him by that means only, sold the only badge of their gentility, their swords, to purchase hatchets to go to lose them, as the silly clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of chink by that loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual usurers, Rome-bound, selling their all, and borrowing of others to buy store of mandates, a pennyworth of a new-made pope.

Now they cried out and brayed, and prayed and bawled, and lamented and invoked Jupiter: "My hatchet! my hatchet! Jupiter, my hatchet!" on this side, "My hatchet!" on that side, "My hatchet! Ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my hatchet!" The air round about rang again with the cries and howlings of these rascally losers of hatchets.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them hatchets,—to each offering that which he had lost, as also another of gold and a third of silver.

Everywhere he still was for that of gold, giving thanks in abundance to the great giver, Jupiter; but, in the very nick of time that they bowed and stooped to take it from the ground, whip in a trice Mercury lopped off their heads, as Jupiter had commanded; and of heads thus cut off the number was just equal to that of the lost hatchets.

You see how it is now; you see how it goes with those who in the simplicity of their hearts wish and desire with moderation. Take warning by this, all you greedy, fresh-water shirks, who scorn to wish for anything under ten thousand pounds; and do not, for the future, run on impudently, as I have sometimes heard you wishing, "Would to God I had now one hundred and seventy-eight millions of gold! oh, how I should tickle it off!" The deuce on you, what more might a king, an emperor, or a pope wish for? For that reason, indeed,

you see that after you have made such hopeful wishes all the good that comes to you of it is the itch or scab, and not a cross in your breeches to scare the devil that tempts you to make these wishes; no more than those two mumpers, one of whom only wished to have in good old gold as much as hath been spent, bought, and sold in Paris, since its first foundations were laid, to this hour, all of it valued at the price, sale, and rate of the dearest year in all that space of time. Do you think the fellow was bashful? had he eaten sour plums unpeeled? were his teeth on edge, I pray you? The other wished Our Lady's church brimful of steel needles, from the floor to the top of the roof, and to have as many ducats as might be crammed into as many bags as might be sewed with each and every one of those needles, till they were all either broke at the point or eye. This is to wish with a vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by it, in your opinion? Why, at night both my gentlemen had kibed heels, a tetter in the chin, a church-yard cough in the lungs, a catarrh in the throat, a swingeing boil at the rump, and the devil of one musty crust of a brown George the poor dogs had to scour their grinders with. Wish, therefore, for mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to say, provided you bestir yourselves manfully and do your best in the mean time.

## ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.

BY RABELAIS.

THIS year there will be so many eclipses of the sun and moon that I fear (not unjustly) our pockets will suffer inanition, be full empty, and our feeling at a loss. Saturn will be retrograde, Venus direct, Mercury as unfixed as quicksilver. And a pack of planets won't go as you would have them.

For this reason the crabs will go sidelong, and the rope makers backward; the little stools will get upon the benches, and the spits on the racks, and the bands on the hats; fleas will be generally black; bacon will run away from peas in Lent; there won't be a bean left in a twelfth cake, nor an ace in a flush; the dice won't run as you wish, though you cog them, and the chance that you desire will seldom come; brutes shall speak in several places; Shrovetide will have its day; one

part of the world will disguise itself to gull and chouse the other, and run about the streets like a parcel of addle-pated animals and mad devils; such hurly-burly was never seen since the devil was a little boy; and there will be above seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year, if Priscian don't hold them in. If God don't help us, we shall have our hands and hearts full.

This year the stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but scurvily; the dumb shan't speak very plain; the rich shall be somewhat in a better case than the poor, and the healthy than the sick. Whole flocks, herds, and droves of sheep, swine, and oxen, cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, geese and ganders, shall go to pot; but the mortality will not be altogether so great among apes, monkeys, baboons, and dromedaries. As for old age, 'twill be incurable this year, because of the years past. Those who are sick of the pleurisy will feel a plaguy stitch in their sides; catarrhs this year shall distill from the brain on the lower parts; sore eyes will by no means help the sight; ears shall be at least as scarce and short in Gascony, and among knights of the post, as ever; and a most horrid and dreadful, virulent, malignant, catelting, perverse, and odious malady shall be almost epidemical, insomuch that many shall run mad upon it, not knowing what nails to drive to keep the wolf from the door, very often plotting, contriving, cudgeling, and puzzling their weak, shallow brains, and syllogizing and prying up and down for the philosopher's stone, though they only get Midas' lugs by the bargain. I quake for very fear when I think on't; for, I assure you, few will escape this disease, which Averroes calls lack of money; and by consequence of the last year's comet, and Saturn's retrogradation, there will be a horrid clutter between the cats and the rats, hounds and hares, hawks and ducks, and eke between the monks and the eggs.

I find by the calculations of Albumazar in his book of the great conjunction, and elsewhere, that this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those who have enough; but your hops of Picardy will go near to fare the worse for the cold. As for oats, they'll be a great help to horses. I dare say, there won't be much more bacon than swine. Pisces having the ascendant, 'twill be a mighty year for mussels, cockles, and periwinkles. Mercury somewhat threatens our parsley beds, yet parsley will be to be had for money. Hemp

will grow faster than the children of this age, and some will find there's but too much on't. There will be very few *bon-chrétiens*, but choke pears in abundance. As for corn, wine, fruit, and herbs, there never was such plenty as will be now, if poor folks may have their wish.



## PIZARRO IN PERU.

By WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

[WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, American historian, was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796; graduated at Harvard in 1814; was rendered nearly blind by accident, but having determined on a historical career, mastered Spanish, and by aid of an amanuensis gathered the materials for a "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," published in 1838. Its immediate and great success encouraged him to write in the same manner a "History of the Conquest of Mexico" (1843), "History of the Conquest of Peru" (1847), and "History of the Reign of Philip II." (1855-1858), left incomplete. He wrote also lives of John Pickering, Abbott Lawrence, and Charles Brockden Brown, and published a volume of his articles from the *North American Review*. He died January 28, 1859.]

THE Inca of Peru was its sovereign in a peculiar sense. He received an obedience from his vassals more implicit than that of any despot; for his authority reached to the most secret conduct,—to the thoughts of the individual. He was revered as more than human. He was not merely the head of the state, but the point to which all its institutions converged, as to a common center,—the keystone of the political fabric, which must fall to pieces by its own weight when that was withdrawn. So it fared on the death of Atahualpa. His death not only left the throne vacant, without any certain successor, but the manner of it announced to the Peruvian people that a hand stronger than that of their Incas had now seized the scepter, and that the dynasty of the Children of the Sun had passed away forever.

The natural consequences of such a conviction followed. The beautiful order of the ancient institutions was broken up, as the authority which controlled it was withdrawn. The Indians broke out into greater excesses from the uncommon restraint to which they had been before subjected. Villages were burnt, temples and palaces were plundered, and the

gold they contained was scattered or secreted. The remote provinces now shook off their allegiance to the Incas. Their great captains, at the head of distant armies, set up for themselves. Ruminavi, a commander on the borders of Quito, sought to detach that kingdom from the Peruvian empire and to reassert its ancient independence. The country, in short, was in a state of revolution.

The authors of the revolution, Pizarro and his followers, remained meanwhile at Caxamalca. But the first step of the Spanish commander was to name a successor to Atahualpa. It would be easy to govern under the venerated authority to which the homage of the Indians had been so long paid; and it was not difficult to find a successor. The true heir to the crown was a second son of Huayna Capac, named Manco, a legitimate brother of the unfortunate Huascar. But Pizarro had too little knowledge of the dispositions of this prince; and he made no scruple to prefer a brother of Atahualpa and to present him to the Indian nobles as their future Inca. . . .

All thoughts were now eagerly turned towards Cuzco, of which the most glowing accounts were circulated among the soldiers, and whose temples and royal palaces were represented as blazing with gold and silver. With imaginations thus excited, Pizarro and his entire company, amounting to almost five hundred men, of whom nearly a third, probably, were cavalry, took their departure early in September from Caxamalca,—a place ever memorable as the theater of some of the most strange and sanguinary scenes recorded in history. All set forward in high spirits,—the soldiers of Pizarro from the expectation of doubling their present riches, and Almagro's followers from the prospect of sharing equally in the spoil with "the first conquerors." The young Inca and the old chief Challeuchima accompanied the march in their litters, attended by a numerous retinue of vassals, and moving in as much state and ceremony as if in the possession of real power.

Their course lay along the great road of the Incas, which stretched across the elevated regions of the Cordilleras, all the way to Cuzco. It was of nearly a uniform breadth, though constructed with different degrees of care, according to the ground. Sometimes it crossed smooth and level valleys, which offered of themselves little impediment to the traveler; at other times it followed the course of a mountain stream that flowed round the base of some beetling cliff, leaving small

space for the foothold ; at others, again, where the sierra was so precipitous that it seemed to preclude all farther progress, the road, accommodated to the natural sinuosities of the ground, wound round the heights which it would have been impossible to scale directly.

But, although managed with great address, it was a formidable passage for the cavalry. The mountain was hewn into steps, but the rocky ledges cut up the hoofs of the horses ; and, though the troopers dismounted and led them by the bridle, they suffered severely in their efforts to keep their footing. The road was constructed for man and the light-footed llama ; and the only heavy beast of burden at all suited to it was the sagacious and sure-footed mule, with which the Spanish adventurers were not then provided. It was a singular chance that Spain was the land of the mule ; and thus the country was speedily supplied with the very animal that seems to have been created for the difficult passes of the Cordilleras.

Another obstacle, often occurring, was the deep torrents that rushed down in fury from the Andes. They were traversed by the hanging bridges of osier, whose frail materials were after a time broken up by the heavy tread of the cavalry, and the holes made in them added materially to the dangers of the passage. On such occasions the Spaniards contrived to work their way across the rivers on rafts, swimming their horses by the bridle.

All along the route they found posthouses for the accommodation of the royal couriers, established at regular intervals ; and magazines of grain and other commodities, provided in the principal towns for the Indian armies. The Spaniards profited by the prudent forecast of the Peruvian government.

Passing through several hamlets and towns of some note, the principal of which were Huamachuco and Huanuco, Pizarro, after a tedious march, came in sight of the rich valley of Xauxa. The march, though tedious, had been attended with little suffering, except in crossing the bristling crests of the Cordilleras, which occasionally obstructed their path, — a rough setting to the beautiful valleys that lay scattered like gems along this elevated region. In the mountain passes they found some inconvenience from the cold ; since, to move more quickly, they had disencumbered themselves of all superfluous baggage, and were even unprovided with tents. The bleak winds of the mountains penetrated the thick harness of the soldiers ; but

the poor Indians, more scantily clothed, and accustomed to a tropical climate, suffered most severely. The Spaniard seemed to have a hardihood of body, as of soul, that rendered him almost indifferent to climate.

On the march they had not been molested by enemies. But more than once they had seen vestiges of them in smoking hamlets and ruined bridges. Reports, from time to time, had reached Pizarro of warriors on his track; and small bodies of Indians were occasionally seen like dusky clouds on the verge of the horizon, which vanished as the Spaniards approached. On reaching Xauxa, however, these clouds gathered into one dark mass of warriors, which formed on the opposite bank of the river that flowed through the valley.

The Spaniards advanced to the stream, which, swollen by the melting of the snows, was now of considerable width, though not deep. The bridge had been destroyed; but the Conquerors, without hesitation, dashing boldly in, advanced, swimming and wading as they best could, to the opposite bank. The Indians, disconcerted by this decided movement, as they had relied on their watery defenses, took to flight, after letting off an impotent volley of missiles. Fear gave wings to the fugitives; but the horse and his rider were swifter, and the victorious pursuers took bloody vengeance on their enemy for having dared even to meditate resistance.

Xauxa was a considerable town. It was the place already noticed as having been visited by Hernando Pizarro. It was seated in the midst of a verdant valley, fertilized by a thousand little rills, which the thrifty Indian husbandmen drew from the parent river that rolled sluggishly through the meadows. There were several capacious buildings of rough stone in the town, and a temple of some note in the times of the Incas. But the strong arm of Father Valverde and his countrymen soon tumbled the heathen deities from their pride of place, and established, in their stead the sacred effigies of the Virgin and Child.

Here Pizarro proposed to halt for some days, and to found a Spanish colony. It was a favorable position, he thought, for holding the Indian mountaineers in check, while at the same time it afforded an easy communication with the seacoast. Meanwhile he determined to send forward De Soto, with a detachment of sixty horse, to reconnoiter the country in advance, and to restore the bridges where demolished by the enemy.



That active cavalier set forward at once, but found considerable impediments to his progress. The traces of an enemy became more frequent as he advanced. The villages were burnt, the bridges destroyed, and heavy rocks and trees strewed in the path to impede the march of the cavalry. As he drew near to Bilcas, once an important place, though now effaced from the map, he had a sharp encounter with the natives, in a mountain defile, which cost him the lives of two or three troopers. The loss was light; but any loss was felt by the Spaniards, so little accustomed as they had been of late to resistance.

Still pressing forward, the Spanish captain crossed the river Abancay and the broad waters of the Apurimac; and, as he drew near the sierra of Vilcaconga, he learned that a considerable body of Indians lay in wait for him in the dangerous passes of the mountains. The sierra was several leagues from Cuzco; and the cavalier, desirous to reach the farther side of it before nightfall, incautiously pushed on his wearied horses. When he was fairly entangled in its rocky defiles, a multitude of armed warriors, springing, as it seemed, from every cavern and thicket of the sierra, filled the air with their war cries, and rushed down, like one of their own mountain torrents, on the invaders, as they were painfully toiling up the steeps. Men and horses were overturned in the fury of the assault, and the foremost files, rolling back on those below, spread ruin and consternation in their ranks. De Soto in vain endeavored to restore order, and, if possible, to charge the assailants. The horses were blinded and maddened by the missiles, while the desperate natives, clinging to their legs, strove to prevent their ascent up the rocky pathway. De Soto saw that, unless he gained a level ground which opened at some distance before him, all must be lost. Cheering on his men with the old battle cry, that always went to the heart of a Spaniard, he struck his spurs deep into the sides of his wearied charger, and, gallantly supported by his troop, broke through the dark array of warriors, and, shaking them off to the right and left, at length succeeded in placing himself on the broad level.

Here both parties paused, as if by mutual consent, for a few moments. A little stream ran through the plain, at which the Spaniards watered their horses; and, the animals having recovered wind, De Soto and his men made a desperate charge on their assailants. The undaunted Indians sustained the shock with firmness; and the result of the combat was still

doubtful, when the shades of evening, falling thicker around them, separated the combatants.

Both parties then withdrew from the field, taking up their respective stations within bowshot of each other, so that the voices of the warriors on either side could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night. But very different were the reflections of the two hosts. The Indians, exulting in their temporary triumph, looked with confidence to the morrow to complete it. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were proportionably discouraged. They were not prepared for this spirit of resistance in an enemy hitherto so tame. Several cavaliers had fallen,—one of them by a blow from a Peruvian battle-ax, which clove his head to the chin, attesting the power of the weapon and of the arm that used it. Several horses, too, had been killed; and the loss of these was almost as severely felt as that of their riders, considering the great cost and difficulty of transporting them to these distant regions. Few either of the men or horses had escaped without wounds, and the Indian allies had suffered still more severely.

It seemed probable, from the pertinacity and a certain order maintained in the assault, that it was directed by some leader of military experience, — perhaps the Indian commander Quizquiz, who was said to be hanging round the environs of Cuzco with a considerable force.

Notwithstanding the reasonable cause of apprehension for the morrow, De Soto, like a stout-hearted cavalier as he was, strove to keep up the spirits of his followers. If they had beaten off the enemy when their horses were jaded and their own strength nearly exhausted, how much easier it would be to come off victorious when both were restored by a night's rest! and he told them to "trust in the Almighty, who would never desert his faithful followers in their extremity." The event justified De Soto's confidence in this seasonable succor.

From time to time, on his march, he had sent advices to Pizarro of the menacing state of the country, till his commander, becoming seriously alarmed, was apprehensive that the cavalier might be overpowered by the superior numbers of the enemy. He accordingly detached Almagro, with nearly all the remaining horse, to his support, — unencumbered by infantry, that he might move the faster. That efficient leader advanced by forced marches, stimulated by the tidings which met him on the road, and was so fortunate as to reach the

foot of the sierra of Vilcacongá the very night of the engagement.

There, hearing of the encounter, he pushed forward without halting, though his horses were spent with travel. The night was exceedingly dark, and Almagro, afraid of stumbling on the enemy's bivouac, and desirous to give De Soto information of his approach, commanded his trumpets to sound, till the notes, winding through the defiles of the mountains, broke the slumbers of his countrymen, sounding like blithest music in their ears. They quickly replied with their own bugles, and soon had the satisfaction to embrace their deliverers.

Great was the dismay of the Peruvian host when the morning light discovered the fresh reinforcement of the ranks of the Spaniards. There was no use in contending with an enemy who gathered strength from the conflict, and who seemed to multiply his numbers at will. Without further attempt to renew the fight, they availed themselves of a thick fog, which hung over the lower slopes of the hills, to effect their retreat, and left the passes open to the invaders. The two cavaliers then continued their march until they extricated their forces from the sierra, when, taking up a secure position, they proposed to await there the arrival of Pizarro.

The commander in chief, meanwhile, lay at Xauxa, where he was greatly disturbed by the rumors which reached him of the state of the country. His enterprise, thus far, had gone forward so smoothly that he was no better prepared than his lieutenant to meet with resistance from the natives. He did not seem to comprehend that the mildest nature might at last be roused by oppression, and that the massacre of their Inca, whom they regarded with such awful veneration, would be likely, if anything could do it, to wake them from their apathy.

The tidings which he now received of the retreat of the Peruvians were most welcome; and he caused mass to be said, and thanksgivings to be offered up to Heaven, "which had shown itself thus favorable to the Christians throughout this mighty enterprise." The Spaniard was ever a Crusader. He was in the sixteenth century what *Cœur de Lion* and his brave knights were in the twelfth, with this difference: the cavalier of that day fought for the Cross and for glory, while gold and the Cross were the watchwords of the Spaniard. The spirit of chivalry had waned somewhat before the spirit of trade; but the fire of religious enthusiasm still burned as bright under

the quilted mail of the American Conqueror as it did of yore under the iron panoply of the soldier of Palestine.

It seemed probable that some man of authority had organized, or at least countenanced, this resistance of the natives; and suspicion fell on the captive chief Challeuchima, who was accused of maintaining a secret correspondence with his confederate Quizquiz. Pizarro waited on the Indian noble, and, charging him with the conspiracy, reproached him, as he had formerly done his royal master, with ingratitude towards the Spaniards, who had dealt with him so liberally. He concluded by the assurance that, if he did not cause the Peruvians to lay down their arms and tender their submission at once, he should be burnt alive so soon as they reached Almagro's quarters.

The Indian chief listened to the terrible menace with the utmost composure. He denied having had any communication with his countrymen, and said that, in his present state of confinement at least, he could have no power to bring them to submission. He then remained doggedly silent, and Pizarro did not press the matter further. But he placed a strong guard over his prisoner, and caused him to be put in irons. It was an ominous proceeding, and had been the precursor of the death of Atahualpa.

Before quitting Xauxa, a misfortune befell the Spaniards, in the death of their creature the young Inca Toparca. Suspicion, of course, fell on Challeuchima, now selected as the scapegoat for all the offenses of his nation. It was a disappointment to Pizarro, who hoped to find a convenient shelter for his future proceedings under this shadow of royalty.

The general considered it most prudent not to hazard the loss of his treasures by taking them on the march, and he accordingly left them at Xauxa, under a guard of forty soldiers, who remained there in garrison. No event of importance occurred on the road, and, Pizarro having effected a junction with Almagro, their united forces soon entered the vale of Xaquixaguana, about five leagues from Cuzco. This was one of those bright spots, so often found embosomed amidst the Andes, the more beautiful from contrast with the savage character of the scenery around it. A river flowed through the valley, affording the means of irrigating the soil and clothing it in perpetual verdure; and the rich and flowering vegetation spread out like a cultivated garden. The beauty of the place

and its delicious coolness commended it as a residence for the Peruvian nobles, and the sides of the hills were dotted with their villas, which afforded them a grateful retreat in the heats of summer. Yet the center of the valley was disfigured by a quagmire of some extent, occasioned by the frequent overflowing of the waters; but the industry of the Indian architects had constructed a solid causeway, faced with heavy stone, and connected with the great road, which traversed the whole breadth of the morass.

In this valley Pizarro halted for several days, while he refreshed his troops from the well-stored magazines of the Incas. His first act was to bring Challeuchima to trial,—if trial that could be called, where sentence may be said to have gone hand in hand with accusation. We are not informed of the nature of the evidence. It was sufficient to satisfy the Spanish captains of the chieftain's guilt. Nor is it at all incredible that Challeuchima should have secretly encouraged a movement among the people, designed to secure his country's freedom and his own. He was condemned to be burnt alive on the spot. "Some thought it a hard measure," says Herrera; "but those who are governed by reasons of state policy are apt to shut their eyes against everything else." Why this cruel mode of execution was so often adopted by the Spanish Conquerors is not obvious; unless it was that the Indian was an infidel, and fire, from ancient date, seems to have been considered the fitting doom of the infidel, as the type of that inextinguishable flame which awaited him in the regions of the damned.

Father Valverde accompanied the Peruvian chieftain to the stake. He seems always to have been present at this dreary moment, anxious to profit by it, if possible, to work the conversion of the victim. He painted in gloomy colors the dreadful doom of the unbeliever, to whom the waters of baptism could alone secure the ineffable glories of paradise. It does not appear that he promised any commutation of punishment in this world. But his arguments fell on a stony heart, and the chief coldly replied, he "did not understand the religion of the white men." He might be pardoned for not comprehending the beauty of a faith which, as it would seem, had borne so bitter fruits to him. In the midst of his tortures he showed the characteristic courage of the American Indian, whose power of endurance triumphs over the power of persecution in his enemies, and he died with his last breath invoking the name of

Pachacamac. His own followers brought the fagots to feed the flames that consumed him.

Soon after this tragic event, Pizarro was surprised by a visit from a Peruvian noble, who came in great state, attended by a numerous and showy retinue. It was the young prince Manco, brother of the unfortunate Huascar, and the rightful successor to the crown. Being brought before the Spanish commander, he announced his pretensions to the throne and claimed the protection of the strangers. It is said he had meditated resisting them by arms, and had encouraged the assaults made on them on their march, but, finding resistance ineffectual, he had taken this politic course, greatly to the displeasure of his more resolute nobles. However this may be, Pizarro listened to his application with singular contentment, for he saw in this new scion of the true royal stock a more effectual instrument for his purposes than he could have found in the family of Quito, with whom the Peruvians had but little sympathy. He received the young man, therefore, with great cordiality, and did not hesitate to assure him that he had been sent into the country by his master, the Castilian sovereign, in order to vindicate the claims of Huascar to the crown and to punish the usurpation of his rival.

Taking with him the Indian prince, Pizarro now resumed his march. It was interrupted for a few hours by a party of the natives, who lay in wait for him in the neighboring sierra. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the Indians behaved with great spirit and inflicted some little injury on the Spaniards; but the latter at length, shaking them off, made good their passage through the defile, and the enemy did not care to follow them into the open country.

It was late in the afternoon when the Conquerors came in sight of Cuzco. The descending sun was streaming his broad rays full on the imperial city, where many an altar was dedicated to his worship. The low ranges of buildings, showing in his beams like so many lines of silvery light, filled up the bosom of the valley and the lower slopes of the mountains, whose shadowy forms hung darkly over the fair city, as if to shield it from the menaced profanation. It was so late that Pizarro resolved to defer his entrance till the following morning.

That night vigilant guard was kept in the camp, and the soldiers slept on their arms. But it passed away without

annoyance from the enemy, and early on the following day, November 15, 1533, Pizarro prepared for his entrance into the Peruvian capital.

The little army was formed into three divisions, of which the center, or "battle," as it was called, was led by the general. The suburbs were thronged with a countless multitude of the natives, who had flocked from the city and the surrounding country to witness the showy and, to them, startling pageant. All looked with eager curiosity on the strangers, the fame of whose terrible exploits had spread to the remotest parts of the empire. They gazed with astonishment on their dazzling arms and fair complexions, which seemed to proclaim them the true Children of the Sun; and they listened with feelings of mysterious dread as the trumpet sent forth its prolonged notes through the streets of the capital, and the solid ground shook under the heavy tramp of the cavalry.

The Spanish commander rode directly up the great square. It was surrounded by low piles of buildings, among which were several palaces of the Incas. One of these, erected by Huayna Capac, was surmounted by a tower, while the ground floor was occupied by one or more immense halls, like those described in Caxamalca, where the Peruvian nobles held their *fêtes* in stormy weather. These buildings afforded convenient barracks for the troops, though during the first few weeks they remained under their tents in the open *plaza*, with their horses picketed by their side, ready to repulse any insurrection of the inhabitants.

The capital of the Incas, though falling short of the *Et Dorado* which had engaged their credulous fancies, astonished the Spaniards by the beauty of its edifices, the length and regularity of its streets, and the good order and appearance of comfort, even luxury, visible in its numerous population. It far surpassed all they had yet seen in the New World. The population of the city is computed by one of the Conquerors at two hundred thousand inhabitants, and that of the suburbs at as many more. This account is not confirmed, as far as I have seen, by any other writer. But, however it may be exaggerated, it is certain that Cuzco was the metropolis of a great empire, the residence of the court and the chief nobility; frequented by the most skillful mechanics and artisans of every description, who found a demand for their ingenuity in the royal precincts; while the place was garrisoned by a numerous

soldiery, and was the resort, finally, of emigrants from the most distant provinces. The quarters whence this motley population came were indicated by their peculiar dress, and especially their head gear, so rarely found at all on the American Indian, which, with its variegated colors, gave a picturesque effect to the groups and masses in the streets. The habitual order and decorum maintained in this multifarious assembly showed the excellent police of the capital, where the only sounds that disturbed the repose of the Spaniards were the noises of feasting and dancing, which the natives, with happy insensibility, constantly prolonged to a late hour of the night.

The edifices of the better sort—and they were very numerous—were of stone, or faced with stone. Among the principal were the royal residences, as each sovereign built a new palace for himself, covering, though low, a large extent of ground. The walls were sometimes stained or painted with gaudy tints, and the gates, we are assured, were sometimes of colored marble. “In the delicacy of the stonework,” says another of the Conquerors, “the natives far excelled the Spaniards, though the roofs of their dwellings, instead of tiles, were only of thatch, but put together with the nicest art.” The sunny climate of Cuzco did not require a very substantial material for defense against the weather.

The most important building was the fortress, planted on a solid rock that rose boldly above the city. It was built of hewn stone, so finely wrought that it was impossible to detect the line of junction between the blocks; and the approaches to it were defended by three semicircular parapets, composed of such heavy masses of rock that it bore resemblance to the kind of work known to architects as the Cyclopean. The fortress was raised to a height rare in Peruvian architecture; and from the summit of the tower the eye of the spectator ranged over a magnificent prospect, in which the wild features of the mountain scenery, rocks, woods, and waterfalls, were mingled with the rich verdure of the valley, and the shining city filling up the foreground,—all blended in sweet harmony under the deep azure of a tropical sky.

The streets were long and narrow. They were arranged with perfect regularity, crossing one another at right angles; and from the great square diverged four principal streets connecting with the highroads of the empire. The square itself, and many parts of the city, were paved with a fine pebble.



Through the heart of the capital ran a river of pure water, if it might not be rather termed a canal, the banks or sides of which, for the distance of twenty leagues, were faced with stone. Across this stream, bridges, constructed of similar broad flags, were thrown at intervals, so as to afford an easy communication between the different quarters of the capital.

The most sumptuous edifice in Cuzco in the times of the Incas was undoubtedly the great temple dedicated to the Sun, which, studded with gold plates, as already noticed, was surrounded by convents and dormitories for the priests, with their gardens and broad parterres sparkling with gold. The exterior ornaments had been already removed by the Conquerors, — all but the frieze of gold, which, imbedded in the stones, still encircled the principal building. It is probable that the tales of wealth so greedily circulated among the Spaniards greatly exceeded the truth. If they did not, the natives must have been very successful in concealing their treasures from the invaders. Yet much still remained, not only in the great House of the Sun, but in the inferior temples which swarmed in the capital.

Pizarro, on entering Cuzco, had issued an order forbidding any soldier to offer violence to the dwellings of the inhabitants. But the palaces were numerous, and the troops lost no time in plundering them of their contents, as well as in despoiling the religious edifices. The interior decorations supplied them with considerable booty. They stripped off the jewels and rich ornaments that garnished the royal mummies in the temple of Coricancha. Indignant at the concealment of their treasures, they put the inhabitants, in some instances, to the torture, and endeavored to extort from them a confession of their hiding places. They invaded the repose of the sepulchers, in which the Peruvians often deposited their valuable effects, and compelled the grave to give up its dead. No place was left unexplored by the rapacious Conquerors; and they occasionally stumbled on a mine of wealth that rewarded their labors.

In a cavern near the city they found a number of vases of pure gold, richly embossed with the figures of serpents, locusts, and other animals. Among the spoil were four golden llamas and ten or twelve statues of women, some of gold, others of silver, “which merely to see,” says one of the Conquerors, with some *naïveté*, “was truly a great satisfaction.” The gold was probably thin, for the figures were all as large as life; and sev-

eral of them, being reserved for the royal fifth, were not recast, but sent in their original form to Spain. The magazines were stored with curious commodities: richly tinted robes of cotton and feather-work, gold sandals, and slippers of the same material, for the women, and dresses composed entirely of beads of gold. The grain and other articles of food, with which the magazines were filled, were held in contempt by the Conquerors, intent only on gratifying their lust for gold. The time came when the grain would have been of far more value.

Yet the amount of treasure in the capital did not equal the sanguine expectations that had been formed by the Spaniards. But the deficiency was supplied by the plunder which they had collected at various places on their march. In one place, for example, they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick. They were intended to decorate the dwelling of an Inca noble.

The whole mass of treasure was brought into a common heap, as in Caxamalca; and, after some of the finer specimens had been deducted for the crown, the remainder was delivered to the Indian goldsmiths to be melted down into ingots of a uniform standard. The division of the spoil was made on the same principle as before. There were four hundred and eighty soldiers, including the garrison of Xauxa, who were each to receive a share, that of the cavalry being double that of the infantry. The amount of booty is stated variously by those present at the division of it. According to some, it considerably exceeded the ransom of Atahualpa. Others state it as less. Pedro Pizarro says that each horseman got six thousand *pesos de oro*, and each one of the infantry half that sum; "though the same discrimination was made by Pizarro as before, in respect to the rank of the parties, and their relative services." But Sancho, the royal notary, and secretary of the commander, estimates the whole amount as far less,—not exceeding five hundred and eighty thousand and two hundred *pesos de oro*, and two hundred and fifteen thousand marks of silver. In the absence of the official returns, it is impossible to determine which is correct. But Sancho's narrative is countersigned, it may be remembered, by Pizarro and the royal treasurer Riquelme, and doubtless, therefore, shows the actual amount for which the Conquerors accounted to the crown.

Whichever statement we receive, the sum, combined with that obtained at Caxamalca, might well have satisfied the cravings of the most avaricious. The sudden influx of so much wealth, and that, too, in so transferable a form, among a party of reckless adventurers little accustomed to the possession of money, had its natural effect. It supplied them with the means of gaming, so strong and common a passion with the Spaniards that it may be considered a national vice. Fortunes were lost and won in a single day, sufficient to render the proprietors independent for life; and many a desperate gamester, by an unlucky throw of the dice or turn of the cards, saw himself stripped in a few hours of the fruits of years of toil and obliged to begin over again the business of rapine. Among these, one in the cavalry service is mentioned, named Leguizano, who had received as his share of the booty the image of the Sun, which, raised on a plate of burnished gold, spread over the walls in a recess of the great temple, and which, for some reason or other, — perhaps because of its superior fineness, — was not recast like the other ornaments. This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, *Juega el Sol antes que amanezca*, “He plays away the sun before sunrise.”

The effect of such a surfeit of the precious metals was instantly felt on prices. The most ordinary articles were only to be had for exorbitant sums. A quire of paper was sold for ten *pesos de oro*; a bottle of wine, for sixty; a sword, for forty or fifty; a cloak, for a hundred, — sometimes more; a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty *pesos de oro*, and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred. Some brought a still higher price. Every article rose in value, as gold and silver, the representatives of all, declined. Gold and silver, in short, seemed to be the only things in Cuzco that were not wealth. Yet there were some few wise enough to return contented with their present gains to their native country. Here their riches brought them consideration and competence, and, while they excited the envy of their countrymen, stimulated them to seek their own fortunes in the like path of adventure.

# ROISTER DOISTER'S LESSON IN PUNCTUATION.

By NICHOLAS UDALL.

[NICHOLAS UDALL was an English scholar, born about 1505, died 1550. He was head-master of Eton in 1534, and of Westminster School 1555-56. "Ralph Roister Doister" was written for the students to act; it is the first English comedy. "Custance" is the old spelling of "constancy."]

## AT CUSTANCE'S.

*Christian Custance* —

What gauding and fooling is this afore my door?

*Matthew Merrygreek* —

May not folks be honest, pray you, though they be pore?

*Custance* —

As that thing may be true, so rich folks may be fools.

*Ralph* —

Her talk is as fine as she had learned in schools.

*Merrygreek* —

Look partly toward her, and draw a little near.

*Custance* —

Get ye home, idle folks

*Merrygreek* —

Why may not we be here?

Nay and ye will haze, haze: otherwise I tell you plain,

And ye will not haze, then give us our gear again.

*Custance* —

Indeed I have of yours much gay things, God save all.

*Ralph* —

Speak gently unto her, and let her take all.

*Merrygreek* —

Ye are too tender-hearted: shall she make us daws?

Nay, dame, I will be plain with you in my friend's cause.

*Ralph* —

Let all this pass, sweetheart, and accept my service.

*Custance* —

I will not be served with a fool in no wise,

When I choose an husband I hope to take a man.

*Merrygreek* —

And where will ye find one which can do that he can?

Now this man toward you being so kind,

You not to make him an answer somewhat to his mind.

*Custance* —

I sent him a full answer by you, did I not?

*Merrygreek* —

And I reported it.

*Custance* — Nay, I must speak it again.

*Ralph* —  
No no, he told it all.

*Merrygreek* — Was I not meetly plain?

*Ralph* —  
Yes.

*Merrygreek* —  
But I would not tell all, for faith if I had,  
With you dame Custance ere this hour it had been bad,  
And not without cause: for this goodly personage  
Meant no less than to join with you in marriage.

*Custance* —  
Let him waste no more labor nor suit about me.

*Merrygreek* —  
Ye know not where your preferment lieth, I see,  
He sending you such a token, ring, and letter.

*Custance* —  
Marry here it is, ye never saw a better.

*Merrygreek* —  
Let us see your letter.

*Custance* — Hold, read it if ye can,  
And see what letter it is to win a woman.

*Merrygreek* —  
"To mine own dear coney bird, sweetheart, and pigsny,  
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by."  
Of this superscription do ye blame the style?

*Custance* —  
With the rest as good stuff as ye read a great while.

*Merrygreek* —  
"Sweet mistress, whereas I love you nothing at all,  
Regarding your substance and riches chief of all,  
For your personage, beauty, demeanor, and wit,  
I commend me unto you never a whit.  
Sorry to hear report of your good welfare.  
For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,  
That ye be worthy favor of no living man,  
To be abhorred of every honest man,  
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice,  
Nothing at all to virtue giving her due price.  
Wherefore concerning marriage, ye are thought  
Such a fine Paragon as ne'er honest man bought.  
And now by these presents I do you advertise  
That I am minded to marry you in no wise.  
For your goods and substance, I could be content  
To take you as ye are. If ye mind to be my wife,

Ye shall be assured, for the time of my life  
 I will keep ye right well from good raiment and fare,  
 Ye shall not be kept but in sorrow and care.  
 Ye shall in no wise live at your own liberty.  
 Do and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me,  
 But when ye are merry I will be all sad,  
 When ye are sorry I will be very glad.  
 When ye seek your heart's ease I will be unkind,  
 At no time in me shall ye much gentleness find.  
 But all things contrary to your will and mind  
 Shall be done: otherwise I will not be behind  
 To speak. And as for all them that would do you wrong  
 I will so help and maintain, ye shall not live long.  
 Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you but I.  
 I, whoe'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.  
 Thus, good Mistress Custance, the Lord you save and keep  
 From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep.  
 Who favo'reth you no less (ye may be bold)  
 Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold."

*Custance* —

How by this letter of love? is it not fine?

*Ralph* —

By the arms of Calais, it is none of mine.

*Merrygreek* —

Fie, you are sole to blame, this is your own hand.

*Custance* —

Might not a woman be proud of such an husband?

*Merrygreek* —

Ah, that ye would in a letter show such despite!

*Ralph* —

Oh, I would I had him here, the which did it indite.

*Merrygreek* —

Why, ye made it yourself, ye told me by this light.

*Ralph* —

Yea, I meant I wrote it mine own self yesternight.

*Custance* —

I wis, sir, I would not have sent you such a mock.

*Ralph* —

Ye may so take it, but I meant it not so, by cock.

*Merrygreek* —

Who can blame this woman to fume and fret and rage?

Tut, tut, yourself now have marred your own marriage.

Well, yet Mistress Custance, if ye can this remit,

This gentleman otherwise may your love requit.

*Custance* —

No, God be with you both, and seek no more to me.

[*Exeat.*

## AT THE SCRIVENER'S.

*Ralph* —

What is a gentleman but his word and his promise?  
 I must now save this villain's life in any wise,  
 And yet at him already my hands do tickle,  
 I shall uneth [hardly] hold them, they will be so fickle.  
 But lo and Merrygreek have not brought him sense?

*Merrygreek* —

Nay, I would I had of my purse paid forty pence.

*Scrivener* —

So would I too: but it needed not that stound [blow].

*Merrygreek* —

But the gentleman had rather spent five thousand pound,  
 For it disgraced him at least five times so much.

*Scrivener* —

He disgraced himself, his loutishness is such.

*Ralph* —

How long they stand prating? Why com'st thou not  
 away?

*Merrygreek* —

Come now to himself, and hark what he will say.

*Scrivener* —

I am not afraid in his presence to appear.

*Ralph* —

Art thou come, fellow?

*Scrivener* —

How think you? am I not here?

*Ralph* —

What hindrance hast thou done me, and what villany?

*Scrivener* —

It hath come of thyself, if thou hast had any.

*Ralph* —

All the flock thou comest of later or rather,  
 From thy first father's grandfather's father's father,  
 Nor all that shall come of thee to the world's end,  
 Though to threescore generations they descend,  
 Can be able to make me a just recompense,  
 For this trespass of thine and this one offense.

*Scrivener* —

Wherein?

*Ralph* —

Did you not make me a letter, brother?

*Scrivener* —

Pay the like hire, I will make you such another.

*Ralph* —

Nay, see and these whoreson Pharisees and Scribes

Do not get their living by polling and bribes.

If it were not for shame —

*Scrivener* — Nay, hold thy hands still.

*Merrygreek* —

Why, did ye not promise that ye would not him spill?

*Scrivener* —

Let him not spare me.

*Ralph* —

Why, wilt thou strike me again?

*Scrivener* —

Ye shall have as good as ye bring of me, that is plain.

*Merrygreek* —

I cannot blame him, sir, though your blows would him grieve.

For he knoweth present death to ensue of all ye give.

*Ralph* —

Well, this man for once hath purchased thy pardon.

*Scrivener* —

And what say ye to me? or else I shall be gone.

*Ralph* —

I say the letter thou madest me was not good.

*Scrivener* —

Then did ye wrong copy it, of likelihood.

*Ralph* —

Yes, out of thy copy word for word I wrote.

*Scrivener* —

Then was it as ye prayed to have it, I wote,

But in reading and pointing there was made some fault.

*Ralph* —

I wote not, but it made all my matter to halt.

*Scrivener* —

How say you, is this mine original or no?

*Ralph* —

The selfsame that I wrote out of, so mote I go.

*Scrivener* —

Look you on your own fist, and I will look on this,

And let this man be judge whether I read amiss.

“To mine own dear coney bird, sweetheart, and pigsny,

Good mistress Custance, present these by and by.”

How now? doth not this superscription agree?

*Ralph* —

Read that is within, and there ye shall the fault see.

*Scrivener* —

“Sweet mistress, whereas I love you, nothing at all

Regarding your riches and substance: chief of all

For your personage, beauty, demeanor, and wit

I commend me unto you: Never a whit



Sorry to hear report of your good welfare.  
 For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,  
 That ye be worthy favor: Of no living man  
 To be abhorred: of every honest man  
 To be taken for a woman inclined to vice  
 Nothing at all: to virtue giving her due price.  
 Wherefore concerning marriage, ye are thought  
 Such a fine Paragon, as ne'er honest man bought.  
 And now by these presents I do you advertise  
 That I am minded to marry you: In no wise  
 For your goods and substance: I could be content  
 To take you as ye are: if ye mind to be my wife,  
 Ye shall be assured for the time of my life,  
 I will keep ye right well: from good raiment and fare  
 Ye shall not be kept: but in sorrow and care  
 Ye shall in no wise live: at your own liberty,  
 Do and say what ye lust: ye shall never please me  
 But when ye are merry: I will be all sad  
 When ye are sorry: I will be very glad  
 When ye seek your heart's ease: I will be unkind  
 At no time: in me shall ye much gentleness find.  
 But all things contrary to your will and mind  
 Shall be done otherwise: I will not be behind  
 To speak: And as for all them that would do you wrong,  
 I will so help and maintain ye, shall not live long.  
 Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you; but I,  
 I, whoe'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.  
 Thus, good mistress Custance, the Lord you save and keep.  
 From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep,  
 Who favoreth you no less (ye may be bold)  
 Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold."  
 Now sir, what default can ye find in this letter?

*Ralph* —

Of truth in my mind there cannot be a better.

*Scrivener* —

Then was the fault in reading, and not in writing;  
 No, nor I dare say in the form of inditing.  
 But who read this letter, that it sounded so naught?

*Merrygreek* —

I read it, indeed.

*Scrivener* —

Ye read it not as ye ought.

*Ralph* —

Why, thou wretched villain, was all this same fault in thee?

*Merrygreek* —

I knock your costard if ye offer to strike me,

*Ralph —*

Strikest thou indeed? and I offer but in jest?

*Merrygreek —*

Yea, and rap you again except ye can sit in rest.

And I will no longer tarry here, me believe.

*Ralph —*

What, wilt thou be angry, and I do thee forgive?

Fare thou well, scribbler, I cry thee mercy indeed.

*Scrivener —*

Fare ye well, bibbler, and worthily may ye speed.

## ENGLAND IN HENRY VIII.'S TIME.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

[JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the English historian, was born at Dartington, Devon, April 23, 1818, the youngest son of the Archdeacon of Totnes. He was educated at Westminster and Oriel College, Oxford, where he came under the influence of the Tractarian movement. He was elected a Fellow of Exeter and received deacon's orders, but his views underwent a change, as revealed in "The Nemesis of Faith" (1848), in consequence of which he lost his fellowship. He then turned to literature and for many years was a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Westminster Review*. He became rector of St. Andrews (1869); visited America, South Africa, and the Australasian colonies; and in 1892 succeeded E. A. Freeman as professor of modern history at Oxford. He died at Salcombe, Devon, October 20, 1894. His monumental work is a "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada" (12 vols., 1856-1870). Also noteworthy are: "Short Studies on Great Subjects," "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," "Caesar," "The English in the West Indies." As literary executor of Carlyle he edited a "Life of Carlyle," "Carlyle's Reminiscences," and Mrs. Carlyle's "Letters."]

IN periods like the present, when knowledge is every day extending, and the habits and thoughts of mankind are perpetually changing under the influence of new discoveries, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves back into a time in which for centuries the European world grew upon a single type, in which the forms of the father's thoughts were the forms of the son's, and the late descendant was occupied in treading into paths the footprints of his distant ancestors. So absolutely has change become the law of our present condition, that it is identified with energy and moral health; to cease to change is to lose place in the great race; and to pass away from off the earth with the same convictions which we found when we entered it is to have missed the best object for which we now seem to exist.

It has been, however, with the race of men as it has been with the planet which they inhabit. As we look back over history, we see times of change and progress alternating with other times when life and thought have settled into permanent forms; when mankind, as if by common consent, have ceased to seek for increase of knowledge, and, contented with what they possess, have endeavored to make use of it for purposes of moral cultivation. Such was the condition of the Greeks through many ages before the Persian war; such was that of the Romans till the world revenged itself upon its conquerors by the introduction among them of the habits of the conquered; and such again became the condition of Europe when the Northern nations grafted the religion and the laws of the Western empire on their own hardy natures, and shaped out that wonderful spiritual and political organization which remained unshaken for a thousand years.

The aspirant after sanctity in the fifteenth century of the Christian era found a model which he could imitate in detail in the saint of the fifth. The gentleman at the court of Edward IV. or Charles of Burgundy could imagine no nobler type of heroism than he found in the stories of King Arthur's knights. The forms of life had become more elaborate — the surface of it more polished — but the life itself remained essentially the same; it was the development of the same conception of human excellence; just as the last orders of Gothic architecture were the development of the first, from which the idea had worked its way till the force of it was exhausted.

A condition of things differing alike both outwardly and inwardly from that into which a happier fortune has introduced ourselves, is necessarily obscure to us. In the alteration of our own character, we have lost the key which would interpret the characters of our fathers, and the great men even of our own English history before the Reformation seem to us almost like the fossil skeletons of another order of beings. Some broad conclusions as to what they were are at least possible to us, however; and we are able to determine, with tolerable certainty, the social condition of the people of this country, such as it was before the movements of the sixteenth century, and during the process of those movements.

The extent of the population can only be rudely conjectured. A rough census was taken at the time of the Armada, when it was found to be something under five millions; but anterior

to this I can find no authority on which I can rely with any sort of confidence. It is my impression, however, from a number of reasons—each in itself insignificant, but which taken together leave little doubt upon my mind—that it had attained that number by a growth so slow as to be scarcely perceptible, and had nearly approached to it many generations before. Simon Fish, in “*The Supplication of Beggars*,” says that the number of households in England in 1531 was 520,000. His calculation is of the most random kind; for he rates the number of parishes at 52,000, with ten households on an average in each parish. A mistake so preposterous respecting the number of parishes shows the great ignorance of educated men upon the subject. The ten households in each parish may, probably (in some parts of the country), have been a correct computation; but this tells us little with respect to the aggregate numbers, for the households were very large—the farmers, and the gentlemen also, usually having all the persons whom they employed residing under their own roof. Neither from this, therefore, nor from any other positive statement which I have seen, can I gather any conclusion that may be depended upon. But when we remember the exceeding slowness with which the population multiplied in a time in which we can accurately measure it—that is to say, from 1588 to the opening of the last century—under circumstances in every way more favorable to an increase, I think we may assume that the increase was not so great between 1500 and 1588, and that, previous to 1500, it did not more than keep pace with the waste from civil and foreign war. The causes, indeed, were wholly wanting which lead to a rapid growth of numbers. Numbers now increase with the increase of employment and with the facilities which are provided by the modern system of labor for the establishment of independent households. At present, any able-bodied unskilled laborer earns, as soon as he has arrived at man’s estate, as large an amount of wages as he will earn at any subsequent time; and having no connection with his employer beyond the receiving the due amount of weekly money from him, and thinking himself as well able to marry as he is likely to be, he takes a wife, and is usually the father of a family before he is thirty. Before the Reformation, not only were early marriages determinately discouraged, but the opportunity for them did not exist. A laborer living in a cottage by himself was a rare exception to the rule; and the

work of the field was performed generally, as it now is in the large farms in America and Australia, by servants who lived in the families of the squire or the farmer, and who, while in that position, commonly remained single, and married only when by prudence they had saved a sufficient sum to enable them to enter some other position.

Checked by circumstances of this kind, population would necessarily remain almost stationary, and a tendency to an increase was not of itself regarded by the statesmen of the day as any matter for congratulation or as any evidence of national prosperity. Not an increase of population, which would facilitate production and beat down wages by competition, but the increase of the commonwealth, the sound and healthy maintenance of the population already existing, were the chief objects which the government proposed to itself; and although Henry VIII. nursed his manufactures with the utmost care, in order to keep the people well employed, there is sufficient proof in the grounds alleged for the measures to which he resorted, that there was little redundancy of occupation.

In the statute, for instance, for the encouragement of the linen manufactures, it is said that—"The King's Highness, calling to his most blessed remembrance the great number of idle people daily increasing throughout this his Realm, supposeth that one great cause thereof is by the continued bringing into the same the great number of wares and merchandise made, and brought out and from, the parts beyond the sea into this his Realm, ready wrought by manual occupation; amongst the which wares one kind of merchandise in great quantity, which is linen cloth of divers sorts made in divers countries beyond the sea, is daily conveyed into this Realm; which great quantity of linen cloth so brought is consumed and spent within the same; by reason whereof not only the said strange countries where the said linen is made, but the policy and industry of making and vending the same, are greatly enriched; and a marvelous great number of their people, men, women, and children, are set on work and occupation, and kept from idleness, to the great furtherance and advancement of their commonwealth; but also contrarywise the inhabitants and subjects of this Realm, for lack of like policy and industry, are compelled to buy all or most part of the linen cloth consumed in the same, amounting to inestimable sums of money. And also the people of this Realm, as well men as women, which should and might be set on work,

by exercise of like policy and craft of spinning, weaving, and making of cloth, lies now in idleness and otiosity, to the high displeasure of Almighty God, great diminution of the King's people, and extreme ruin, decay, and impoverishment of this Realm. Therefore, for reformation of these things, the King's most Royal Majesty intending, like a most virtuous Prince, to provide remedy in the premises; nothing so much coveting as the increase of the Commonwealth of this his Realm, with also the virtuous exercise of his most loving subjects and people, and to avoid that most abominable sin of idleness out of the Realm, hath, by the advice and consent of his Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, ordained and enacted that every person occupying land for tillage shall for every sixty acres which he hath under the plow, sow one quarter of an acre in flax or hemp."

This Act was designed immediately to keep the wives and children of the poor in work in their own houses; but it leaves no doubt that manufactures in England had not of themselves that tendency to self-development which would encourage an enlarging population. The woolen manufactures similarly appear, from the many statutes upon them, to have been vigorous at a fixed level, but to have shown no tendency to rise beyond that level. With a fixed market and a fixed demand, production continued uniform.

A few years subsequent, indeed, to the passing of the Act which I have quoted, a very curious complaint is entered in the statute book, from the surface of which we should gather that so far from increasing, manufactures had alarmingly declined. The fact mentioned may bear another meaning, and a meaning far more favorable to the state of the country; although, if such a phenomenon were to occur at the present time, it could admit of but one interpretation. In the 18th and 19th of the 32d of Henry VIII., all the important towns in England, from the Tweed to the Land's End, are stated, one by one, to have fallen into serious decay. Usually when we meet with language of this kind, we suppose it to mean nothing more than an awakening to the consciousness of evils which had long existed, and which had escaped notice only because no one was alive to them. In the present instance, however, the language was too strong and too detailed to allow of this explanation; and the great body of the English towns undoubtedly were declining in wealth and in the number of their inhabitants. The statutes speak of

“divers and many beautiful houses of habitation, built in tyme past within their walls and liberties, which now are fallen down and decayed, and at this day remain unreëdified, and do lie as desolate and vacant grounds, many of them nigh adjoining to the High streets, replenished with such uncleanness and filth, with pits, sellars, and vaults lying open and uncovered, to the great perill and danger of the inhabitants and other of the King's subjects passing by the same. And some houses be very weak and feeble, ready to fall down, and therefore dangerous to pass by, to the great decay and hinderance of the said boroughs and towns.”

At present, the decay of a town implies the decay of the trade of the town; and the decay of all towns simultaneously would imply a general collapse of the trade of the whole country. Walled towns, however, before the Reformation, existed for other purposes than as the center points of industry: they existed for the protection of property and life; and although it is not unlikely that the agitation of the Reformation itself did to some degree interrupt the occupation of the people, yet I believe that the true account of the phenomenon which then so much disturbed the parliament is that one of their purposes was no longer required; the towns flagged for a time because the country had become secure. The woollen manufacture in Worcestershire was spreading into the open country, and, doubtless, in other counties as well; and the “beautiful houses” which had fallen into decay, were those which, in the old times of insecurity, had been occupied by wealthy merchants and tradesmen, who were now enabled, by a strong and settled government, to dispense with the shelter of locked gates and fortified walls, and remove their residences to more convenient situations. It was, in fact, the first symptom of the impending social revolution. Two years before the passing of this Act, the magnificent Hengrave Hall, in Suffolk, had been completed by Sir Thomas Kitson, “mercier of London,” and Sir Thomas Kitson was but one of many of the rising merchants who were now able to root themselves on the land by the side of the Norman nobility, first to rival, and then slowly to displace them.

This mighty change, however, was long in silent progress before it began to tell on the institutions of the country. When city burghers bought estates, the law insisted jealously on their accepting with them all the feudal obligations. Attempts to

use the land as "a commodity" were, as we shall presently see, angrily repressed; while, again, in the majority of instances, such persons endeavored, as they do at present, to cover the recent origin of their families by adopting the manners of the nobles, rather than to transfer the habits of the towns among the parks and chases of the English counties. The old English organization maintained its full activity; and the duties of property continued to be for another century more considered than its rights.

Turning, then, to the tenure of land — for if we would understand the condition of the people, it is to this point that our first attention must be directed — we find that through the many complicated varieties of it there was one broad principle which bore equally upon every class, that the land of England must provide for the defense of England. The feudal system was still the organizing principle of the nation, and whoever owned land was bound to military service for his country whenever occasion required. Further, the land was to be so administered that the accustomed number of families supported by it should not be diminished, and that the State should suffer no injury from the carelessness or selfishness of the owners. Land never was private property in that personal sense of property in which we speak of a thing as our own, with which we may do as we please; in the administration of estates, as indeed in the administration of all property whatsoever, duty to the State was at all times supposed to override private interest or inclination. Even tradesmen, who took advantage of the fluctuations of the market, were rebuked by parliament for "their greedy and covetous minds," "as more regarding their own singular lucre and profit than the common weal of the Realm," and although in an altered world, neither industry nor enterprise will thrive except under the stimulus of self-interest, we may admire the confidence which in another age expected every man to prefer the advantage of the community to his own. All land was held upon a strictly military principle. It was the representative of authority, and the holder or the owner took rank in the army of the State according to the nature of his connection with it. It was first broadly divided among the great nobility holding immediately under the crown, who, above and beyond the ownership of their private estates, were the Lords of the Fee throughout their presidency, and possessed in right of it the services of knights and gentlemen who held their manors under them, and



who followed their standard in war. Under the lords of manors, again, small freeholds and copyholds were held of various extent, often forty-shilling and twenty-shilling value, occupied by peasant occupiers, who thus, on their own land, lived as free Englishmen, maintaining by their own free labor themselves and their families. There was thus a descending scale of owners, each of whom possessed his separate right, which the law guarded and none might violate; yet no one of whom, again, was independent of an authority higher than himself; and the entire body of the English free possessors of the soil was interpenetrated by a coherent organization which converted them into a perpetually subsisting army of soldiers. The extent of land which was held by the petty freeholders was very large, and the possession of it was jealously treasured; the private estates of the nobles and gentlemen were either cultivated by their own servants, or let out, as at present, to free tenants; or (in earlier times) were occupied by villeins, a class who, without being bondmen, were expected to furnish further services than those of the field, services which were limited by the law, and recognized by an outward ceremony, a solemn oath and promise from the villein to his lord. Villeinage, in the reign of Henry VIII., had for some time ceased. The name of it last appears upon the statute book in the early years of the reign of Richard II., when the disputes between villeins and their liege lords on their relative rights had furnished matter for cumbersome lawsuits, and by general consent the relation had merged of itself into a more liberal form. Thus serfdom had merged or was rapidly merging into free servitude; but it did not so merge that laboring men, if they pleased, were allowed to live in idleness. Every man was regimented somewhere; and although the peasantry, when at full age, were allowed, under restrictions, their own choice of masters, yet the restrictions both on masters and servants were so severe as to prevent either from taking advantage of the necessities of the other, or from terminating through caprice or levity, or for any insufficient reason, a connection presumed to be permanent.

Through all these arrangements a single aim is visible, that every man in England should have his definite place and definite duty assigned to him, and that no human being should be at liberty to lead at his own pleasure an unaccountable existence. The discipline of an army was transferred to the details of social life, and it issued in a chivalrous perception of

the meaning of the word "duty," and in the old characteristic spirit of English loyalty.

From the regulations with respect to land, a coarser advantage was also derived, of a kind which at the present time will be effectively appreciated. It is a common matter of dispute whether landed estates should be large or small; whether it is better that the land should be divided among small proprietors, cultivating their own ground, or that it should follow its present tendency, and be shared by a limited and constantly diminishing number of wealthy landlords. The advocates for a peasant proprietary tell us truly that a landed monopoly is dangerous; that the possession of a spot of ground, though it be but a few acres, is the best security for loyalty, giving the State a pledge for its owner, and creating in the body of the nation a free, vigorous, and manly spirit. The advocates for the large estates tell us that the masses are too ill educated to be trusted with independence; that without authority over them these small proprietors become wasteful, careless, improvident; that the free spirit becomes a democratic and dangerous spirit; and finally, that the resources of the land cannot properly be brought out by men without capital to cultivate it. Either theory is plausible. The advocates of both can support their arguments with an appeal to experience; and the verdict of fact has not as yet been pronounced emphatically.

The problem will be resolved in the future history of this country. It was also nobly and skillfully resolved in the past. The knights and nobles retained the authority and power which was attached to the lordships of the fees. They retained extensive estates in their own hands or in the occupation of their immediate tenants; but the large proportion of the lands was granted out by them to smaller owners, and the expenditure of their own incomes in the wages and maintenance of their vast retinues left but a small margin for indulgence in luxuries. The necessities of their position obliged them to regard their property rather as a revenue to be administered in trust, than as "a fortune" to be expended in indulgence. Before the Reformation, while the differences of social degree were enormous, the differences in habits of life were comparatively slight, and the practice of men in these things was curiously the reverse of our own. Dress, which now scarcely suffices to distinguish the master from his servant, was then the symbol of rank, prescribed by statute to the various orders of

society as strictly as the regimental uniform to officers and privates; diet also was prescribed, and with equal strictness; but the diet of the nobleman was ordered down to a level which was then within the reach of the poorest laborer. In 1336, the following law was enacted by the Parliament of Edward III. : "Whereas, heretofore through the excessive and over-many sorts of costly meats which the people of this Realm have used more than elsewhere, many mischiefs have happened to the people of this Realm; for the great men by these excesses have been sore grieved, and the lesser people, who only endeavor to imitate the great ones in such sort of meats, are much impoverished, whereby they are not able to aid themselves, nor their liege lord, in time of need, as they ought; and many other evils have happened, as well to their souls as their bodies; our Lord the King, desiring the common profit as well of the great men as of the common people of his Realm, and considering the evils, grievances, and mischiefs aforesaid, by the common assent of the prelates, earls, barons, and other nobles of his said Realm, and of the commons of the same Realm, hath ordained and established that no man, of what estate or condition soever he be, shall cause himself to be served, in his house or elsewhere, at dinner, meal, or supper, or at any other time, with more than two courses, and each mess of two sorts of victuals at the utmost, be it of flesh or fish, with the common sorts of pottage, without sauce or any other sort of victuals. And if any man choose to have sauce for his mess, he may, provided it be not made at great cost; and if fish or flesh be to be mixed therein, it shall be of two sorts only at the utmost, either fish or flesh, and shall stand instead of a mess, except only on the principal feasts of the year, on which days every man may be served with three courses at the utmost, after the manner aforesaid."

Sumptuary laws are among the exploded fallacies which we have outgrown, and we smile at the unwisdom which could expect to regulate private habits and manners by statute. Yet some statutes may be of moral authority when they cannot be actually enforced, and may have been regarded, even at the time at which they were issued, rather as an authoritative declaration of what wise and good men considered to be right, than as laws to which obedience could be compelled. This act, at any rate, witnesses to what was then thought to be right by "the great persons" of the English realm; and when great

persons will submit themselves of their free will to regulations which restrict their private indulgence, they are in little danger of disloyalty from those whom fortune has placed below them.

Such is one aspect of these old arrangements ; it is unnecessary to say that with these, as with all other institutions created and worked by human beings, the picture admits of being reversed. When by the accident of birth men are placed in a position of authority, no care in their training will prevent it from falling often to singularly unfit persons. The command of a permanent military force was a temptation to ambition, to avarice or hatred, to the indulgence of private piques and jealousies, to political discontent on private and personal grounds. A combination of three or four of the leading nobles was sufficient, when an incapable prince sat on the throne, to effect a revolution ; and the rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster to the crown took the form of a war unequalled in history for its fierce and determined malignancy, the whole nation tearing itself in pieces in a quarrel in which no principle was at stake, and no national object to be gained. A more terrible misfortune never befell either this or any other country, and it was made possible only in virtue of that loyalty with which the people followed the standard, through good and evil, of their feudal superiors. It is still a question, however, whether the good or the evil of the system predominated ; and the answer to such question is the more difficult because we have no criterion by which, in these matters, degrees of good and evil admit of being measured. Arising out of the character of the nation, it reflected this character in all its peculiarities ; and there is something truly noble in the coherence of society upon principles of fidelity. Fidelity of man to man is among the rarest excellences of humanity, and we can tolerate large evils which arise out of such a cause. Under the feudal system men were held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations, entered into by all ranks, high and low, binding servants to their masters, as well as nobles to their kings ; and in the beautiful roll of the old language in which the oaths were sworn we cannot choose but see that we have lost something in exchanging these ties for the harsher connecting links of mutual self-interest.

“ When a freeman shall do fealty to his lord,” the statute says, “ he shall hold his right hand upon the book, and shall say thus : Hear you, my lord, that I shall be to you both

faithful and true, and shall owe my faith to you for the land that I hold, and lawfully shall do such customs and services as my duty is to you, at the times assigned, so help me God and all his saints."

"The villein," also, "when he shall do fealty to his lord, shall hold his right hand over the book, and shall say: Hear you, my lord, that I from this day forth unto you shall be true and faithful, and shall owe you fealty for the land which I hold of you in villeinage; and that no evil or damage will I see concerning you, but I will defend and warn you to my power. So help me God and all his saints."

Again in the distribution of the produce of land, men dealt fairly and justly with each other; and in the material condition of the bulk of the people there is a fair evidence that the system worked efficiently and well. It worked well for the support of a sturdy high-hearted race, sound in body and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews which, under the stimulus of these "great shins of beef," their common diet, were the wonder of the age. "What comyn folke in all this world," says a state paper in 1515, "may compare with the comyns of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare, and all prosperity? What comyn folke is so mighty, so strong in the felde, as the comyns of England?"

The relative numbers of the French and English armies which fought at Cressy and Agincourt may have been exaggerated, but no allowance for exaggeration will affect the greatness of those exploits; and according to the stories of authentic actions under Henry VIII., where the accuracy of the account is undeniable, no disparity of force made Englishmen shrink from enemies wherever they could meet them. Again and again a few thousands of them carried dismay into the heart of France. Four hundred adventurers, vagabond apprentices from London, who formed a volunteer corps in the Calais garrison, were for years the terror of Normandy. In the very frolic of conscious power they fought and plundered, without pay, without reward, except what they could win for themselves; and when they fell at last, they fell only when surrounded by six times their number and were cut to pieces in careless desperation. Invariably, by friend and enemy alike, the English are described as the fiercest people in all Europe (the English wild beasts, Benvenuto Cellini calls them): and this great physical power they owed to the profuse abundance in which they lived,

and to the soldier's training in which every man of them was bred from childhood.

The state of the working classes can, however, be more certainly determined by a comparison of their wages with the prices of food. Both were regulated, so far as regulation was possible, by act of parliament. . . .

Some uncertainty is unavoidable in all calculations of the present nature; yet, after making the utmost allowances for errors, we may conclude that for a penny, at the time of which I write, the laborer could buy as much bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do as much towards finding lodging for himself and his family—as the laborer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. . . . In fact, the day laborer, if in full employment, received on an average fourpence a day for the whole year. Allowing a deduction of one day in a fortnight for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of something near to twenty shillings a week, the wages at present paid in English colonies: and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. Except in rare instances, the agricultural laborer held land in connection with his house, while in most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely inclosed, parliament insisted that the workingman should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry. By the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth, it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land at lowest being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

It will, perhaps, be supposed that such comparative prosperity of labor was the result of the condition of the market in which it was sold, that the demand for labor was large and the supply limited, and that the state of England in the sixteenth century was analogous to that of Australia or Canada at the present time. And so long as we confine our view to the ques-

tion of wages alone, it is undoubted that legislation was in favor of the employer. The Wages Act of Henry VIII. was unpopular with the laborers, and was held to deprive them of an opportunity of making better terms for themselves. But we shall fall into extreme error, if we translate into the language of modern political economy the social features of a state of things which in no way corresponded to our own. There was this essential difference, that labor was not looked upon as a market commodity, the government (whether wisely or not, I do not presume to determine) attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes of society by the rule, not of economy, but of equity. Statesmen did not care for the accumulation of capital; they desired to see the physical wellbeing of all classes of the commonwealth maintained at the highest degree which the producing power of the country admitted; and population and production remaining stationary, they were able to do it. This was their object, and they were supported in it by a powerful and efficient majority of the nation. On the one side parliament interfered to protect employers against their laborers; but it was equally determined that employers should not be allowed to abuse their opportunities; and this directly appears from the 4th of the 5th of Elizabeth, by which, on the most trifling appearance of a depreciation in the currency, it was declared that the laboring man could no longer live on the wages assigned to him by the act of Henry; and a sliding scale was instituted by which, for the future, wages should be adjusted to the price of food.

The same conclusion may be gathered also, indirectly, from other acts, interfering imperiously with the rights of property where a disposition showed itself to exercise them selfishly. The city merchants, as I have said, were becoming landowners; and some of them attempted to apply their rules of trade to the management of landed estates. While wages were ruled so high, it answered better as a speculation to convert arable land into pasture; but the law immediately stepped in to prevent a proceeding which it regarded as petty treason to the commonwealth. Self-protection is the first law of life; and the country relying for its defense on an able-bodied population, evenly distributed, ready at any moment to be called into action, either against foreign invasion or civil disturbance, it could not permit the owners of land to pursue for their own benefit a course of action which threatened to weaken its garri-

sons. It is not often that we are able to test the wisdom of legislation by specific results so clearly as in this present instance. The first attempts of the kind which I have described were made in the Isle of Wight, early in the reign of Henry VII. Lying so directly exposed to attacks from France, the Isle of Wight was a place which it was peculiarly important to keep in a state of defense, and the following act was therefore the consequence:—

“Forasmuch as it is to the surety of the Realm of England that the Isle of Wight, in the county of Southampton, be well inhabited with English people, for the defense as well of our ancient enemies of the Realm of France as of other parties; the which Isle is late decayed of people by reason that many towns and villages have been let down, and the fields diked and made pasture for beasts and cattle, and also many dwelling places, farms, and farmholds have of late time been used to be taken into one man's hold and hands, that of old time were wont to be in many several persons' holds and hands, and many several households kept in them; and thereby much people multiplied, and the same Isle thereby well inhabited, which now, by the occasion aforesaid, is desolate and not inhabited, but occupied with beasts and cattle, so that if hasty remedy be not provided, that Isle cannot long be kept and defended, but open and ready to the hands of the king's enemies, which God forbid. For remedy hereof, it is ordained and enacted that no manner of person, of what estate, degree, or condition soever, shall take any several farms more than one, whereof the yearly value shall not exceed the sum of ten marks; and if any several leases afore this time have been made to any person or persons of divers and sundry farmholds, whereof the yearly value shall exceed that sum, then the said person or persons shall choose one farmhold at his pleasure, and the remnant of his leases shall be utterly void.”

An act, tyrannical in form, was singularly justified by its consequences. The farms rebuilt, the lands replowed, the island repeopled; and in 1546, when a French army of sixty thousand men attempted to effect a landing at St. Helen's, they were defeated and driven off by the militia of the island and a few levies transported from Hampshire and the adjoining counties. The money-making spirit, however, lay too deep to be checked so readily. The trading classes were growing rich under the strong rule of the Tudors. Increasing numbers of



them were buying or renting land; and the symptoms complained of broke out in the following reign in many parts of England. They could not choose but break out indeed; for they were the outward marks of a vital change, which was undermining the feudal constitution, and would by and by revolutionize and destroy it. Such symptoms it was impossible to extinguish; but the government wrestled long and powerfully to hold down the new spirit; and they fought against it successfully, till the old order of things had finished its work, and the time was come for it to depart. By the 1st of the 7th of Henry VIII., the laws of feudal tenure were put in force against the landed traders. Wherever lands were converted from tillage to pasture, the lords of the fee had authority to seize half of all profits until the farm buildings were reconstructed. If the immediate lord did not do his duty, the lord next above him was to do it; and the evil still increasing, the act, twenty years later, was extended further, and the king had power to seize. Nor was this all. Sheep farming had become an integral branch of business; and falling into the hands of men who understood each other, it had been made a monopoly, affecting seriously the prices of wool and mutton. Stronger measures were therefore now taken, and the class to which the offenders belonged was especially pointed out by parliament.

"Whereas," says the 13th of the 25th of Henry VIII., "divers and sundry persons of the king's subjects of this Realm, to whom God of his goodness hath disposed great plenty and abundance of movable substance, now of late, within few years, have daily studied, practiced, and invented ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into few hands, as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle, and in especial, sheep, putting such lands as they can get to pasture and not to tillage; whereby they have not only pulled down churches and towns and enhanced the old rates of the rents of the possessions of this Realm, or else brought it to such excessive fines that no poor man is able to meddle with it, but also have raised and enhanced the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, and such other commodities, almost double above the prices which hath been accustomed, by reason whereof a marvelous multitude of the poor people of this realm be not able to provide meat, drink, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wives, and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty, that

they fall daily to theft, robbery, and other inconveniences, or pitifully die for hunger and cold; and it is thought by the king's humble and loving subjects, that one of the greatest occasions that moveth those greedy and covetous people so to accumulate and keep in their hands such great portions and parts of the lands of this Realm from the occupying of the poor husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tillage, is the great profit that cometh of sheep which be now come into a few persons' hands, in respect of the whole number of the king's subjects; it is hereby enacted that no person shall have or keep on lands not their own inheritance more than 2000 sheep; that no person shall occupy more than two farms; and that the 19th of the 4th of Henry VII., and those other acts obliging the lords of the fees to do their duty, shall be reënacted and enforced."

By these measures the money-making spirit was for a time driven back, and the country resumed its natural course. I am not concerned to defend the economic wisdom of such proceedings; but they prove, I think, conclusively that the laboring classes owed their advantages not to the condition of the labor market, but to the care of the State; and that when the State relaxed its supervision, or failed to enforce its regulations, the laborers being left to the market chances, sank instantly in the unequal struggle with capital.

The government, however, remained strong enough to hold its ground (excepting during the discreditable interlude of the reign of Edward VI.) for the first three quarters of the century; and until that time the working classes in this country remained in a condition more than prosperous. They enjoyed an abundance far beyond what in general falls to the lot of that order in long-settled countries; incomparably beyond what the same class were enjoying at that very time in Germany or France. The laws secured them; and that the laws were put in force we have the direct evidence of successive acts of the legislature justifying the general policy by its success: and we have also the indirect evidence of the contented loyalty of the great body of the people at a time when, if they had been discontented, they held in their own hands the means of asserting what the law acknowledged to be their right. The government had no power to compel submission to injustice, as was proved by the fate of an attempt to levy a "benevolence" by force, in 1525. The people resisted with a determination against which the

crown commissioners were unable to contend, and the scheme ended with an acknowledgment of fault by Henry, who retired with a good grace from an impossible position. If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances, we should not have failed to have heard of them when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press them forward. Complaint was loud enough when complaint was just, under the Somerset protectorate.

The incomes of the great nobles cannot be determined, for they varied probably as much as they vary now. Under Henry IV. the average income of an earl was estimated at £2000 a year. Under Henry VIII. the great Duke of Buckingham, the wealthiest English peer, had £6000. And the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury was rated at the same amount. But the establishments of such men were enormous, their ordinary retinues in time of peace consisting of many hundred persons; and in war, when the duties of a nobleman called him to the field, although in theory his followers were paid by the crown, yet the grants of parliament were on so small a scale that the theory was seldom converted into fact, and a large share of the expenses were paid often out of private purses. The Duke of Norfolk, in the Scotch war of 1523, declared (not complaining of it, but merely as a reason why he should receive support) that he had spent all his private means upon the army; and in the sequel of this history we shall find repeated instances of knights and gentlemen voluntarily ruining themselves in the service of their country. The people, not universally, but generally, were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice; by a true conviction that they were bound to think first of England, and only next of themselves; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this, we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors. . . .

In such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts: idleness, want, and cowardice; and for the rest, carrying their heart high, and having their hands full. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was four o'clock, with breakfast at five, after which the laborers went to work and the gentlemen to business, of which they had no little. In the country every unknown face was challenged and examined — if the account given was insufficient, he was brought before the justice; if the village shopkeeper sold bad wares, if the

village cobbler made "unhonest" shoes, if servants and masters quarreled, all was to be looked to by the justice; there was no fear lest time should hang heavy with him. At twelve he dined; after dinner he went hunting, or to his farm, or to what he pleased. It was a life unrefined, perhaps, but colored with a broad, rosy, English health.

## THE DREAM.

By SIR THOMAS WYATT.

[1503-1542.]

UNSTABLE dream, according to the place,  
 Be steadfast once, or else at least be true:  
 By tasted sweetness make me not to rue  
 The sudden loss of thy false feigned grace.  
 By good respect, in such a dangerous case,  
 Thou brought'st not her into these tossing seas;  
 But mad'st my sprite to live, my care to increase,  
 My body in tempest her delight to embrace.  
 The body dead, the spirit had his desire;  
 Painless was the one, the other in delight.  
 Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,  
 But thus return to leap into the fire;  
 And when it was at wish, could not remain?  
 Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.



## ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

By THE EARL OF SURREY.

[HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, was born probably in 1517; beheaded 1547 by Henry VIII., ostensibly for treason. His father was Duke of Norfolk.]

WYATT resteth here that quick could never rest:  
 Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain,  
 And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;  
 Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head where wisdom mysteries did frame,  
 Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,

As on a stithe where that some work of fame  
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern and mild: where both did grow  
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice;  
Amid great storms whom grace assurèd so  
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme;  
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit;  
A mark, the which (unperfected for time)  
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;  
Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame  
Each noble heart: a worthy guide to bring  
Our English youth by travail unto fame.

An eye whose judgment none affect could blind,  
Friends to allure and foes to reconcile,  
Whose piercing look did represent a mind  
With virtue fraught reposèd void of guile.

A heart where dread was never so imprest  
To hide the thought that might the truth advance  
In neither fortune loft[y], nor yet repress,  
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met,  
Happy alas, too happy but for foes,  
Livèd, and ran the race that nature set;  
Of manhood's shape where she the mold did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,  
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know  
Witness of faith that never could be dead;  
Sent for our health, but not receivèd so.

Thus for our guilt this jewel have we lost;  
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

## IN PRAISE OF FOLLY.

By ERASMUS.

[**DESIDERIUS ERASMUS**, the Dutch classical and theological scholar, was born at Rotterdam, Holland, October 28, 1465, the son of Gerhard de Praet. The old story of his illegitimacy, immortalized in "The Cloister and the Hearth," is now doubted. In accordance with the fashion among scholars of the time, he exchanged the name of Gerhard for the Latin and Greek equivalents *Desiderius Erasmus*, each signifying "the well-beloved." Left an orphan at thirteen, he was induced by his guardians to enter a monastery, in order that they might defraud him of his inheritance. He then became priest and secretary to the Bishop of Cambray; spent some years at Paris as student and teacher; and visited the chief European countries, including England, where he formed the acquaintance of Sir Thomas More and held a Greek professorship at Cambridge. In 1521 he settled at Basel, whence he removed later to Freiburg and Breisgau. He died at Basel, July 12, 1536. Besides various philological and theological works, and an edition of the New Testament in Greek with a Latin translation, he wrote "*Encomium Morie*" (Praise of Folly), a satire on society, especially quack religionists; "*Colloquia*" (Colloquies); and much witty and influential correspondence. He was regarded as the foremost man of letters in Europe, and his skits to have been leading instruments in undermining popular reverence for the Church and thus precipitating the Reformation; it was said that he "laid the egg which Luther hatched."]

THE divines present themselves next; but it may perhaps be most safe to pass them by, and not to touch upon so harsh a string as this subject would afford. Beside, the undertaking may be very hazardous; for they are a sort of men generally very hot and passionate; and should I provoke them, I doubt not would set upon me with a full cry, and force me with shame to recant, which if I stubbornly refuse to do, they will presently brand me for a heretic, and thunder out an excommunication, which is their spiritual weapon to wound such as lift up a hand against them. It is true, no men own a less dependence on me, yet have they reason to confess themselves indebted for no small obligations. For it is by one of my properties, self-love, that they fancy themselves, with their elder brother Paul, caught up into the third heaven, from whence, like shepherds indeed, they look down upon their flock, the laity, grazing, as it were, in the vales of the world below. They fence themselves in with so many surrounders of magisterial definitions, conclusions, corollaries, propositions explicit and implicit, that there is no falling in with them; or if they do chance to be urged to a seeming non-plus, yet they find out so many evasions that all the art of man can never bind them so fast but

that an easy distinction shall give them a starting-hole to escape the scandal of being baffled. They will cut asunder the toughest argument with as much ease as Alexander did the Gordian knot; they will thunder out so many rattling terms as shall fright an adversary into conviction. They are exquisitely dexterous in unfolding the most intricate mysteries; they will tell you to a tittle all the successive proceedings of Omnipotence in the creation of the universe; they will explain the precise manner of original sin being derived from our first parents; they will satisfy you in what manner, by what degrees, and in how long a time, our Saviour was conceived in the Virgin's womb, and demonstrate in the consecrated wafer how accidents may subsist without a subject.

Nay, these are accounted trivial, easy questions; they have yet far greater difficulties behind, which notwithstanding they solve with as much expedition as the former: as, namely, whether supernatural generation requires any instant of time for its acting? whether Christ, as a son, bears a double specifically distinct relation, to God the Father and to His virgin mother? whether this proposition can be true, that the first person of the Trinity hates the second? whether God, who took our nature on Him in the form of a man, could as well have become a woman, a devil, a beast, an herb, or a stone? and were it so possible that the Godhead had appeared in any shape of an inanimate substance, how He should then have preached His gospel? or how have been nailed to the cross? whether if St. Peter had celebrated the eucharist at the same time our Saviour was hanging on the cross, the consecrated bread would have been transubstantiated into the same body that remained on the tree? whether in Christ's corporal presence in the sacramental wafer, His humanity be not abstracted from His Godhead? whether after the resurrection we shall carnally eat and drink as we do in this life?

There are a thousand other more sublimated and refined niceties of notions, relations, quantities, formalities, quiddities, hæccities, and such like abstrucities, as one would think no one could pry into, except he had not only such cat's eyes as to see best in the dark, but even such a piercing faculty as to see through an inch-board, and spy out what really never had any being. Add to these some of their tenets and opinions, which are so absurd and extravagant that the wildest fancies of the Stoics, which they so much disdain and decry

as paradoxes, seem in comparison just and rational: as their maintaining that it is a less aggravated fault to kill a hundred men than for a poor cobbler to set a stitch on the Sabbath day; or, that it is more justifiable to do the greatest injury imaginable to others, than to tell the least lie ourselves. And these subtleties are alchymized to a more refined sublimate by the abstracting brains of their several schoolmen, — the Realists, the Nominalists, the Thomists, the Albertists, the Occamists, the Scotists: these are not all, but the rehearsal of a few only, as a specimen of their divided sects; in each of which there is so much of deep learning, so much of unfathomable difficulty, that I believe the apostles themselves would stand in need of a new illuminating spirit, if they were to engage in any controversy with these new divines.

St. Paul, no question, had a full measure of faith; yet when he lays down faith to be the substance of things not seen, these men carp at it for an imperfect definition, and would undertake to teach the apostles better logic. Thus the same holy author wanted for nothing of the grace of charity, yet (say they) he describes and defines it but very inaccurately, when he treats of it in the thirteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians. The primitive disciples were very frequent in administering the holy sacrament, breaking bread from house to house; yet should they be asked of the *Terminus a quo* and the *Terminus ad quem*? the nature of transubstantiation? the manner of how one body can be in several places at the same time? the difference betwixt the several attributes of Christ in heaven, on the cross, and in the consecrated bread? what time is required for the transubstantiating the bread into flesh? how it can be done by a short sentence pronounced by the priest, which sentence is a species of discrete quantity that has no permanent *punctum*? Were they asked (I say) these, and several other confused queries, I do not believe they could answer so readily as our mincing schoolmen nowadays take a pride to do. They were well acquainted with the Virgin Mary, yet none of them undertook to prove that she was preserved immaculate from original sin, as some of our divines very hotly contend for. St. Peter had the keys given to him, and that by our Saviour Himself, who had never intrusted him except He had known him capable of their manage and custody; and yet it is much to be questioned whether Peter was sensible of that subtlety broached by Scotus,



that he may have the key of knowledge effectually for others, who has no knowledge actually in himself. Again, they baptized all nations, and yet never taught what was the formal, material, efficient, and final cause of baptism, and certainly never dreamt of distinguishing between a delible and an indelible character in this sacrament. They worshiped in the spirit, following their Master's injunction, God is a spirit, and they which worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth; yet it does not appear that it was ever revealed to them how divine adoration should be paid at the same time to our blessed Saviour in heaven, and to His picture here below on a wall, drawn with two fingers held out, a bald crown, and a circle round His head. To reconcile these intricacies to an appearance of reason requires threescore years' experience in metaphysics.

Further, the apostles often mention *Grace*, yet never distinguish between *gratia*, *gratis data*, and *gratia gratificans*. They earnestly exhort us likewise to good works, yet never explain the difference between *Opus operans* and *Opus operatum*. They very frequently press and urge us to seek after charity, without dividing it into infused and acquired, or determining whether it be a substance or an accident, a created or an uncreated being. They detested sin themselves, and warned others from the commission of it; and yet I am sure they could never have defined it so dogmatically as the Scotists have since done. St. Paul, who in others' judgment is no less the chief of the apostles than he was in his own the chief of sinners, who being bred at the feet of Gamaliel, was certainly more eminently a scholar than any of the rest, yet often exclaims against vain philosophy, warns us from doting about questions and strifes of words, and charges us to avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called; which he would not have done if he had thought it worth his while to become acquainted with them, which he might soon have been, the disputes of that age being but small and more intelligible sophisms, in reference to the vastly greater intricacies they are now improved to.

But yet, however, our scholastic divines are so modest that if they meet with any passage in St. Paul, or any other penman of holy Writ, which is not so well modeled or critically disposed as they could wish, they will not indeed roughly condemn it, but bend it rather to a favorable interpretation,

out of reverence to antiquity and respect to the holy Scriptures; though indeed it would be unreasonable to expect anything of this nature from the apostles, whose Lord and Master had given unto them to know the mysteries of God, but not those of philosophy. If the same divines meet with anything of like nature unpalatable in St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Hierom, or others of the fathers, they will not stick to appeal from their authority, and very fairly resolve that they lay under a mistake. Yet these ancient fathers were they who confuted both the Jews and heathens, though they both obstinately adhered to their respective prejudices; they confuted them, I say, yet by their lives and miracles rather than by words and syllogisms; and the persons they thus proselyted were downright honest, well-meaning people, such as understood plain sense better than any artificial pomp of reasoning: whereas if our divines should now set about the gaining converts from paganism by their metaphysical subtleties, they would find that most of the persons they applied themselves to were either so ignorant as not at all to apprehend them, or so impudent as to scoff and deride them; or finally, so well skilled at the same weapons that they would be able to keep their pass, and fence off all assaults of conviction.

If my judgment might be taken, I would advise Christians, in their next expedition to a holy war, instead of those many unsuccessful legions which they have hitherto sent to encounter the Turks and Saracens, to furnish out their clamorous Scotists, their obstinate Occamists, their invincible Albertists, and all their forces of tough, crabbed, and profound disputants: the engagement, I fancy, would be mighty pleasant, and the victory we may imagine on our side not to be questioned. For which of the enemies would not veil their turbans at so solemn an appearance? Which of the fiercest Janizaries would not throw away his scimeter, and all the half-moons be eclipsed by the interposition of so glorious an army?

I suppose you mistrust I speak all this by way of jeer and irony; and well I may, since among divines themselves there are some so ingenious as to despise these captious and frivolous impertinences: they look upon it as a kind of profane sacrilege, and little less than blasphemous impiety, to determine of such niceties in religion as ought rather to be the subject of an humble and uncontradicting faith, than of a scrupulous and inquisitive reason; they abhor defiling the mysteries of Chris-

tianity with an intermixture of heathenish philosophy, and judge it very improper to reduce divinity to an obscure speculative science, whose end is such a happiness as can be gained only by the means of practice. But alas, those notional divines, however condemned by the soberer judgment of others, are yet mightily pleased with themselves, and are so laboriously intent upon prosecuting their crabbed studies, that they cannot afford so much time as to read a single chapter in any one book of the whole Bible. And while they thus trifle away their misspent hours in trash and babble, they think that they support the Catholic Church with the props and pillars of propositions and syllogisms, no less effectually than Atlas is feigned by the poets to sustain on his shoulders the burden of a tottering world.

Their privileges, too, and authority are very considerable: they can deal with any text of Scripture as with a nose of wax, knead it into what shape best suits their interest; and whatever conclusions they have dogmatically resolved upon, they would have them as irrevocably ratified as Solon's laws, and in as great force as the very decrees of the papal chair. If any be so bold as to remonstrate against their decisions, they will bring him on his knees to a recantation of his impudence. They shall pronounce as irrevocably as an oracle, This proposition is scandalous, that irreverent; this has a smack of heresy, and that is bald and improper: so that it is not the being baptized into the church, the believing of the Scriptures, the giving credit to St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, nay, or St. Thomas Aquinas himself, that shall make a man a Christian, except he have the joint suffrage of these novices in learning, who have blessed the world no doubt with a great many discoveries, which had never come to light if they had not struck the fire of subtlety out of the flint of obscurity. These fooleries sure must be a happy employ. . . .

The next to these are another sort of brain-sick fools, who style themselves monks and of religious orders, though they assume both titles very unjustly: for as to the last, they have very little religion in them; and as to the former, the etymology of the word monk implies a solitariness, or being alone; whereas they are so thick abroad that we cannot pass any street or alley without meeting them. Now I cannot imagine what one degree of men would be more hopelessly wretched, if I did not stand their friend, and buoy them up in that lake of misery, which by the engagements of a holy vow they have voluntarily immersed themselves in. But when these sort of men are so

unwelcome to others, as that the very sight of them is thought ominous, I yet make them highly in love with themselves, and fond admirers of their own happiness. The first step whereunto they esteem a profound ignorance, thinking carnal knowledge a great enemy to their spiritual welfare, and seem confident of becoming greater proficient in divine mysteries the less they are poisoned with any human learning. They imagine that they bear a sweet consort with the heavenly choir, when they tone out their daily tally of psalms, which they rehearse only by rote, without permitting their understanding or affections to go along with their voice. Among these some make a good profitable trade of beggary, going about from house to house, not like the apostles, to break, but to beg, their bread; nay, thrust into all public-houses, come aboard the passage-boats, get into the traveling wagons, and omit no opportunity of time or place for the craving people's charity; doing a great deal of injury to common highway beggars by interloping in their traffic of alms. And when they are thus voluntarily poor, destitute, not provided with two coats, nor with any money in their purse, they have the impudence to pretend that they imitate the first disciples, whom their master expressly sent out in such an equipage.

It is pretty to observe how they regulate all their actions as it were by weight and measure to so exact a proposition, as if the whole loss of their religion depended upon the omission of the least punctilio. Thus they must be very critical in the precise number of knots to the tying on of their sandals; what distinct colors their respective habits, and what stuff made of; how broad and long their girdles; how big, and in what fashion, their hoods; whether their bald crowns be to a hair's-breadth of the right cut; how many hours they must sleep, at what minute rise to prayers, etc. And these several customs are altered according to the humors of different persons and places. While they are sworn to the superstitious observance of these trifles, they do not only despise all others, but are very inclinable to fall out among themselves: for though they make profession of an apostolic charity, yet they will pick a quarrel, and be implacably passionate, for such poor provocations as the girding on a coat the wrong way, for the wearing of clothes a little too darkish colored, or any such nicety not worth the speaking of. Some are so obstinately superstitious that they will wear their upper garment of some coarse dog's-hair stuff, and that next

their skin as soft as silk : but others on the contrary will have linen frocks outermost, and their shirts of wool, or hair. Some again will not touch a piece of money, though they make no scruple of the sin of drunkenness, and the lust of the flesh.

All their several orders are mindful of nothing more than of their being distinguished from each other by their different customs and habits. They seem indeed not so careful of becoming like Christ, and of being known to be His disciples, as the being unlike to one another, and distinguishable for followers of their several founders. A great part of their religion consists in their title : some will be called cordeliers, and these subdivided into capuchins, minors, minims, and mendicants ; some again are styled Benedictines, others of the order of St. Bernard, others of that of St. Bridget ; some are Augustine monks, some Williamites, and others Jacobists : as if the common name of Christian were too mean and vulgar. Most of them place their greatest stress for salvation on a strict conformity to their foppish ceremonies and a belief of their legendary traditions : wherein they fancy to have acquitted themselves with so much of supererogation, that one heaven can never be a condign reward for their meritorious life ; little thinking that the Judge of all the earth at the last day shall put them off, with a Who hath required these things at your hands, and call them to account only for the stewardship of His legacy, which was the precept of love and charity.

It will be pretty to hear their pleas before the great tribunal : one will brag how he mortified his carnal appetite by feeding only upon fish ; another will urge that he spent most of his time on earth in the divine exercise of singing psalms ; a third will tell how many days he fasted, and what severe penance he imposed on himself for the bringing his body into subjection ; another shall produce in his own behalf as many ceremonies as would load a fleet of merchantmen ; a fifth shall plead that in threescore years he never so much as touched a piece of money, except he fingered it through a thick pair of gloves ; a sixth, to testify his former humility, shall bring along with him his sacred hood, so old and nasty that any seaman had rather stand bareheaded on the deck, than put it on to defend his ears in the sharpest storms ; the next that comes to answer for himself shall plead, that for fifty years together he had lived like a

sponge upon the same place, and was content never to change his homely habitation; another shall whisper softly, and tell the Judge he has lost his voice by a continual singing of holy hymns and anthems; the next shall confess how he fell into a lethargy by a strict, reserved, and sedentary life; and the last shall intimate that he has forgot to speak, by having always kept silence, in obedience to the injunction of taking heed lest he should have offended with his tongue. But amidst all their fine excuses our Saviour shall interrupt them with this answer: Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, verily I know you not; I left you but one precept, of loving one another, which I do not hear any one plead he has faithfully discharged; I told you plainly in My gospel, without any parable, that My Father's kingdom was prepared not for such as should lay claim to it by austerities, prayers, or fastings, but for those who should render themselves worthy of it by the exercise of faith, and the offices of charity; I cannot own such as depend on their own merits without a reliance on My mercy: as many of you, therefore, as trust to the broken reeds of your own deserts may even go search out a new heaven, for you shall never enter into that which from the foundations of the world was prepared only for such as are true of heart.

When these monks and friars shall meet with such a shameful repulse, and see that plowmen and mechanics are admitted into that kingdom, from which they themselves are shut out, how sneakingly will they look, and how pitifully slink away! Yet till this last trial they had more comfort of a future happiness, because more hopes of it, than any other men. And these persons are not only great in their own eyes, but highly esteemed and respected by others, especially those of the order of mendicants, whom none dare to offer any affront to, because as confessors they are intrusted with all the secrets of particular intrigues, which they are bound by oath not to discover; yet many times, when they are almost drunk, they cannot keep their tongue so far within their head, as not to be babbling out some hints, and showing themselves so full that they are in pain to be delivered. If any person give them the least provocation they will be sure to be revenged of him, and in their next public harangue give him such shrewd wipes and reflections that the whole congregation must needs take notice at whom they are leveled; nor will they ever desist from this way of declaiming till their mouth be stopped with a bribe to hold their tongue.

## THE APPARITION.

By ERASMUS.

(From the "Familiar Colloquies.")

*Thomas* — What good news have you had that you laugh to yourself thus, as if you had found a treasure?

*Anselm* — Nay, you are not far from the matter.

*Thomas* — But will you not impart it to your companion, what good thing soever it is?

*Anselm* — Yes, I will, for I have been wishing a good while for somebody to communicate my merriment to.

*Thomas* — Come on, then, let us have it.

*Anselm* — I was just now told the pleasantest story, which you would swear was a sham if I did not know the place, the persons, and the whole matter as well as you know me.

*Thomas* — I am with child to hear it.

*Anselm* — Do you know Polus, Faunus' son-in-law?

*Thomas* — Perfectly well.

*Anselm* — He is both the contriver and actor of this play.

*Thomas* — I am apt enough to believe that, for he can act any part to the life.

*Anselm* — He can so. I suppose, too, you know that he has a farm not far from London.

*Thomas* — Phoo, very well. He and I have drunk together many a time there.

*Anselm* — Then you know there is a way between two straight rows of trees.

*Thomas* — Upon the left hand, about two flight-shot from the house?

*Anselm* — You have it. On one side of the way there is a dry ditch overgrown with thorns and brambles, and then there is a way that leads into an open field from a little bridge.

*Thomas* — I remember it.

*Anselm* — There went a report for a long time among the country people of a spirit that walked near that bridge, and of hideous howlings that were every now and then heard there. They concluded it was the soul of somebody that was miserably tormented.

*Thomas* — Who was it that raised this report?

*Anselm* — Who but Polus, that made this the prologue to his comedy.

*Thomas* — What did he mean by inventing such a flam?

*Anselm* — I know nothing, but that it is the humor of the man. He takes delight to make himself sport, by playing upon the simplicity of people by such fictions as these.

I will tell you what he did lately of the same kind. We were a good many of us riding to Richmond, and some of the company were such that you would say were men of judgment. It was a wonderful clear day, and not so much as a cloud to be seen there. Polus, looking wistfully up into the air, signed his face and breast with the sign of the cross, and having composed his countenance to an air of amazement, says to himself, O immortal God, what do I see! They that rode next to him asking him what it was that he saw, he fell again to signing himself with a greater cross. May the most merciful God, says he, deliver me from this prodigy. They having urged him, desiring to know what was the matter, he fixing his eyes up to heaven, and pointing with his finger to a certain quarter of it, Do you not see, says he, that monstrous dragon armed with fiery horns, and its tail turned up in a circle? And they denying they saw it, he bade them look earnestly, every now and then pointing to the place. At last one of them, that he might not seem to be badly sighted, affirmed that he saw it. And in imitation of him, first one and then another, for they were ashamed that they could not see what was so plain to be seen. And in short, in three days' time the rumor of this portentous apparition had spread all over England. And it is wonderful to think how popular fame had amplified the story, and some pretended seriously to expound to what this portent did predict, and he that was the contriver of the fiction took a mighty pleasure in the folly of these people.

*Thomas* — I know the humor of the man well enough. But to the story of the apparition.

*Anselm* — In the mean time one Faunus, a priest (of those which in Latin they call regulars, but that is not enough, unless they add the same in Greek too, who was parson of a neighboring parish, this man thought himself wiser than is common, especially in holy matters), came very opportunely to pay a visit to Polus.

*Thomas* — I understand the matter. There is one found out to be an actor in this play.

*Anselm* — At supper a discourse was raised of the report of this apparition, and when Polus perceived that Faunus had



not only heard of the report, but believed it, he began to entreat the man, that as he was a holy and a learned person, he would afford some relief to a poor soul that was in such dreadful torment. And, says he, if you are in any doubt as to the truth of it, examine into the matter, and do but walk near that bridge about ten o'clock, and you shall hear miserable cries; take who you will for a companion along with you, and so you will hear both more safely and better.

*Thomas* — Well, what then?

*Anselm* — After supper was over, Polus, as his custom was, goes a hunting or fowling. And when it grew duskish, the darkness having taken away all opportunity of making any certain judgment of anything, Faunus walks about, and at last hears miserable howlings. Polus, having hidden himself in a bramble hedge hard by, had very artfully made these howlings by speaking through an earthen pot; the voice coming through the hollow of it gave it a most mournful sound.

*Thomas* — This story, as far as I see, outdoes Menander's Phasma.

*Anselm* — You will say more if you shall hear it out. Faunus goes home, being impatient to tell what he had heard. Polus, taking a shorter way, had got home before him. Faunus up and tells Polus all that passed, and added something of his own to it, to make the matter more wonderful.

*Thomas* — Could Polus keep his countenance in the mean time?

*Anselm* — He keep his countenance! He has his countenance in his hand; you would have said that a serious affair was transacted.

In the end Faunus, upon the pressing importunity of Polus, undertakes the business of exorcism, and slept not one wink all that night, in contriving by what means he might go about the matter with safety, for he was wretchedly afraid. In the first place he got together the most powerful exorcisms that he could get, and added some new ones to them, as the bowels of the Virgin Mary and the bones of St. Winifred. After that he makes choice of a place in the plain field, near the bramble bushes from whence the voice came. He draws a very large circle with a great many crosses in it, and a variety of characters. And all this was performed in a set form of words; there was also there a great vessel full of holy water, and about his neck he had a holy stole (as they called it), upon which hung

the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. He had in his pocket a little piece of wax, which the bishop of Rome used to consecrate once a year, which is commonly called *Agnus Dei*. With these arms in times past they were wont to defend themselves against evil spirits, before the cowl of St. Francis was found to be so formidable. All these things were provided, lest if it should be an evil spirit, it should fall foul upon the exorcist; nor did he for all this dare to trust himself in the circle alone, but he determined to take some other priest along with him. Upon this Polus being afraid that if he took some sharper fellow than himself along with him, the whole plot might come to be discovered, he got a parish priest thereabout, whom he acquainted beforehand with the whole design; and, indeed, it was necessary for the carrying on the adventure, and he was a man fit for such a purpose.

The day following, all things being prepared and in good order, about ten o'clock Faunus and the parish priest enter the circle. Polus had got thither before them, and made a miserable howling out of the hedge; Faunus begins his exorcism, and Polus steals away in the dark to the next village, and brings from thence another person, for the play could not be acted without a great many of them.

*Thomas* — Well, what do they do?

*Anselm* — They mount themselves upon black horses, and privately carry fire along with them; when they come pretty near to the circle they show the fire to affright Faunus out of the circle.

*Thomas* — What a deal of pains did this Polus take to put a cheat upon people!

*Anselm* — His fancy lies that way. But this matter had like to have been mischievous to them.

*Thomas* — How so?

*Anselm* — For the horses were so startled at the sudden flashing of the fire that they had like to have thrown their riders. Here is an end of the first act of this comedy.

When they were returned and entered into discourse, Polus, as though he had known nothing of the matter, inquires what was done. Faunus tells him that two hideous Cacodemons appeared to him on black horses, their eyes sparkling with fire, and breathing fire out of their nostrils, making an attempt to break into the circle, but that they were driven away with a vengeance by the power and efficacy of his words. This en-

counter having put courage into Faunus, the next day he goes into his circle again with great solemnity, and after he had provoked the spirit a long time with the vehemence of his words, Polus and his companion appear again at a pretty distance, with their black horses, with a most outrageous noise, making a feint as if they would break into the circle.

*Thomas* — Had they no fire then ?

*Anselm* — No, none at all ; for that had like to have fallen out very unluckily to them. But hear another device : they threw a long rope over the ground, and then hurrying from one place to another, as though they were beat off by the exorcisms of Faunus, they threw down both the priest and holy waterpot all together.

*Thomas* — This reward the parish priest had for playing his part ?

*Anselm* — Yes, he had ; and for all that he had rather suffer this than quit the design. After this encounter, when they came to talk over the matter again, Faunus tells a mighty story to Polus, what great danger he had been in, and how courageously he had driven both the evil spirits away with his charms, and now he had arrived at a firm persuasion that there was no demon, let him be ever so mischievous or impudent, that could possibly break into this circle.

*Thomas* — This Faunus was not far from being a fool.

*Anselm* — You have heard nothing yet. The comedy being thus far advanced, Polus' son-in-law comes in very good time, for he had married Polus' eldest daughter ; he is a wonderful merry droll, you know.

*Thomas* — Know him ! ay, I know him, that he has no aversion for such tricks as these.

*Anselm* — No aversion, do you say ? nay, he would leave the most urgent affair in the world if such a comedy were either to be seen or acted. His father-in-law tells him the whole story, and gives him his part — that was to act the ghost. He puts on a dress, and wraps himself up in a shroud, and carrying a live coal in a shell, it appeared through his shroud as if something were burning. About night he goes to the place where this play was acted ; there were heard most doleful moans. Faunus lets fly all his exorcisms. At length the ghost appears a good way off in the bushes, every now and then showing the fire and making a rueful groaning.

While Faunus was adjuring the ghost to declare who he was,

Polus of a sudden leaps out of the thicket, dressed like a devil, and making a roaring, answers him, You have nothing to do with this soul, it is mine ; and every now and then runs to the very edge of the circle as if he would set upon the exorcist, and then retired back again as if he was beaten back by the words of the exorcism and the power of the holy water, which he threw upon him in great abundance. At last, when this guardian devil was chased away, Faunus enters into a dialogue with the soul. After he had been interrogated and adjured, he answers, that he was the soul of a Christian man, and being asked his name, he answered Faunus. Faunus ! replies the other, that is my name. So then they being namesakes, he laid the matter more to heart, that Faunus might deliver Faunus. Faunus asking a multitude of questions, lest a long discourse should discover the fraud, the ghost retires, saying it was not permitted to stay to talk any longer, because its time was come that it must go whither its devil pleased to carry it, but yet promised to come again the next day at what hour it could be permitted. They meet together again at Polus' house, who was the master of the show. There the exorcist relates what was done, and though he added some lies to the story, yet he believed them to be true himself—he was so heartily affected with the matter in hand.

At last it appeared manifestly that it was the soul of a Christian who was vexed with the dreadful torments of an unmerciful devil. Now all the endeavors are bent this way. There happened a ridiculous passage in the next exorcism.

*Thomas* — Prithee, what was that ?

*Anselm* — When Faunus had called up the ghost, Polus, that acted the devil, leaped directly at him, as if he would, without any more to-do, break into the circle ; and Faunus resisted stoutly with his exorcisms, and had thrown a power of holy water ; the devil at last cries out that he did not value all this of a rush, you have had to do with a wench, and you are my own yourself. And though he had told Polus so in jest, it seemed that he had spoken truth ; for the exorcist being touched with this word, presently retreated to the very center of the circle and whispered something in the priest's ear. Polus, seeing that, retires, that he might not hear what it was not fit for him to hear.

*Thomas* — In truth, Polus was a very modest, religious devil.

*Anselm* — He was so, otherwise he might have been blamed for not observing a decorum, but yet he heard the priest's voice appointing him satisfaction.

*Thomas* — What was that ?

*Anselm* — That he should say the glorious 78th psalm three times over, by which he conjectured he had had to do with her three times that night.

*Thomas* — He was an irregular regular.

*Anselm* — They are but men, and this is but human frailty.

*Thomas* — Well, proceed. What was done after this ?

*Anselm* — Now Faunus more courageously advances to the very edge of the circle and challenges the devil of his own accord ; but the devil's heart failed him, and he fled back. You have deceived me, says he ; if I had been wise I had not given you that caution. Many are of opinion that what you have once confessed is immediately struck out of the devil's memory, that he can never be able to twit you in the teeth for it.

*Thomas* — What a ridiculous conceit do you tell me of ?

*Anselm* — But to draw towards a conclusion of the matter. This dialogue with the ghost held for some days ; at last it came to this issue : The exorcist asking the soul if there was any way by which it might possibly be delivered from its torments, it answered it might, if the money that it had left behind, being got by cheating, should be restored. Then, says Faunus, what if it were put into the hands of good people to be disposed of to pious uses ? The spirit replied, That might do. The exorcist was rejoiced at this ; he inquires particularly what sum there was of it ? The spirit replied that it was a vast sum, and might prove very good and commodious. It told the place too where the treasure was hid, but it was a long way off ; and it ordered what uses it should be put to.

*Thomas* — What were they ?

*Anselm* — That three persons were to undertake a pilgrimage — one to the threshold of St. Peter, another to salute St. James at Compostella, and the third should kiss Jesus' comb at Triers ; and after that a vast number of services and masses should be performed in several great monasteries, and as to the overplus, he should dispose of it as he pleased. Now Faunus' mind was fixed upon the treasure ; he had, in a manner, swallowed it in his mind.

*Thomas* — That is a common disease, but more peculiarly thrown in the priest's dish upon all occasions.

*Anselm* — After nothing had been omitted that related to the affair of the money, the exorcist being put upon it by Polus, began to put questions to the spirit about several arts, as alchemy and magic. To these things the spirit gave answers, putting off the resolution of these questions for the present, promising it would make larger discoveries as soon as ever, by his assistance, it should get out of the clutches of its keeper, the devil ; and, if you please, you may let this be the third act of this play.

As to the fourth act, Faunus began in good earnest everywhere to talk high, and to talk of nothing else in all companies and at the table, and to promise glorious things to monasteries, and talked of nothing that was low and mean. He goes to the place and finds the tokens, but did not dare to dig for the treasure, because the spirit had thrown this caution in the way, that it would be extremely dangerous to touch the treasure before the masses had been performed. By this time a great many of the wiser sort had smelt out the plot, while Faunus at the same time was everywhere proclaiming his folly ; though he was privately cautioned by his friends, and especially his abbot, that he who had hitherto had the reputation of a prudent man should not give the world a specimen of his being quite the contrary. But the imagination of the thing had so entirely possessed his mind that all that could be said of him had no influence upon him, to make him doubt of the matter, and he dreamt of nothing but specters and devils. The very habit of his mind was got into his face, that he was so pale, and meager, and dejected, that you would say he was rather a sprite than a man. And, in short, he was not far from being stark mad, and would have been so had it not been timely prevented.

*Thomas* — Well, let this be the last act of the play.

*Anselm* — Well, you shall have it. Polus and his son-in-law hammered out this piece betwixt them. They counterfeited an epistle written in a strange antique character, and not upon common paper, but such as gold beaters put their leaf gold in, a reddish paper, you know. The form of the epistle was thus : —

Faunus, long a captive, but now free. To Faunus, his gracious deliverer, sends eternal health. There is no need, my dear Faunus, that thou shouldest macerate thyself any longer in this affair. God has respected the pious intention of thy mind, and by the merit of it has delivered me from torments,

and I now live happily among the angels. Thou hast a place provided for thee with St. Austin, which is next to the choir of the apostles: when thou comest to us I will give thee public thanks. In the mean time see that thou livest merrily.

From the Imperial Heaven, the Ides of September, Anno 1498.  
Under the seal of my own ring.

This epistle was laid privately under the altar where Faunus was to perform divine service. This being done there was one appointed to advertise him of it, as if he had found it by chance. And now he carries the letter about him, and shows it as a very sacred thing, and believes nothing more firmly than that it was brought from heaven by an angel.

*Thomas*—This is not delivering the man from his madness, but changing the sort of it.

*Anselm*—Why truly, so it is, only he is now more pleasantly mad than before.

## LUTHER'S TABLE TALK.

[**MARTIN LUTHER** was born of humble parents at Eisleben, November 10, 1483. He was educated at the University of Erfurt; entered an Augustinian monastery; and became professor of philosophy at Wittenberg (1508). When the Dominican Tetzel was commissioned to sell indulgences, Luther drew up ninety-five propositions condemning the practice and nailed them to the church door at Wittenberg. For this he was denounced as a heretic, excommunicated by the Pope (1520), and summoned to appear at the Diet of Worms, convened April 1521. There he made the celebrated speech which ended with: "Here I take my stand. I can do naught else. So help me God. Amen." On his return from Worms he was ostensibly taken prisoner by his friend, the Elector of Saxony, and lodged in the castle of Wartburg, where he remained for a year and occupied his time in a translation of the New Testament. He afterwards resumed his university duties at Wittenberg, and, having renounced his monastic vows, in 1525 married Katharina von Bora, an emancipated nun. He died at Eisleben, February 18, 1546. Luther's works are very voluminous, partly in Latin and partly in German. Among those of more general interest are his "Table Talk," "Letters," and "Sermons." His translation of the whole Bible (published in 1534) permanently established the literary language of Germany.]

## THE DEVIL AND HIS WORKS.

THE greatest punishment God can inflict on the wicked, is when the church, to chastise them, delivers them over to Satan, who, with God's permission, kills them, or makes them undergo great calamities. Many devils are in woods, in waters,





**The Boy Luther in the House of Frau Cotta**  
From the painting by G. Spangenberg





in wildernesses, and in dark poorly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people; some are also in the thick black clouds, which cause hail, lightnings, and thunderings, and poison the air, the pastures, and grounds. When these things happen, then the philosophers and physicians say, it is natural, ascribing it to the planets, and showing I know not what reasons for such misfortunes and plagues as ensue.

Dr. Luther was asked whether the Samuel who appeared to king Saul, upon the invocation of the pythoress, as is related in the first Book of Kings, was really the prophet Samuel. The doctor answered: "No, 'twas a specter, an evil spirit, assuming his form. What proves this is that God, by the laws of Moses, had forbidden man to question the dead; consequently, it must have been a demon which presented itself under the form of the man of God. In like manner, an abbot of Spanheim, a sorcerer, exhibited to the emperor Maximilian all the emperors his predecessors, and all the most celebrated heroes of past times, who defiled before him each in the costume of his time. Among them were Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar. There was also the emperor's betrothed, whom Charles of France stole from him. But these apparitions were all the work of the demon."

The devil vexes and harasses the workmen in the mines. He makes them think they have found fine new veins of silver, which, when they have labored and labored, turn out to be mere illusions. Even in open day, on the surface of the earth, he causes people to think they see a treasure before them, which vanishes when they would pick it up. At times, treasure is really found, but this is by the special grace of God. I never had any success in the mines, but such was God's will, and I am content.

The emperor Frederic, father of Maximilian, invited a necromancer to dine with him, and, by his knowledge of magic, turned his guest's hands into griffins' claws. He then wanted him to eat, but the man, ashamed, hid his claws under the table.

He took his revenge, however, for the jest played upon him. He caused it to seem that a loud altercation was going on in the courtyard, and when the emperor put his head out of window to see what was the matter, he, by his art, clapped on him a pair of huge stag's horns, so that the emperor could not get his head into the room again until he had cured the necromancer of his disfigurement. "I am delighted," said Luther,

"when one devil plagues another." They are not all, however, of equal power.

There was at Nieuburg a magician named Wildferer, who, one day, swallowed a countryman, with his horse and cart. A few hours afterwards, man, horse, and cart were all found in a slough, some miles off. I have heard, too, of a seeming monk, who asked a wagoner, that was taking some hay to market, how much he would charge to let him eat his fill of hay? The man said, a kreutzer, whereupon the monk set to work, and had nearly devoured the whole load, when the wagoner drove him off.

A man had a habit, whenever he fell, of saying: "Devil take me." He was advised to discontinue this evil custom, lest some day the devil should take him at his word. He promised to vent his impatience by some other phrase; but, one day, having stumbled, he called upon the devil, in the way I have mentioned, and was killed upon the spot, falling on a sharp-pointed piece of wood.

A pastor, near Torgau, came to Luther, and complained that the devil tormented him without intermission. The doctor replied: "He plagues and harasses me too, but I resist him with the arms of faith. I know of one person at Magdeburg, who put Satan to the rout, by spitting at him; but this example is not to be lightly followed; for the devil is a presumptuous spirit, and not disposed to yield. We run great risk when, with him, we attempt more than we can do. One man, who relied implicitly on his baptism, when the devil presented himself to him, his head furnished with horns, tore off one of the horns; but another man, of less faith, who attempted the same thing, was killed by the devil."

Hemming, the Bohemian, asked Dr. Luther why the devil bore so furious a hatred to the human race? The doctor replied: "That ought not to surprise you; see what a hate prince George bears me, so that, day and night, he is ever meditating how he shall injure me. Nothing would delight him more than to see me undergo a thousand tortures. If such be the hatred of man, what must the hatred of the devil be?"

It was asked: "Can good Christians and God-fearing people also undergo witchcraft?" Luther replied, "Yes, for our bodies are always exposed to the attacks of Satan. The maladies I suffer are not natural, but devils' spells."

## DISCORD.

When two goats meet upon a narrow bridge over deep water, how do they behave? neither of them can turn back again, neither can pass the other, because the bridge is too narrow; if they should thrust one another, they might both fall into the water and be drowned; nature, then, has taught them that if the one lays himself down and permits the other to go over him, both remain without hurt. Even so people should rather endure to be trod upon, than to fall into debate and discord one with another.

## SICKNESSES, AND OF THE CAUSES THEREOF.

When young children cry lustily, they grow well and rapidly, for through crying, the members and veins are stretched out, which have no other exercise.

Experience has proved the toad to be endowed with valuable qualities. If you run a stick through three toads, and, after having dried them in the sun, apply them to any pestilient tumor, they draw out all the poison, and the malady will disappear.

Sleep is a most useful and most salutary operation of nature. Scarcely any minor annoyance angers me more than the being suddenly awakened out of a pleasant slumber. I understand that in Italy they torture poor people by depriving them of sleep. 'Tis a torture that cannot long be endured.

The physicians in sickness consider only of what natural causes the malady proceeds, and this they cure, or not, with their physic. But they see not that often the devil casts a sickness upon one without any natural causes.

## MUSIC.

I always loved music; whoso has skill in this art is of a good temperament, fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools; a schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, or I would not regard him; neither should we ordain young men as preachers, unless they have been well exercised in music.

## LEARNING.

Luther advised all who proposed to study, in what art soever, to read some sure and certain books over and over

again ; for to read many sorts of books produces rather confusion than any distinct result ; just as those that dwell everywhere, and remain in no place, dwell nowhere, and have no home. As we use not daily the community of all our friends, but of a select few, even so we ought to accustom ourselves to the best books, and to make them familiar unto us, so as to have them, as we say, at our fingers' end. A fine talented student fell into a frenzy ; the cause of his disease was that he laid himself out too much upon books, and was in love with a girl. Luther dealt very mildly and friendly with him, expecting amendment, and said : " Love is the cause of his sickness ; study brought upon him but little of his disorder. In the beginning of the gospel it went so with myself."

The discourse turning upon the great differences amongst the learned, Luther said : " God has very finely distributed his gifts, so that the learned serve the unlearned, and the unlearned humble themselves before the learned, in what is needful for them. If all people were equal, the world could not go on ; nobody would serve another, and there would be no peace. The peacock complained because he had not the nightingale's voice. God, with apparent inequality, has instituted the greatest equality ; one man, who has greater gifts than another, is proud and haughty, and seeks to rule and domineer over others, and contemns them. God finely illustrates human society in the members of the body, and shows that one member must assist the other, and that none can be without the other."

### VOCATION AND CALLING.

It is said, occasion has a forelock, but is bald behind. Our Lord has taught this by the course of nature. A farmer must sow his barley and oats about Easter ; if he defer it to Michaelmas, it were too late. When apples are ripe they must be plucked from the tree, or they are spoiled. Procrastination is as bad as overhastiness. There is my servant Wolf : when four or five birds fall upon the bird net, he will not draw it, but says : O, I will stay until more come ; then they all fly away, and he gets none. Occasion is a great matter. Terence says well : I came in time, which is the chief thing of all. Julius Cæsar understood occasion ; Pompey and Hannibal did not. Boys at school understand it not, therefore they must have fathers and masters, with the rod to hold them thereto,

that they neglect not time, and lose it. Many a young fellow has a school stipend for six or seven years, during which he ought diligently to study; he has his tutors, and other means, but he thinks: O, I have time enough yet. But I say: No, fellow. What little Jack learns not, great John learns not. Occasion salutes thee, and reaches out her forelock to thee, saying: "Here I am, take hold of me;" thou thinkest she will come again. Then says she: "Well, seeing thou wilt not take hold of my top, take hold of my tail;" and therewith flings away.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Anno 1546, a case in law was related to Luther: A miller had an ass, which went into a fisherman's boat to drink; the boat, not being tied fast, floated away with the ass, so that the miller lost his ass, and the fisherman his boat. The miller complained that the fisher, neglecting to tie his boat fast, had lost him his ass; the fisher complained of the miller for not keeping his ass at home, and desired satisfaction for his boat. Query: What is the law? Took the ass the boat away, or the boat the ass? Luther said: "Both were in error; the fisherman that he tied not fast his boat; the miller in not keeping his ass at home."

There was a miser who, when he sent his man to the cellar for wine, made him fill his mouth with water, which he was to spit out on his return, to show he had drunk no wine. But the servant kept a pitcher of water in the cellar, wherewith, after taking his fill of the better drink, he managed to deceive his master.

A student of Erfurt, desiring to see Nuremberg, departed with a friend on a journey thither. Before they had walked half a mile, he asked his companion whether they should soon get to Nuremberg, and was answered: "'Tis scarce likely, since we have only just left Erfurt." Having repeated the question, another half mile further on, and getting the same answer, he said: "Let's give up the journey, and go back, since the world is so vast!"

There are poets who affect to be carried away by their enthusiasm. There was Richius, for example; I remember his sitting with his legs out of window, pretending to be in a fit of poetic fury against the devil, whom he was abusing and vilifying with long, roundabout phrases. Stiegel, who chanced to



pass under, for sport suddenly took hold of the brawling poet's leg, and frightened him horribly, the poor man thinking the devil had come to carry him off.

An idle priest, instead of reciting his breviary, used to run over the alphabet, and then say: "O, my God, take this alphabet, and put it together how you will!"

A certain honest man, at Eisleben, complained to me of his great misery; he had bestowed on his children all his goods, and now in his old age they forsook and trod him under their feet. I said: Ecclesiasticus gives unto parents the best counsel, where he says: "Give not all out of thy hands while thou livest," etc., for the children keep not promises. One father, as the proverb says, can maintain ten children, but ten children cannot, or at least will not, maintain one father. There is a story of a certain father that, having made his last will, locked it up safe in a chest, and, together with a good strong cudgel, laid a note thereby, in these words: "The father who gives his goods out of his hands to his children, deserves to have his brains beat out with cudgels." Here is another story: A certain father, that was grown old, had given over all his goods to his children, on condition they should maintain him; but the children were unthankful, and being weary of him, kept him very hard and sparingly, and gave him not sufficient to eat. The father, being a wise man, more crafty than his children, locked himself secretly into a chamber, and made a great ringing and jingling with gold crowns, which, for that purpose, a rich neighbor had lent him, as though he had still much money in store. When his children heard this, they gave him ever afterwards good entertainment, in hopes he would leave them much wealth; but the father secretly restored the crowns again to his neighbor, and so rightly deceived his children.

I am a great enemy to flies: *Quia sunt imagines diaboli et hæreticorum*. When I have a good book, they flock upon it and parade up and down upon it, and soil it. 'Tis just the same with the devil: when our hearts are purest, he comes and soils them.

Question was made why, in the Psalms and other portions of the Bible, there is repeated mention of ravens and sparrows, of all birds the least agreeable to the sight, and, in other respects, odious? Dr. Luther said: "If the Holy Ghost could have named birds more objectionable than these, he would

have done so, in order to show us that, as in their case, what we receive is not given to our merits."

Before I translated the New Testament from the Greek, every one longed for it; when it was finished, their longing hardly lasted a month. Then they wanted the books of Moses; when I had translated these, they had enough of them in a little time. After that, they must have the Psalms; they were soon weary of these and desired others. It will be the same with the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which they are now eager for, and which I have taken great pains with. Everything is acceptable till our fickle minds are glutted; then we leave the things alone and seek for new ones.

My being so insignificant was a great misfortune to the Pope: he despised me too much. What could a menial like me, he thought, do to him—to him, the greatest potentate in the world. If he had accepted my proposal he would have extinguished me.

The multitude of books is a great evil. There is no measure or limit to this fever for writing; every one must be an author; some out of vanity, to acquire celebrity and raise up a name; others for the sake of lucre and gain. The Bible is now buried under so many commentaries, that the text is nothing regarded. I could wish all my books were buried nine ells deep in the ground, by reason of the ill example they will give, every one seeking to imitate me in writing many books, with the hope of procuring fame. But Christ died not to favor our ambition and vainglory, but that his name might be glorified.

The aggregation of large libraries tends to divert men's thoughts from the one great book, the Bible, which ought, day and night, to be in every one's hand. My object, my hope, in translating the Scriptures, was to check the so prevalent production of new works, and so to direct men's study and thoughts more closely to the divine Word. Never will the writings of mortal man in any respect equal the sentences inspired by God. We must yield the place of honor to the prophets and the apostles, keeping ourselves prostrate at their feet as we listen to their teaching. I would not have those who read my books, in these stormy times, devote one moment to them which they would otherwise have consecrated to the Bible.

## DEFENSE OF PROTESTANTISM.

By JOHN CALVIN.

(Prefatory Address to the "Institutes of the Christian Religion.")

[JOHN CALVIN, French Protestant reformer and theologian, was born at Noyon, Picardy, France, July 10, 1509. He studied theology at Paris, and then law at Orleans and Bourges; became an avowed friend of the Reformation; and began preaching in Paris, from which he was banished for his bold attacks on Romanism. He took refuge at Geneva, and here passed the remainder of his life, with the exception of a few years spent in banishment (1538-1541). In 1559 he founded the Academy of Geneva. His chief work, which has been translated into nearly all the European languages, is the "Institutes of the Christian Religion." He died at Geneva, May 27, 1564.]

TO

HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY,

THE MOST MIGHTY AND ILLUSTRIOUS MONARCH,

FRANCIS, KING OF THE FRENCH,

HIS SOVEREIGN;

JOHN CALVIN PRAYS PEACE AND SALVATION IN CHRIST.

SIRE, — When I first engaged in this work, nothing was farther from my thoughts than to write what should afterwards be presented to your Majesty. My intention was only to furnish a kind of rudiments, by which those who feel some interest in religion might be trained to true godliness. And I toiled at the task chiefly for the sake of my countrymen, the French, multitudes of whom I perceived to be hungering and thirsting after Christ, while very few seemed to have been duly imbued with even a slender knowledge of him. That this was the object which I had in view is apparent from the work itself, which is written in a simple and elementary form adapted for instruction.

But when I perceived that the fury of certain bad men had risen to such a height in your realm that there was no place in it for sound doctrine, I thought it might be of service if I were in the same work both to give instruction to my countrymen, and also lay before your Majesty a Confession, from which you may learn what the doctrine is that so inflames the rage of those madmen who are this day, with fire and sword, troubling your kingdom. For I fear not to declare that what I have

here given may be regarded as a summary of the very doctrine which, they vociferate, ought to be punished with confiscation, exile, imprisonment, and flames, as well as exterminated by land and sea.

I am aware, indeed, how, in order to render our cause as hateful to your Majesty as possible, they have filled your ears and mind with atrocious insinuations ; but you will be pleased, of your clemency, to reflect that neither in word nor deed could there be any innocence, were it sufficient merely to accuse. When any one, with a view of exciting prejudice, observes that this doctrine, of which I am endeavoring to give your Majesty an account, has been condemned by the suffrages of all the estates, and was long ago stabbed again and again by partial sentences of courts of law, he undoubtedly says nothing more than that it has sometimes been violently oppressed by the power and faction of adversaries, and sometimes fraudulently and insidiously overwhelmed by lies, cavils, and calumny. While a cause is unheard, it is violence to pass sanguinary sentences against it ; it is fraud to charge it, contrary to its deserts, with sedition and mischief.

That no one may suppose we are unjust in thus complaining, you yourself, most illustrious Sovereign, can bear us witness with what lying calumnies it is daily traduced in your presence, as aiming at nothing else than to wrest the scepters of kings out of their hands, to overturn all tribunals and seats of justice, to subvert all order and government, to disturb the peace and quiet of society, to abolish all laws, destroy the distinctions of rank and property, and, in short, turn all things upside down. And yet, that which you hear is but the smallest portion of what is said : for among the common people are disseminated certain horrible insinuations — insinuations which, if well founded, would justify the whole world in condemning the doctrine with its authors to a thousand fires and gibbets. Who can wonder that the popular hatred is inflamed against it, when credit is given to those most iniquitous accusations ? See why all ranks unite with one accord in condemning our persons and our doctrine.

Carried away by this feeling, those who sit in judgment merely give utterance to the prejudices which they have imbibed at home, and think they have duly performed their part if they do not order punishment to be inflicted on any one until convicted, either on his own confession, or on legal evidence. But

of what crime convicted? "Of that condemned doctrine," is the answer. But with what justice condemned? The very essence of the defense was, not to abjure the doctrine itself, but to maintain its truth. On this subject, however, not a whisper is allowed!

Justice, then, most invincible Sovereign, entitles me to demand that you will undertake a thorough investigation of this cause, which has hitherto been tossed about in any kind of way, and handled in the most irregular manner, without any order of law, and with passionate heat rather than judicial gravity.

Let it not be imagined that I am here framing my own private defense, with the view of obtaining a safe return to my native land. Though I cherish towards it the feelings which become me as a man, still, as matters now are, I can be absent from it without regret. The cause which I plead is the common cause of all the godly, and therefore the very cause of Christ, — a cause which, throughout your realm, now lies, as it were, in despair, torn and trampled upon in all kinds of ways, and that more through the tyranny of certain Pharisees than any sanction from yourself. But it matters not to inquire how the thing is done; the fact that it is done cannot be denied. For so far have the wicked prevailed, that the truth of Christ, if not utterly routed and dispersed, lurks as if it were ignobly buried; while the poor Church, either wasted by cruel slaughter, or driven into exile, or intimidated and terror-struck, scarcely ventures to breathe. Still her enemies press on with their wonted rage and fury over the ruins which they have made, strenuously assaulting the wall, which is already giving way. Meanwhile, no man comes forth to offer his protection against such furies. Any who would be thought most favorable to the truth merely talk of pardoning the error and imprudence of ignorant men. For so those modest personages speak, giving the name of *error and imprudence* to that which they know to be the infallible truth of God, and of *ignorant men* to those whose intellect they see that Christ has not despised, seeing he has deigned to intrust them with the mysteries of his heavenly wisdom. Thus all are ashamed of the Gospel.

Your duty, most serene Prince, is, not to shut either your ears or mind against a cause involving such mighty interests as these: how the glory of God is to be maintained on the earth inviolate, how the truth of God is to preserve its dignity, how

the kingdom of Christ is to continue amongst us compact and secure. The cause is worthy of your ear, worthy of your investigation, worthy of your throne.

The characteristic of a true sovereign is to acknowledge that, in the administration of his kingdom, he is a minister of God. He who does not make his reign subservient to the divine glory acts the part not of a king, but a robber. He, moreover, deceives himself, who anticipates long prosperity to any kingdom which is not ruled by the scepter of God, that is, by his divine word. For the heavenly oracle is infallible which has declared that "where there is no vision, the people perish" (Prov. xxix. 18).

Let not a contemptuous idea of our insignificance dissuade you from the investigation of this cause. We, indeed, are perfectly conscious how poor and abject we are : in the presence of God we are miserable sinners, and in the sight of men most despised ; we are (if you will) the mere dregs and offscourings of the world, or worse, if worse can be named : so that before God there remains nothing of which we can glory save only his mercy, by which, without any merit of our own, we are admitted to the hope of eternal salvation : and before men not even this much remains, since we can glory only in our infirmity, a thing which, in the estimation of men, it is the greatest ignominy even tacitly to confess. But our doctrine must stand sublime above all the glory of the world, and invincible by all its power, because it is not ours, but that of the living God and his Anointed, whom the Father has appointed King, that he may rule from sea to sea, and from the rivers even to the ends of the earth ; and so rule as to smite the whole earth and its strength of iron and brass, its splendor of gold and silver, with the mere rod of his mouth, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel ; according to the magnificent predictions of the prophets respecting his kingdom (Dan. ii. 34 ; Isaiah xi. 4 ; Psalm ii. 9).

Our adversaries, indeed, clamorously maintain that our appeal to the Word of God is a mere pretext, — that we are, in fact, its worst corrupters. How far this is not only malicious calumny, but also shameless effrontery, you will be able to decide, of your own knowledge, by reading our Confession. Here, however, it may be necessary to make some observations which may dispose, or at least assist, you to read and study it with attention.

When Paul declared that all prophecy ought to be accord-

ing to the analogy of faith (Rom. xii. 6), he laid down the surest rule for determining the meaning of Scripture. Let our doctrine be tested by this rule and our victory is secure. For what accords better and more aptly with faith than to acknowledge ourselves divested of all virtue that we may be clothed by God, devoid of all goodness that we may be filled by him, the slaves of sin that he may give us freedom, blind that he may enlighten, lame that he may cure, and feeble that he may sustain us; to strip ourselves of all ground of glorying that he alone may shine forth glorious, and we be glorified in him? When these things, and others to the same effect, are said by us, they interpose and querulously complain that in this way we overturn some blind light of nature, fancied preparatives, free will, and works meritorious of eternal salvation, with their own supererogations also; because they cannot bear that the entire praise and glory of all goodness, virtue, justice, and wisdom should remain with God. But we read not of any having been blamed for drinking too much of the fountain of living water; on the contrary, those are severely reprimanded who "have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water" (Jer. ii. 13). Again, what is more agreeable to faith than to feel assured that God is a propitious Father when Christ is acknowledged as a brother and propitiator? than confidently to expect all prosperity and gladness from him whose ineffable love towards us was such that he "spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all" (Rom. viii. 32)? than to rest in the sure hope of salvation and eternal life whenever Christ, in whom such treasures are hid, is conceived to have been given by the Father? Here they attack us, and loudly maintain that this sure confidence is not free from arrogance and presumption. But as nothing is to be presumed of ourselves, so all things are to be presumed of God; nor are we stript of vainglory for any other reason than that we may learn to glory in the Lord. Why go farther? Take but a cursory view, most valiant King, of all the parts of our cause, and count us of all wicked men the most iniquitous, if you do not discover plainly that "therefore we both labor and suffer reproach because we trust in the living God" (1 Tim. iv. 10), because we believe it to be "life eternal" to know "the only true God and Jesus Christ," whom he has sent (John xvii. 3). For this hope some of us are in bonds, some beaten with rods, some made a gazingstock, some proscribed, some most cruelly tortured, some

obliged to flee ; we are all pressed with straits, loaded with dire execrations, lacerated by slanders, and treated with the greatest indignity.

Look now to our adversaries (I mean the priesthood, at whose beck and pleasure others ply their enmity against us), and consider with me for a little by what zeal they are actuated. The true religion which is delivered in the Scriptures, and which all ought to hold, they readily permit both themselves and others to be ignorant of, to neglect and despise ; and they deem it of little moment what each man believes concerning God and Christ, or disbelieves, provided he submits to the judgment of the Church with what they call implicit faith ; nor are they greatly concerned though they should see the glory of God dishonored by open blasphemies, provided not a finger is raised against the primacy of the Apostolic See and the authority of holy mother Church. Why, then, do they war for the mass, purgatory, pilgrimage, and similar follies, with such fierceness and acerbity, that though they cannot prove one of them from the Word of God, they deny godliness can be safe without faith in these things — faith drawn out, if I may so express it, to its utmost stretch ? Why ? Just because their belly is their God, and their kitchen their religion ; and they believe that if these were away, they would not only not be Christians, but not even men. For although some wallow in luxury, and others feed on slender crusts, still they all live by the same pot, which without that fuel might not only cool, but altogether freeze. He, accordingly, who is most anxious about his stomach proves the fiercest champion of his faith. In short, the object on which all to a man are bent is to keep their kingdom safe, or their belly filled ; not one gives even the smallest sign of sincere zeal.

Nevertheless, they cease not to assail our doctrine, and to accuse and defame it in what terms they may, in order to render it either hated or suspected. They call it new, and of recent birth ; they carp at it as doubtful and uncertain ; they bid us tell by what miracles it has been confirmed ; they ask if it be fair to receive it against the consent of so many holy Fathers and the most ancient custom ; they urge us to confess either that it is schismatical in giving battle to the Church, or that the Church must have been without life during the many centuries in which nothing of the kind was heard. Lastly, they say there is little need of argument, for its quality may be known by its fruits, namely, the large number of sects, the many sedi-



tious disturbances, and the great licentiousness which it has produced. No doubt, it is a very easy matter for them, in presence of an ignorant and credulous multitude, to insult over an undefended cause; but were an opportunity of mutual discussion afforded, that acrimony which they now pour out upon us in frothy torrents, with as much license as impunity, would assuredly boil dry. . . .

But to return, Sire. Be not moved by the absurd insinuations with which our adversaries are striving to frighten you into the belief that nothing else is wished and aimed at by this new gospel (for so they term it) than opportunity for sedition and impunity for all kinds of vice. Our God is not the author of division, but of peace; and the son of God, who came to destroy the works of the devil, is not the minister of sin. We, too, are undeservedly charged with desires of a kind for which we have never given even the smallest suspicion. We, forsooth, meditate the subversion of kingdoms; we, whose voice was never heard in faction, and whose life, while passed under you, is known to have been always quiet and simple; even now, when exiled from our home, we nevertheless cease not to pray for all prosperity to your person and your kingdom. We, forsooth, are aiming after an unchecked indulgence in vice, in whose manners, though there is much to be blamed, there is nothing which deserves such an imputation; nor (thank God) have we profited so little in the Gospel that our life may not be to these slanderers an example of chastity, kindness, pity, temperance, patience, moderation, or any other virtue. It is plain, indeed, that we fear God sincerely, and worship him in truth, since, whether by life or by death, we desire his name to be hal- lowed; and hatred herself has been forced to bear witness to the innocence and civil integrity of some of our people on whom death was inflicted for the very thing which deserved the highest praise. But if any, under pretext of the Gospel, excite tumults (none such have as yet been detected in your realm), if any use the liberty of the grace of God as a cloak for licentiousness (I know of numbers who do), there are laws and legal punishments by which they may be punished up to the measure of their deserts, — only, in the mean time, let not the Gospel of God be evil spoken of because of the iniquities of evil men.

Sire, that you may not lend too credulous an ear to the accusations of our enemies, their virulent injustice has been set before you at sufficient length; I fear even more than sufficient,

since this preface has grown almost to the bulk of a full apology. My object, however, was not to frame a defense, but only with a view to the hearing of our cause, to mollify your mind, now indeed turned away and estranged from us—I add, even inflamed against us—but whose good will, we are confident, we should regain, would you but once, with calmness and composure, read this our Confession, which we desire your Majesty to accept instead of a defense. But if the whispers of the malevolent so possess your ear that the accused are to have no opportunity of pleading their cause; if those vindictive furies, with your connivance, are always to rage with bonds, scourgings, tortures, maimings, and burnings, we, indeed, like sheep doomed to slaughter, shall be reduced to every extremity; yet so that, in our patience, we will possess our souls, and wait for the strong hand of the Lord, which, doubtless, will appear in its own time, and show itself armed, both to rescue the poor from affliction, and also take vengeance on the despisers, who are now exulting so securely.

Most illustrious King, may the Lord, the King of kings, establish your throne in righteousness, and your scepter in equity.

BASLE, 1st August, 1536.



## THE COUNTER-REFORMATION AND LOYOLA.

By LORD MACAULAY.

(From essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes.")

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary of War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

IN THE northern parts of Europe the victory of Protestantism was rapid and decisive. . . . But while this mighty work was proceeding in the north of Europe, a revolution of a very different kind had taken place in the south. The temper of Italy and

Spain was widely different from that of Germany and England. As the national feeling of the Teutonic nations impelled them to throw off the Italian supremacy, so the national feeling of the Italians impelled them to resist any change which might deprive their country of the honors and advantages which she enjoyed as the seat of the government of the Universal Church. It was in Italy that the tributes were spent of which foreign nations so bitterly complained. It was to adorn Italy that the traffic in Indulgences had been carried to that scandalous excess which had roused the indignation of Luther. There was among the Italians both much piety and much impiety; but, with very few exceptions, neither the piety nor the impiety took the turn of Protestantism. The religious Italians desired a reform of morals and discipline, but not a reform of doctrine, and least of all a schism. The irreligious Italians simply disbelieved Christianity, without hating it. They looked at it as artists or as statesmen; and, so looking at it, they liked it better in the established form than in any other. It was to them what the old Pagan worship was to Trajan and Pliny. Neither the spirit of Savonarola nor the spirit of Machiavelli had anything in common with the spirit of the religious or political Protestants of the North.

Spain again was, with respect to the Catholic Church, in a situation very different from that of the Teutonic nations. Italy was, in truth, a part of the empire of Charles the Fifth; and the court of Rome was, on many important occasions, his tool. He had not, therefore, like the distant princes of the North, a strong selfish motive for attacking the Papacy. In fact, the very measures which provoked the Sovereign of England to renounce all connection with Rome were dictated by the Sovereign of Spain. The feeling of the Spanish people concurred with the interest of the Spanish government. The attachment of the Castilian to the faith of his ancestors was peculiarly strong and ardent. With that faith were inseparably bound up the institutions, the independence, and the glory of his country. Between the day when the last Gothic king was vanquished on the banks of the Xeres, and the day when Ferdinand and Isabella entered Granada in triumph, near eight hundred years had elapsed; and during those years the Spanish nation had been engaged in a desperate struggle against misbelievers. The Crusades had been merely an episode in the history of other nations. The existence of Spain had been one

long Crusade. After fighting Mussulmans in the Old World, she began to fight heathens in the New. It was under the authority of a Papal bull that her children steered into unknown seas. It was under the standard of the cross that they marched fearlessly into the heart of great kingdoms. It was with the cry of "St. James for Spain," that they charged armies which outnumbered them a hundredfold. And men said that the Saint had heard the call, and had himself, in arms, on a gray war-horse, led the onset before which the worshippers of false gods had given way. After the battle, every excess of rapacity or cruelty was sufficiently vindicated by the plea that the sufferers were unbaptized. Avarice stimulated zeal. Zeal consecrated avarice. Proselytes and gold mines were sought with equal ardor. In the very year in which the Saxons, maddened by the exactions of Rome, broke loose from her yoke, the Spaniards, under the authority of Rome, made themselves masters of the empire and of the treasures of Montezuma. Thus Catholicism which, in the public mind of Northern Europe, was associated with spoliation and oppression, was in the public mind of Spain associated with liberty, victory, dominion, wealth, and glory.

It is not, therefore, strange, that the effect of the great outbreak of Protestantism in one part of Christendom should have been to produce an equally violent outbreak of Catholic zeal in another. Two reformations were pushed on at once with equal energy and effect, a reformation of doctrine in the North, a reformation of manners and discipline in the South. In the course of a single generation, the whole spirit of the church of Rome underwent a change. From the halls of the Vatican to the most secluded hermitage of the Apennines, the great revival was everywhere felt and seen. All the institutions anciently devised for the propagation and defense of the faith were furnished up and made efficient. Fresh engines of still more formidable power were constructed. Everywhere old religious communities were remodeled and new religious communities called into existence. Within a year after the death of Leo, the order of Camaldoli was purified. The Capuchins restored the old Franciscan discipline, the midnight prayer and the life of silence. The Barnabites and the society of Somasca devoted themselves to the relief and education of the poor.

To the Theatine order a still higher interest belongs. Its great object was the same with that of our early Methodists,

namely, to supply the deficiencies of the parochial clergy. The Church of Rome, wiser than the Church of England, gave every countenance to the good work. The members of the new brotherhood preached to great multitudes in the streets and in the fields, prayed by the beds of the sick, and administered the last sacraments to the dying. Foremost among them in zeal and devotion was Gian Pietro Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul the Fourth. In the convent of the Theatines at Venice, under the eye of Caraffa, a Spanish gentleman took up his abode, tended the poor in the hospitals, went about in rags, starved himself almost to death, and often sallied into the streets, mounted on stones, and, waving his hat to invite the passers-by, began to preach in a strange jargon of mingled Castilian and Tuscan. The Theatines were among the most zealous and rigid of men; but to this enthusiastic neophyte their discipline seemed lax, and their movements sluggish; for his own mind, naturally passionate and imaginative, had passed through a training which had given to all its peculiarities a morbid intensity and energy. In his early life he had been the prototype of the hero of Cervantes. The single study of the young hidalgo had been chivalrous romance; and his existence had been one gorgeous day-dream of princesses rescued and infidels subdued. He had chosen a Dulcinea, "no countess, no duchess," — these are his own words, — "but one of far higher station;" and he flattered himself with the hope of laying at her feet the keys of Moorish castles and the jeweled turbans of Asiatic kings. In the midst of these visions of martial glory and prosperous love, a severe wound stretched him on a bed of sickness. His constitution was shattered, and he was doomed to be a cripple for life. The palm of strength, grace, and skill in knightly exercises was no longer for him. He could no longer hope to strike down gigantic soldans, or to find favor in the sight of beautiful women.

A new vision then arose in his mind, and mingled itself with his own delusions in a manner which to most Englishmen must seem singular, but which those who know how close was the union between religion and chivalry in Spain will be at no loss to understand. He would still be a soldier; he would still be a knight-errant; but the soldier and knight-errant of the spouse of Christ. He would smite the Great Red Dragon. He would be the champion of the Woman clothed with the Sun. He would break the charm under which false prophets held the souls of men in bondage. His restless spirit led him to the

Syrian deserts, and to the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Thence he wandered back to the farthest West, and astonished the convents of Spain and the schools of France by his penances and vigils. The same lively imagination which had been employed in picturing the tumult of unreal battles, and the charms of unreal queens, now peopled his solitude with saints and angels. The Holy Virgin descended to commune with him. He saw the Saviour face to face with the eye of flesh. Even those mysteries of religion which are the hardest trial of faith were in his case palpable to sight. It is difficult to relate without a pitying smile that, in the sacrifice of the mass, he saw transubstantiation take place, and that as he stood praying on the steps of the Church of St. Dominic, he saw the Trinity in Unity, and wept aloud with joy and wonder. Such was the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, who, in the great Catholic reaction, bore the same part which Luther bore in the great Protestant movement.

Dissatisfied with the system of the Theatines, the enthusiastic Spaniard turned his face towards Rome. Poor, obscure, without a patron, without recommendations, he entered the city where now two princely temples, rich with painting and many-colored marble, commemorate his great services to the Church; where his form stands sculptured in massive silver; where his bones, enshrined amidst jewels, are placed beneath the altar of God. His activity and zeal bore down all opposition; and under his rule the order of Jesuits began to exist, and grew rapidly to the full measure of his gigantic powers. With what vehemence, with what policy, with what exact discipline, with what dauntless courage, with what self-denial, with what forgetfulness of the dearest private ties, with what intense and stubborn devotion to a single end, with what unscrupulous laxity and versatility in the choice of means, the Jesuits fought the battle of their church, is written in every page of the annals of Europe during several generations.

## IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND HIS WORK.

By REV. THOMAS HUGHES, S.J.

(From "Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits.")

[IGNATIUS LOYOLA, founder of the order of Jesuits (Society of Jesus), was a Spanish noble, born in Gulpuscoa in 1491. While disabled by severe injuries at the siege of Pampeluna, he read the "Lives of the Saints," and resolved to devote himself to a religious life. He journeyed to Jerusalem in hopes of converting the Mohammedans there or being martyred by them; returning to Spain in 1526, he was imprisoned by the Inquisition on suspicion of sorcery. Released in 1528, he went to Paris; and having gained some adherents to a plan for a new religious order, they vowed themselves to it in 1534, and it was confirmed in 1536 by Pope Paul III. In 1541 Loyola was chosen general of the fraternity, and continued such till his death, July 31, 1556. He was beatified by Paul V. in 1609, and canonized by Gregory XV. in 1622.]

HE WAS oppressed with poverty, without the satisfaction of acting under orders; suffering many diseases, and yet looking neither to honor, dignity, nor other human reward, such as is wont to draw men on, and animate them under fatigue; finding no pleasure nor satisfaction in the life of studies, an inducement which is so great an alleviation to mortals in the work before them. And in all these respects, he was quite unlike the very men whom he singled out, and enlisted in the new service of devotion; unlike Francis Xavier, who had seen with perfect indifference all his brothers take to their ancestral profession of arms, or to a courtier's life, while he himself, with the whole force of an ambitious soul, ran on successfully and brilliantly in his chosen career, as a Professor; unlike Laynez and Salmeron, whose extraordinary gifts had made them Doctors of Philosophy and Divinity while still, in age, little more than mere youths; very unlike by nature to the gentle make of Lefèvre, who began life as a shepherd boy, and ever retained a pastoral sweetness of character. Unlike all of them, Loyola, a soldier born and bred, and still true to his profession, discarded every consideration of taste, comfort, and convenience, in view of one objective point to be reached: through thirteen years he struggled towards it; and when that time of probation was over, he was a marked man. His name was widely known, and favorably so. When he had been paying five times over the price of his daily bread, by traveling to Belgium, to Rouen, and London, and collecting there some Spanish florins, the event seemed to show that he had been but opening the door, here and there and everywhere, for his colleges and universities in the future; albeit, if they came, adversaries came too, in

proportion. But clouds and storms purify the air. When they come again, they will still leave the air the clearer for their coming. If the laws of human conduct are consistent in one way, they are consistent in another. The disturbance comes, but it does its work and goes.

M. Cretineau-Joly, the popular French historian in our own times, speaking of events at a later juncture in the life of Loyola, makes the following observation: "Loyola," he says, "could apply to himself admirably well that proverb which says, 'When a Spaniard is driving a nail into the wall, and his hammer breaks, the Spaniard will drive the nail in with his head!'" Loyola would have his idea go through at any cost.

We shall now follow him to Italy and Rome.

In the year 1537, Rome was not quite the luxurious capital which had fallen under the sword of the Constable of Bourbon. The eternal city, whose Papal Sovereigns have left it on record from time immemorial that in no part of the world were they less recognized as lords than in their own city, had undergone a purification which differed, not substantially, but only in its consequences, from what was called for over half the countries of Europe. The riches, the luxury, the idleness, which elsewhere resulted in a complete change of religious history for many of the northern nations, had here brought about a catastrophe which sobered minds. And no longer an exclusive absorption in elaborate sloth prevented a large portion of the influential element here from doing honor to the Queen of European civilization by doing good to the world.

All roads still led to Rome. Thence too all roads diverged. It was still true that whatever commanded this center could reach out, if only by the force of prestige, to the uttermost limits of the civilized domain. Whatever this venerable source of authority chartered to go on its way, in strength and benediction, had reason to behold, in the privilege so bestowed, the auspicious opening of a useful career, intellectual or moral. It is so to-day, though not in a temporal sense. The charter, or confirmation, or bull, which conveys the recognition of the Church's Head to a project, a cause, or an institute, bestows thereupon a moral power which naturally transcends every franchise in the gift of the most powerful governments. Compared with it, they are local. And, standing no comparison with it, under a moral aspect, they do not pretend to such a power as touches the inner conscience of nations.



When therefore Ignatius turned to the great Rome, he was like the skillful commander whom he describes in a certain place: he was possessing himself of the vantage ground, taking the citadel. It would be more correct to say, as all history avers, that he meant to defend that citadel, the See of Rome. He had waited nearly a year at Venice, to carry out his project of voyaging to Jerusalem. War made that impossible. Now, in accordance with the express proviso in their vow, he and his companions repaired to Rome, and offered their services to the spiritual head of Christendom.

To win approbation for a new religious institute was no easy matter; then less than ever. The recent occurrences in the North had been due to this, among other moral causes, that the later history of certain religious orders, which centuries before had begun one way, latterly had taken a novel and fatal turn. Still, in spite of criticism and hostility, chiefly in the high places, Ignatius received at length the approving word of the Pope; and his Institute was chartered with a bull of confirmation. Henceforth, the evolution of events belongs to general history. What concerns us, in this chartering of the plan and Institute of Ignatius Loyola, is the new character it gave to education, and the epoch it made in the intellectual history of the world. To explain this matter, we may follow briefly the deliberations which the Fathers held, and in the course of which, among other conclusions, they came to decide upon reëstablishing education.

It was the fourth of May, 1539, a year and a half before their services were finally accepted by the Pope. Such of the ten members as were then in Rome occupied themselves, after the labors of the day, in nightly deliberations, which were protracted during three months. They decreed, among other things, that they should teach boys and uncultured persons the necessary points of Christian doctrine, at least once a year, and for a definite time. This decree obviously is not about that secondary and superior education of youth, which is our subject; neither does it concern primary education, of which there is nowhere question in the Institute of the Jesuits. But, as the Constitution subsequently drawn up says, "this work of charity, in the Divine service, is more likely to be consigned to oblivion, and to pass into disuse, than other duties more specious in their character, as preaching," etc.

Teaching Christian doctrine pertains to the duty of those

who have the ordinary care of souls. No duty of this kind, as belonging to the ordinary sphere of the Church's clergy, would Ignatius assume as characteristic of his own Institute, except this one. He was, indeed, more than ready to throw in his contribution of personal zeal and charity, for the furtherance of all kinds of benevolence and beneficence. Personally, at the cost of untiring activity, he sowed, as Genelli well observes, the first seeds of those ameliorations in social life, and of those humane institutions, which are so marked a feature of later ages. He was an original benefactor of humanity at the turning point of modern history, which has since become an era of social organized beneficence. Urban VIII. solemnly testifies that Ignatius organized homes for orphans, for catechumens, for unprovided women; that the poor and the sick, that children and the ignorant and prisoners, were all objects of his personal solicitude. These works of zeal and charity became, in subsequent years, the specific reasons of existence for various other communities, which rose in order and in number. But he did not adopt them as specific in his Institute; nor did he assume as characteristic anything within the province of the ordinary parochial clergy, except the teaching of Christian doctrine to boys and uncultured persons. The rest he attended to while not provided for, ready to drop them when provision should be made for them.

But he did assume five works which were outside of the ordinary lines; and, among them, is the subject of our study, the Education of Youth. As the selection of all these specialties for his Institute reveal the commander's eye resting on a field where many issues were being fought out, so, in particular, his selection of education as a specialty betrayed the same masterly thought, in the institutions he projected, in the scope he proposed, and, above all, in the formation of his teachers.

There had been, among the Fathers deliberating, a difference of opinion, with respect to Christian doctrine. Bobadilla had dissented from making that work the subject of a special vow; and the others deferred to him. But there was unanimity with regard to every other topic of deliberation, including this one, "the education of youth, having colleges in universities."

As defined by Jesuit authors, the education of youth means the gratuitous teaching of letters and science, from almost the first beginnings of Grammar up to the culminating science of Sacred Theology, and that for boys and students of every kind,

in schools open to all. Evidently these university men, who were engaged in drawing up the Institute, considered that, if the greatest Professor's talents are well spent in the exposition of the gravest doctrines in Theology, Philosophy, and Science, neither he, nor any one else, is too great to be a schoolmaster, a tutor, and a father to the boy passing from childhood on to the state of manhood,—that boyhood which, as Clement of Alexandria says, furnishes the very milk of age, and from which the constitution of the man receives its temper and complexion.

It is requisite here to observe that there was no such thing in existence as State Education. Two reasons may briefly be mentioned for this, one of them intrinsic to the question, the other an historical fact. The intrinsic and essential reason was the sacred character of education, as being an original function, belonging to the primary relations of parents and child. States, or organized commonwealths, come only in the third or fourth degree of human society. It was much later, in that short interval between the extinction of the Society of Jesus and the outburst of the French Revolution, that new theories came to be proclaimed, as La Chalotais did openly proclaim them, of a bald and blank deism in social life, and therefore of secularizing education. Between deism and secularization the connection was reasonable. For, if the rights of God went by the board, there was no reason why the rights of parents and children should remain. All alike, the persons and "souls of men," fell back into the condition in which Christianity had found them; they became chattels of the state, manikins of a bureau in peace, "food for powder" in war.

The other reason was an historical fact. For all the purposes of charity, mercy, and philanthropy, there were powers in existence, as part of the normal religious life of general Christian society. They were the same powers that had made Christendom, and had carried it on so far as the Christian world, the same to which we owe the civilization of to-day. More than that. As there is not a single work of charity or mercy, says St. Thomas Aquinas, which may not be made the object of an institution, religious men or women devoting their lives as a service to God, in a special service towards their neighbors; so, in point of fact, there were very few such objects which had not originated some service of religious self-consecration in their behalf.

Now, as operating on education in particular, the powers in the world were, as they had been, almost entirely clerical or religious. In the universities, there were clergymen and Religious. All the great institutions had the religious cast about them. The old ones have it still. Traces of it hang about Oxford and Cambridge. The Church founded them and supervised them. Kings protected them. And the highest outcome of their schools was Divinity in its widest sense: that is to say, the triple knowledge of God, and of man as signed with the light of God's countenance, and of nature as bearing the impress of God's footstep. As it was in the universities, so, outside too, all pedagogic influence had rested with religious men.

But no one of all these religious powers was bound by its constitution to this labor of education, which Loyola now, formally and expressly, assumed as part of his work. It is at this stage of history that education enters into the fundamental plan of a Religious Order. This is a fact, and an epoch, of prime importance in Pedagogics.

For, inasmuch as education entered thus into the plan of a Religious Order, it became the vocation of a moral body which, while incorporated like other bodies, did not confine itself, like single universities, to limited circumstances of place: it was a body diffusive. And so with regard to conditions of time; though all corporations give an assurance of perpetuity, a diffusive body like this does more: it multiplies the assurance, in proportion to its own diffusiveness.

And again, inasmuch as the body which undertook the work of education was a religious one, bound to poverty, it guaranteed that the members would endow the work, at their own cost, with that which is the first, the essential, and most expensive endowment, among all others, — the labors, the attainments, and the lives of competent men, all gratuitously given. This endowment, which is so substantial, is besides so far-reaching, that no other temporal foundation would be needed, were it not that the necessaries of life, and the apparatus for their work, are still necessary to living men, even though they live in personal poverty.

Thus then it was that Ignatius took in charge the secondary and superior education of the Christian world, as far as his services should be called for: he threw into the work the endowment of a Religious Order. This, as the sequel proved,

meant the whole revival of learning. Lord Bacon bears witness to it in a few words, when he says that the Jesuits "partly in themselves, and partly by the emulation and provocation of their example, have much quickened and strengthened the state of learning." Father Daniel gives some of the details in a summary way. He says : "The exclusively University régime of the late centuries replaced, for a notable portion of students, by a scholastic discipline much more complete ; Scholastic Philosophy and Theology renovated, through the care applied to prevent young men from throwing themselves too early into the disputes of the schools ; in fine, Literature and Grammar resuming the place they had lost in the twelfth century, and, over and above that, enjoying the new resources created for their use by the Renaissance ; all this I call a capital fact in the history of the human mind, and even in the history of the Church."

After the time of Ignatius, other religious congregations, fortified with their own special means for respective departments of activity, entered upon the same general field of work. They were the Oratorians, the Barnabites, the Fathers of the Pious Schools, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and others whose names may occur in the course of this essay. And, for the education of women, inferior and superior alike, congregations of devoted religious women came into being, and opened their convents to supply the best and highest culture.

For fear that, in the execution of this plan, and in their other enterprises of devotion and zeal, any secondary intentions or results, with regard to power and office, might mar the purity of the work and defeat the main object, the same men, whose future under the generalship of such a leader was about to open as one of transcendent influence in the civilized world, bound themselves by vow never to accept any dignity or office in the Church. Naturally they should keep aloof from affairs of state. In fact, it would be incompatible with their own purposes of literary and scientific competence, to leave themselves at the mercy of other men's views, and be drafted into posts outside of the Institute, and be placed in an impossible situation for working out the specific end intended. It would be suicidal too. Just when a man was capable of continuing his kind, he would be lost to the body, and be rendered incapable thereby of propagating his own type of eminence. Besides, without touching upon the inner reasons of the spiritual life,

which made this resignation of all honors desirable, it is a fact standing out in clear relief, as history sketches the marvelous fecundity of an Order requiring such a high level of attainments, that many of the choicest souls have felt specially attracted to a kind of life which at one and the same time satisfied their ideas of Christian perfection, and cut them off from all the paths of worldly glory.

And now, to mention in the last place another point, which is equally important for understanding the educational history of the Order, and to the general mind is equally obscure with some of those mentioned already, there was introduced the principle of religious obedience. It was sanctioned by a unanimous vote. The Fathers had concluded the first deliberation, whether they should form a society at all; and they had decided in the affirmative sense. Then the question took this phase. If they were to found a closely knitted society, they could do so only by assuming a strict bond. That was none other than a strict obedience.

On this head, as on all others that came in order, they began the deliberation by reasoning, one day, in an adverse sense, all having prepared their minds to emphasize every objection which they could find against it. The day following, they argued in a positive sense. The motives in favor of strict obedience won their unanimous assent. They were such as these:—

If this congregation undertook the charge of affairs, and the members were not under orders, no one could be held responsible for an exact administration of the charge. If the body were not bound together by obedience, it could not long persevere; yet this was their first intention, to remain associated in a permanent body. Whence they concluded that scattered as they would be, and already had been, in assiduous and diverse labors, they must be united by a strict principle of subordination, if they were to remain such a body. Another argued thus: Obedience begets heroism of virtue; since the truly obedient man is most prompt to execute whatever duty is assigned him by one whom, as by a religious act, he regards as being in the place of God, and signifying to him God's will: wherefore obedience and heroism go together.

This reasoning seems to be enforced by the history of all great nations, in the crises of their military and other public affairs. But, as is clear, the principles of religious obedience

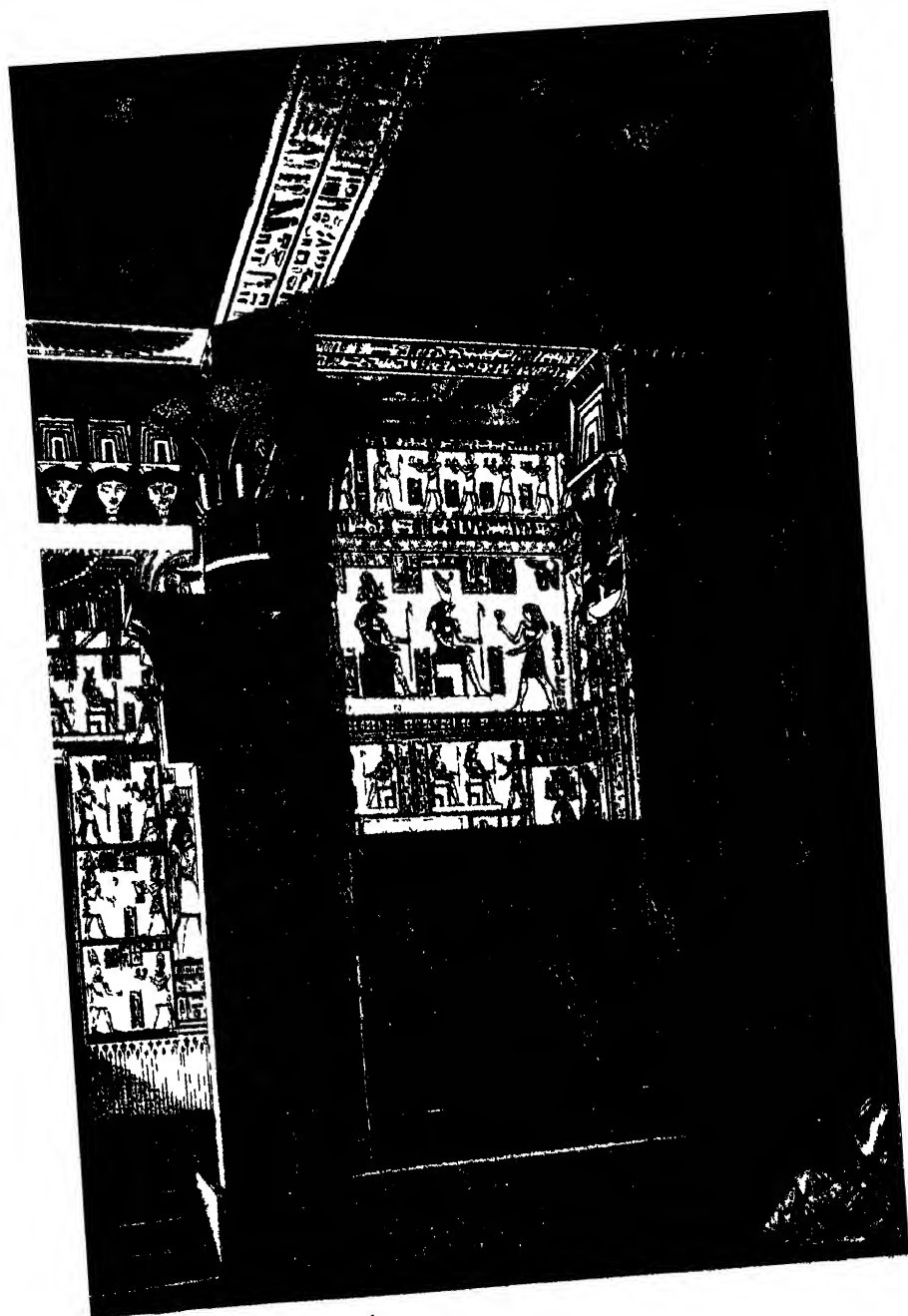
are of a different order; they are on a higher plane; and they reach much farther in time and eternity than those of obedience elsewhere.

Here then we discern, sufficiently for present purposes, the meaning and historical location of this Institute. The members have cut themselves off from the possession of all private property, by the voluntary engagement to poverty, and thereby they have prepared the endowment, on which education will chiefly rest,—that is to say, the endowment consisting of the men to teach, and their services tendered gratis. Position and dignity are alike rendered inaccessible by an express vow of the members professed. Obedience keeps the organization mobile as a company of trained soldiers. And, if any observant mind, well acquainted with the course of human affairs, detects in these principles some reasons for success, normal, habitual, and regular, in the face of unnumbered obstacles, and of unrelenting hostility, his view will be singularly corroborated when he rises to a plane higher, and regards the same principles as “religious,” carrying with them the sanction of divine worship; which I should be loath to call “enthusiasm,” much less “fanaticism.” These sentiments are never very prudent, nor enlightened, nor cool; they are either very natural or are short-lived. A mild fever of fanaticism can scarcely produce high results; and a high fever of the same can scarcely last three hundred and fifty years, with perpetuity still threatening. But I would call this phenomenon, in its origin, religious devotion; in its consequences, a supernatural efficiency; and, taking it all in all, that which is called a grace of vocation.

On the twenty-seventh day of September, 1540, the Society of Jesus received from the See of Rome its bull of confirmation, by which it became a chartered body of the Church.







VIEW OF THE COLOURED INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE,  
WEST THEBES (MEMNONIUM).





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## FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Lady of the Lake.")

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

HE COUCHED him in a thicket hoar,  
And thought his toils and perils o'er:  
"Of all my rash adventures past,  
This frantic feat must prove the last! . . .  
If farther through the wilds I go,  
I only fall upon the foe;  
I'll couch me here till evening gray,  
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,



The fox is heard upon the fell;  
Enough remains of glimmering light  
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
Yet not enough from far to show  
His figure to the watchful foe.  
With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;  
And not the summer solstice there  
Tempered the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze that swept the wold  
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.  
In dread, in danger, and alone,  
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,  
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;  
Till, as the rock's huge point he turned,  
A watch fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;  
And up he sprung with sword in hand, —  
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!" —  
"A stranger." — "What dost thou require?" —  
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
My life's beset, my path is lost,  
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost." —  
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" — "No." —  
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?" —  
"I dare! to him and all his band  
He brings to aid his murderous hand." —  
"Bold words! — but, though the beast of game  
The privilege of chase may claim,  
Though space and law the stag we lend,  
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,  
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?  
Thus treacherous scouts — yet sure they lie,  
Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!" —  
"They do, by heaven! — Come Roderick Dhu,  
And of his clan the boldest two,  
And let me but till morning rest,  
I write the falsehood on their crest." —  
"If by the blaze I mark aright,  
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."  
"Then by these tokens mayst thou know  
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." —

"Enough, enough; sit down and share  
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;  
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.  
He tended him like welcome guest,  
Then thus his further speech addressed:—  
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
A clansman born, a kinsman true;  
Each word against his honor spoke,  
Demands of me avenging stroke;  
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,  
A mighty augury is laid.  
It rests with me to wind my horn,—  
Thou art with numbers overborne;  
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:  
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,  
Will I depart from honor's laws;  
To assail a wearied man were shame,  
And stranger is a holy name;  
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
In vain he never must require.  
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;  
Myself will guide thee on the way,  
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,  
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,  
As far as Coilantogle's ford;  
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—  
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,  
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—  
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry  
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."  
With that he shook the gathered heath,  
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;  
And the brave foemen, side by side,  
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,  
And slept until the dawning beam  
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

## THE COMBAT.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
 When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,  
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
 And lights the fearful path on mountain side ; —  
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,  
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,  
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
 The warriors left their lowly bed,  
 Looked out upon the dappled sky,  
 Muttered their soldier matins by,  
 And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
 That o'er, the Gael around him threw  
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
 And, true to promise, led the way,  
 By thicket green and mountain gray.  
 A wildering path ! — they winded now  
 Along the precipice's brow,  
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
 The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
 And all the vales between that lie,  
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;  
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance.  
 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
 Assistance from the hand to gain ;  
 So tangled oft that, bursting through,  
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —  
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear.

At length they came where, stern and steep,  
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.  
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;  
 Ever the hollow path twined on,

Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;  
 An hundred men might hold the post  
 With hardihood against a host.  
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,  
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
 And patches bright of bracken green,  
 And heather black, that waved so high,  
 It held the copse in rivalry.  
 But where the lake slept, deep and still,  
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;  
 And oft both path and hill were torn,  
 Where wintry torrents down had borne,  
 And heaped upon the cumbered land  
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.  
 So toilsome was the road to trace,  
 The guide, abating of his pace,  
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
 And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause  
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few,  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,  
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side;  
 Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
 "I dreamt not now to claim its aid.  
 When here, but three days since, I came,  
 Bewildered in pursuit of game,  
 All seemed as peaceful and as still,  
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;  
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,  
 Nor soon expected back from war.  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,  
 Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."  
 "Yet why a second venture try?"  
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why!—  
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
 Enough, I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide —  
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,  
 The merry glance of mountain maid:

Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—  
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,  
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"  
—"No, by my word;—of bands prepared  
To guard King James's sports I heard;  
Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear  
This muster of the mountaineer,  
Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—  
"Free be they flung! for we were loath  
Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave  
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,  
Bewildered in the mountain game,  
Whence the bold boast by which you show  
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"—  
"Warrior, but yesternorn, I knew  
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
Save as an outlawed desperate man,  
The chief of a rebellious clan,  
Who in the Regent's court and sight,  
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;  
Yet this alone might from his part  
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,  
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.  
A space he paused, then sternly said,  
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?  
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow  
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?  
What recked the Chieftain if he stood  
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?  
He rights such wrong where it is given,  
If it were in the court of heaven."—  
"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,  
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;  
While Albany, with feeble hand,  
Held borrowed truncheon of command,  
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,

Was stranger to respect and power.  
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —  
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain  
His herds and harvest reared in vain, —  
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn  
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him, grim the while,  
And answered with disdainful smile, —  
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
I marked thee send delighted eye  
Far to the south and east, where lay,  
Extended in succession gay,  
Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
With gentle slopes and groves between: —  
These fertile plains, that softened vale,  
Were once the birthright of the Gael;  
The stranger came with iron hand,  
And from our fathers reft the land.  
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell  
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.  
Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
For fattened steer or household bread,  
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,  
And well the mountain might reply, —  
'To you, as to your sires of yore,  
Belong the target and claymore!  
I give you shelter in my breast,  
Your own good blades must win the rest.'  
Pent in this fortress of the North,  
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
And from the robber rend the prey?  
Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain  
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;  
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
But one along yon river's maze, —  
The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.  
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold  
That plundering Lowland field and fold  
Is aught but retribution true?  
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu." —

Answered Fitz-James, — "And, if I sought,  
Think'st thou no other could be brought?  
What deem ye of my path waylaid?  
My life given o'er to ambuscade?" —

"As of a need to rashness due:

Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —

I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,

I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —

Free hadst thou been to come and go,

But secret path marks secret foe.

Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,

Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,

Save to fulfill an augury." —

"Well, let it pass; nor will I now

Fresh cause of enmity avow,

To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.

Enough, I am by promise tied

To match me with this man of pride:

Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen

In peace; but when I come again,

I come with banner, brand, and bow,

As leader seeks his mortal foe.

For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,

Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,

As I, until before me stand

This rebel Chieftain and his band!"

"Have, then, thy wish!" — he whistled shrill,

And he was answered from the hill;

Wild as the scream of the curlew,

From crag to crag the signal flew.

Instant, through copse and heath, arose

Bonnets and spears and bended bows:

On right, on left, above, below,

Sprung up at once the lurking foe;

From shingles gray their lances start,

The bracken brush sends forth the dart,

The rushes and the willow wand

Are bristling into ax and brand,

And every tuft of broom gives life

To plaided warrior armed for strife.

That whistle garrisoned the glen

At once with full five hundred men,

As if the yawning hill to heaven

A subterranean host had given.

Watching their leader's beck and will,  
All silent there they stood, and still.  
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass  
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
As if an infant's touch could urge  
Their headlong passage down the verge,  
With step and weapon forward flung,  
Upon the mountain side they hung.  
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride  
Along Benledi's living side,  
Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James — "How say'st thou now?  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave : — though to his heart  
The lifeblood thrilled with sudden start,  
He manned himself with dauntless air,  
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before : —  
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."  
Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes  
Respect was mingled with surprise,  
And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.  
Short space he stood — then waved his hand;  
Down sunk the disappearing band;  
Each warrior vanished where he stood,  
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;  
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
In osiers pale and copses low;  
It seemed as if their mother Earth  
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.  
The wind's last breath had tossed in air,  
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —  
The next but swept a lone hillside,  
Where heath and fern were waving wide;  
The sun's last glance was glinted back  
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —  
The next, all unreflected, shone  
On bracken green and cold gray stone.



Fitz-James looked round — yet scarce believed  
The witness that his sight received ;  
Such apparition well might seem  
Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
And to his look the Chief replied :  
“ Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —  
But — doubt not aught from mine array.  
Thou art my guest ; — I pledged my word  
As far as Coilantogle ford :  
Nor would I call a clansman’s brand  
For aid against one valiant hand,  
Though on our strife lay every vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
So move we on ; — I only meant  
To show the reed on which you leant,  
Deeming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”  
They moved : — I said Fitz-James was brave,  
As ever knight that belted glaive ;  
Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,  
As, following Roderick’s stride, he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
Which yet, by fearful proof was rife  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonored and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
The vanished guardians of the ground,  
And still, from copse and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
And in the plover’s shrilly strain,  
The signal whistle heard again.  
Nor breathed he free till far behind  
The pass was left ; for then they wind  
Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor turf was seen,  
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reached that torrent’s sounding shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,

Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
On Bochastle the moldering lines,  
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.  
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,  
Threw down his target and his plaid,  
And to the Lowland warrior said:—  
“Bold Saxon! to his promise just,  
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan,  
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,  
Far past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard.  
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
A Chieftain’s vengeance thou shalt feel.  
See, here all vantageless I stand,  
Armed like thyself, with single brand;  
For this is Coilantogle ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

The Saxon paused: “I ne’er delayed,  
When foeman bade me draw my blade;  
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;  
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
And my deep debt for life preserved,  
A better meed have well deserved;  
Can naught but blood our feud atone?  
Are there no means?”—“No, Stranger, none!  
And here,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—  
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;  
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred  
Between the living and the dead:  
‘Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,  
His party conquers in the strife.’”—  
“Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,  
“The riddle is already read.  
See yonder brake beneath the cliff,—  
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy;  
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
Or if the King shall not agree  
To grant thee grace and favor free,

I plight mine honor, oath, and word,  
That to thy native strengths restored,  
With each advantage thou shalt stand,  
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:

"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage to name of Roderick Dhu?  
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate; —  
My clansman's blood demands revenge.  
Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change  
My thought, and hold thy valor light  
As that of some vain carpet knight,  
Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
And whose best boast is but to wear  
A braid of his fair lady's hair." —

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!  
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;  
For I have sworn this braid to stain  
In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone! —  
Yet think not that by thee alone,  
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;  
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,  
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
Of this small horn one feeble blast  
Would fearful odds against thee cast.  
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —  
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

Then each at once his falchion drew,  
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again;  
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw,  
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
Had death so often dashed aside;  
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.

He practiced every pass and ward,  
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;  
 While less expert, though stronger far,  
 The Gael maintained unequal war.  
 Three times in closing strife they stood,  
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;  
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
 And showered his blows like wintry rain;  
 And, as firm rock, or castle roof,  
 Against the winter shower is proof,  
 The foe, invulnerable still,  
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;  
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
 And backward borne upon the lea,  
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made  
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"  
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!  
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."  
 — Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
 Like mountain cat who guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;  
 Received, but recked not of a wound,  
 And locked his arms his foeman round. —  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel! —  
 They tug, they strain! down, down they go,  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.  
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,  
 His knee was planted on his breast;  
 His clotted locks he backward threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,  
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright! —  
 But hate and fury ill supplied  
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
 And all too late the advantage came,  
 To turn the odds of deadly game;

For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.  
 Down came the blow! but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
 The struggling foe may now unclasp  
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;  
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.



## CHARLES THE FIFTH.

By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

(From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic.")

[JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, American historian, was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814; graduated at Harvard in 1831, and attended Göttingen and Berlin. He was admitted to the bar in 1836, but practiced little; wrote the novels "Morton's Hope" (1839) and "Merry Mount" (1849); was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg in 1840; 1851-1856 he spent in Europe gathering material for the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," which was translated into Dutch, German, and French; from 1858 to 1867 was in Europe again; in 1860 published vols. 1 and 2 of the "History of the United Netherlands," 3 and 4 being issued in 1868; 1861-1867 was United States minister to Austria, resigning in the latter year; 1869-1870 was minister to England; published "John of Barneveld" in 1874. He died May 28, 1877.]

WHAT was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the Netherlands that they should weep for him? His conduct towards them during his whole career had been one of unmitigated oppression. What to them were all these forty voyages by sea and land, these journeyings back and forth from Friesland to Tunis, from Madrid to Vienna? What was it to them that the imperial shuttle was thus industriously flying to and fro? The fabric wrought was but the daily growing grandeur and splendor of his imperial house; the looms were kept moving at the expense of their hardly earned treasure, and the woof was often dyed red in the blood of his bravest subjects. The interests of the Netherlands had never been even a secondary consideration with their master. He had fulfilled no duty towards them, he had committed the gravest crimes against them. He had regarded them merely as a treasury upon which to draw; while the sums which he extorted were spent upon ceaseless and senseless wars, which were of no more interest to

them than if they had been waged in another planet. Of five millions of gold annually, which he derived from all his realms, two millions came from these industrious and opulent provinces, while but a half million came from Spain and another half from the Indies. The mines of wealth which had been opened by the hand of industry in that slender territory of ancient morass and thicket, contributed four times as much income to the imperial exchequer as all the boasted wealth of Mexico and Peru. Yet the artisans, the farmers, and the merchants by whom these riches were produced, were consulted about as much in the expenditure of the imposts upon their industry as were the savages of America as to the distribution of the mineral treasures of their soil.

The rivalry of the houses of Habsburg and Valois — this was the absorbing theme during the greater part of the reign which had just been so dramatically terminated. To gain the empire over Francis, to leave to Don Philip a richer heritage than the Dauphin could expect, were the great motives of the unparalleled energy displayed by Charles during the longer and the more successful portion of his career. To crush the Reformation throughout his dominions was his occupation afterward, till he abandoned the field in despair. It was certainly not desirable for the Netherlanders that they should be thus controlled by a man who forced them to contribute so largely to the success of schemes, some of which were at best indifferent, and others entirely odious to them. They paid 1,200,000 crowns a year regularly; they paid in five years an extraordinary subsidy of eight millions of ducats, and the States were roundly rebuked by the courtly representatives of their despot, if they presumed to inquire into the objects of the appropriations, or to express an interest in their judicious administration. Yet it may be supposed to have been a matter of indifference to them whether Francis or Charles had won the day at Pavia, and it certainly was not a cause of triumph to the daily increasing thousands of religious reformers in Holland and Flanders that their brethren had been crushed by the Emperor at Mühlberg.

But it was not alone that he drained their treasure and hampered their industry. He was in constant conflict with their ancient and dearly bought political liberties. Like his ancestor Charles the Bold, he was desirous of constructing a kingdom out of the provinces. He was disposed to place all their sep-

arate and individual charters on a procrustean bed, and shape them all into uniformity simply by reducing the whole to a nullity. The difficulties in the way—the stout opposition offered by burghers, whose fathers had gained these charters with their blood, and his want of leisure during the vast labors which devolved upon him as the autocrat of so large a portion of the world, caused him to defer indefinitely the execution of his plan. He found time only to crush some of the foremost of the liberal institutions of the provinces, in detail. . . . Many other instances might be adduced, if it were not a superfluous task, to prove that Charles was not only a political despot, but most arbitrary and cruel in the exercise of his despotism.

But if his sins against the Netherlands had been only those of financial and political oppression, it would be at least conceivable, although certainly not commendable, that the inhabitants should have regretted his departure. But there are far darker crimes for which he stands arraigned at the bar of history, and it is indeed strange that the man who had committed them should have been permitted to speak his farewell amid blended plaudits and tears. His hand planted the inquisition in the Netherlands. Before his day it is idle to say that the diabolical institution ever had a place there. The isolated cases in which inquisitors had exercised functions proved the absence and not the presence of the system, and will be discussed in a later chapter. Charles introduced and organized a papal inquisition, side by side with those terrible “placards” of his invention, which constituted a masked inquisition even more cruel than that of Spain. The execution of the system was never permitted to languish. The number of Netherlands who were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, in obedience to his edicts, and for the offenses of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, have been placed as high as one hundred thousand by distinguished authorities, and have never been put at a lower mark than fifty thousand. The Venetian envoy Navigero placed the number of victims in the provinces of Holland and Friesland alone at thirty thousand, and this in 1546, ten years before the abdication, and five before the promulgation of the hideous edict of 1550!

The edicts and the inquisition were the gift of Charles to the Netherlands, in return for their wasted treasure and their constant obedience. For this, his name deserves to be handed

down to eternal infamy, not only throughout the Netherlands, but in every land where a single heart beats for political or religious freedom. To eradicate these institutions after they had been watered and watched by the care of his successor, was the work of an eighty years' war, in the course of which millions of lives were sacrificed. Yet the abdicating Emperor had summoned his faithful estates around him, and stood up before them in his imperial robes for the last time, to tell them of the affectionate regard which he had always borne them, and to mingle his tears with theirs.

Could a single phantom have risen from one of the many thousand graves where human beings had been thrust alive by his decree, perhaps there might have been an answer to the question propounded by the Emperor amid all that piteous weeping. Perhaps it might have told the man who asked his hearers to be forgiven if he had ever unwittingly offended them, that there was a world where it was deemed an offense to torture, strangle, burn, and drown one's innocent fellow-creatures. The usual but trifling excuse for such enormities cannot be pleaded for the Emperor. Charles was no fanatic. The man whose armies sacked Rome, who laid his sacrilegious hands on Christ's vicegerent, and kept the infallible head of the Church a prisoner to serve his own political ends, was *then* no bigot. He believed in nothing, save that when the course of his imperial will was impeded, and the interests of his imperial house in jeopardy, pontiffs were to succumb as well as anabaptists. It was the political heresy which lurked in the restiveness of the religious reformers under dogma, tradition, and supernatural sanction to temporal power, which he was disposed to combat to the death. He was too shrewd a politician not to recognize the connection between aspirations for religious and for political freedom. His hand was ever ready to crush both heresies in one. Had he been a true son of the Church, a faithful champion of her infallibility, he would not have submitted to the peace of Passau, so long as he could bring a soldier to the field. Yet he acquiesced in the Reformation for Germany, while the fires for burning the reformers were ever blazing in the Netherlands, where it was death even to allude to the existence of the peace of Passau. Nor did he acquiesce only from compulsion; for long before his memorable defeat by Maurice, he had permitted the German troops, with whose services he could not dispense, regularly to attend Protestant worship performed by their own



Protestant chaplains. Lutheran preachers marched from city to city of the Netherlands under the imperial banner, while the subjects of those patrimonial provinces were daily suffering on the scaffold for their nonconformity. The influence of this garrison preaching upon the progress of the Reformation in the Netherlands is well known. Charles hated Lutherans, but he required soldiers, and he thus helped by his own policy to disseminate what, had he been the fanatic which he perhaps became in retirement, he would have sacrificed his life to crush. It is quite true that the growing Calvinism of the provinces was more dangerous both religiously and politically, than the Protestantism of the German princes, which had not yet been formally pronounced heresy, but it is thus the more evident that it was political rather than religious heterodoxy which the despot wished to suppress.

No man, however, could have been more observant of religious rites. He heard mass daily. He listened to a sermon every Sunday and holiday. He confessed and received the sacrament four times a year. He was sometimes to be seen in his tent at midnight, on his knees before a crucifix with eyes and hands uplifted. He ate no meat in Lent, and used extraordinary diligence to discover and to punish any man, whether courtier or plebeian, who failed to fast during the whole forty days. He was too good a politician not to know the value of broad phylacteries and long prayers. He was too nice an observer of human nature not to know how easily mint and cummin could still outweigh the "weightier matters of law, judgment, mercy, and faith"; as if the founder of the religion which he professed, and to maintain which he had established the inquisition and the edicts, had never cried woe upon the Pharisees. Yet there is no doubt that the Emperor was at times almost popular in the Netherlands, and that he was never as odious as his successor. There were some deep reasons for this, and some superficial ones; among others, a singularly fortunate manner. He spoke German, Spanish, Italian, French, and Flemish, and could assume the characteristics of each country as easily as he could use its language. He could be stately with Spaniards, familiar with Flemings, witty with Italians. He could strike down a bull in the ring like a matador at Madrid, or win the prize in the tourney like a knight of old; he could ride at the ring with the Flemish nobles, hit the popinjay with his crossbow among Antwerp artisans, or drink beer and

exchange rude jests with the boors of Brabant. For virtues such as these, his grave crimes against God and man, against religion and chartered and solemnly sworn rights, have been palliated, as if oppression became more tolerable because the oppressor was an accomplished linguist and a good marksman.

But the great reason for his popularity no doubt lay in his military genius. Charles was inferior to no general of his age. "When he was born into the world," said Alva, "he was born a soldier," and the Emperor confirmed the statement and reciprocated the compliment, when he declared that "the three first captains of the age were himself first, and then the Duke of Alva and Constable Montmorency." It is quite true that all his officers were not of the same opinion, and many were too apt to complain that his constant presence in the field did more harm than good, and "that his Majesty would do much better to stay at home." There is, however, no doubt that he was both a good soldier and a good general. He was constitutionally fearless, and he possessed great energy and endurance. He was ever the first to arm when a battle was to be fought, and the last to take off his harness. He commanded in person and in chief, even when surrounded by veterans and crippled by the gout. He was calm in great reverses. It was said that he was never known to change color except upon two occasions : after the fatal destruction of his fleet at Algiers, and in the memorable flight from Innspruck. He was of a phlegmatic, stoical temperament, until shattered by age and disease ; a man without a sentiment and without a tear. It was said by Spaniards that he was never seen to weep, even at the death of his nearest relatives and friends, except on the solitary occasion of the departure of Don Ferrante Gonzaga from court. Such a temperament was invaluable in the stormy career to which he had devoted his life. He was essentially a man of action, a military chieftain. "Pray only for my health and my life," he was accustomed to say to the young officers who came to him from every part of his dominions to serve under his banners, "for so long as I have these I will never leave you idle ; at least in France. I love peace no better than the rest of you. I was born and bred to arms, and must of necessity keep on my harness till I can bear it no longer." The restless energy and the magnificent tranquillity of his character made him a hero among princes, an idol with his officers, a popular favorite everywhere. The promptness with which, at much personal hazard, he descended like a

thunderbolt in the midst of the Ghent insurrection ; the juvenile ardor with which the almost bedridden man arose from his sick bed to smite the Protestants at Mühlberg ; the grim stoicism with which he saw sixty thousand of his own soldiers perish in the wintry siege of Metz ; all insured him a large measure of that applause which ever follows military distinction, especially when the man who achieves it happens to wear a crown. He combined the personal prowess of a knight of old with the more modern accomplishments of a scientific tactician. He could charge the enemy in person like the most brilliant cavalry officer, and he thoroughly understood the arrangements of a campaign, the marshaling and victualing of troops, and the whole art of setting and maintaining an army in the field.

Yet, though brave and warlike as the most chivalrous of his ancestors, Gothic, Burgundian, or Suabian, he was entirely without chivalry. Fanaticism for the faith, protection for the oppressed, fidelity to friend and foe, knightly loyalty to a cause deemed sacred, the sacrifice of personal interests to great ideas, generosity of hand and heart ; all those qualities which unite with courage and constancy to make up the ideal chevalier, Charles not only lacked but despised. He trampled on the weak antagonist, whether burgher or petty potentate. He was false as water. He inveigled his foes who trusted to imperial promises, by arts unworthy an emperor or a gentleman. He led about the unfortunate John Frederic of Saxony, in his own language, "like a bear in a chain," ready to be slipped upon Maurice should "the boy" prove ungrateful. He connived at the famous forgery of the prelate of Arras, to which the Landgrave Philip owed his long imprisonment ; a villainy worse than many for which humbler rogues have suffered by thousands upon the gallows. The contemporary world knew well the history of his frauds, on scale both colossal and minute, and called him familiarly "Charles qui triche."

The absolute master of realms on which the sun perpetually shone, he was not only greedy for additional dominion, but he was avaricious in small matters, and hated to part with a hundred dollars. To the soldier who brought him the sword and gauntlets of Francis the First, he gave a hundred crowns, when ten thousand would have been less than the customary present ; so that the man left his presence full of desperation. The three soldiers who swam the Elbe, with their swords in their mouths, to bring him the boats with which he passed to the victory of

Mühlberg, received from his imperial bounty a doublet, a pair of stockings, and four crowns apiece. His courtiers and ministers complained bitterly of his habitual niggardliness, and were fain to eke out their slender salaries by accepting bribes from every hand rich enough to bestow them. In truth Charles was more than anything else a politician, notwithstanding his signal abilities as a soldier. If to have founded institutions which could last, be the test of statesmanship, he was even a statesman; for many of his institutions have resisted the pressure of three centuries. But those of Charlemagne fell as soon as his hand was cold, while the works of many ordinary legislators have attained to a perpetuity denied to the statutes of Solon or Lycurgus. Durability is not the test of merit in human institutions. Tried by the only touchstone applicable to governments, their capacity to insure the highest welfare of the governed, we shall not find his polity deserving of much admiration. It is not merely that he was a despot by birth and inclination, nor that he naturally substituted as far as was practicable, the despotic for the republican element, wherever his hand can be traced. There may be possible good in despotisms as there is often much tyranny in democracy. Tried, however, according to the standard by which all governments may be measured, those laws of truth and divine justice which all Christian nations recognize, and which are perpetual, whether recognized or not, we shall find little to venerate in the life work of the Emperor. The interests of his family, the security of his dynasty, these were his end and aim. The happiness or the progress of his people never furnished even the indirect motives of his conduct, and the result was a baffled policy and a crippled and bankrupt empire at last.

He knew men, especially he knew their weaknesses, and he knew how to turn them to account. He knew how much they would bear, and that little grievances would sometimes inflame more than vast and deliberate injustice. Therefore he employed natives mainly in the subordinate offices of his various states, and he repeatedly warned his successor that the haughtiness of Spaniards and the incompatibility of their character with the Flemish would be productive of great difficulties and dangers. It was his opinion that men might be tyrannized more intelligently by their own kindred, and in this perhaps he was right. He was indefatigable in the discharge of business, and if it were possible that half a world could be adminis-

tered as if it were the private property of an individual, the task would have been perhaps as well accomplished by Charles as by any man. He had not the absurdity of supposing it possible for him to attend to the details of every individual affair in every one of his realms; and he therefore intrusted the stewardship of all specialities to his various ministers and agents. It was his business to know men and to deal with affairs on a large scale, and in this he certainly was superior to his successor. His correspondence was mainly in the hands of Granvelle the elder, who analyzed letters received, and frequently wrote all but the signatures of the answers. The same minister usually possessed the imperial ear, and farmed it out for his own benefit. In all this there was of course room for vast deception, but the Emperor was quite aware of what was going on, and took a philosophic view of the matter as an inevitable part of his system. Granvelle grew enormously rich under his eye by trading on the imperial favor and sparing his majesty much trouble. Charles saw it all, ridiculed his speculations, but called him his "bed of down." His knowledge of human nature was, however, derived from a contemplation mainly of its weaknesses, and was therefore one-sided. He was often deceived, and made many a fatal blunder, shrewd politician though he was. He involved himself often in enterprises which could not be honorable or profitable, and which inflicted damage on his greatest interests. He often offended men who might have been useful friends, and converted allies into enemies. "His Majesty," said a keen observer who knew him well, "has not in his career shown the prudence which was necessary to him. He has often offended those whose love he might have conciliated, converted friends into enemies, and let those perish who were his most faithful partisans." Thus it must be acknowledged that even his boasted knowledge of human nature and his power of dealing with men was rather superficial and empirical than the real gift of genius.

His personal habits during the greater part of his life were those of an indefatigable soldier. He could remain in the saddle day and night, and endure every hardship but hunger. He was addicted to vulgar and miscellaneous incontinence. He was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five, on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first, soon after ves-

pers, and the second time at midnight or one o'clock, which meal was, perhaps, the most solid of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweetmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine. His stomach, originally a wonderful one, succumbed after forty years of such labor. His taste, but not his appetite, began to fail, and he complained to his major-domo that all his food was insipid. The reply is perhaps among the most celebrated of facetiæ. The cook could do nothing more unless he served his Majesty a pasty of watches. The allusion to the Emperor's passion for horology was received with great applause. Charles "laughed longer than he was ever known to laugh before, and all the courtiers (of course) laughed as long as his Majesty."

## OVERTHROW OF CHARLES V. BY MAURICE.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

[WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D., Scotch historian, was born at Borthwick in 1721; studied theology at Edinburgh University and acquired rapid distinction as a pulpit orator. His "History of Scotland" (1759) at once gave him a place among the leading historians of the country, especially for its lucid and pleasing style, and gained him the positions of principal of Edinburgh University and historiographer royal of Scotland. He died in 1793. His other chief works are the "History of Charles V." and "History of America."]

[MAURICE OF SAXONY, born 1521, succeeded at twenty to the headship of the younger branch of the Saxon house; gained Charles's favor first by assisting him against the Turks, and then far more by helping him crush in 1546 the Smalkaldic League of Protestant princes, (though himself a Protestant,) and claimed the electorate of Saxony, the spoil of the elder branch, for his reward. He used this to do the very work which the League was too anarchic to accomplish, and forced Charles to make the Peace of Passau, which secured the Protestants' position till the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War.]

BY AN artful dissimulation of his own sentiments; by address in paying court to the Emperor; and by the seeming zeal with which he forwarded all his ambitious schemes, Maurice had raised himself to the electoral dignity; and having added the dominions of the elder branch of the Saxon family to his own, he was become the most powerful prince in Germany. But his long and intimate union with the Emperor had afforded him many opportunities of observing narrowly the dangerous tendency of that monarch's schemes. He saw the yoke that

was preparing for his country; and from the rapid as well as formidable progress of the Imperial power, was convinced that but a few steps more remained to be taken, in order to render Charles as absolute a monarch in Germany as he had become in Spain. The more eminent the condition was to which he himself had been exalted, the more solicitous did Maurice naturally become to maintain all its rights and privileges, and the more did he dread the thoughts of descending from the rank of a prince almost independent, to that of a vassal subject to the commands of a master. At the same time, he perceived that Charles was bent on exacting a rigid conformity to the doctrines and rites of the Romish church, instead of allowing liberty of conscience, the promise of which had allured several Protestant princes to assist him in the war against the confederates of Smalkalde. As he himself, notwithstanding all the compliances which he had made from motives of interest, or an excess of confidence in the Emperor, was sincerely attached to the Lutheran tenets, he determined not to be a tame spectator of the overthrow of a system which he believed to be founded in truth.

This resolution, flowing from the love of liberty, or zeal for religion, was strengthened by political and interested considerations. In that elevated station in which Maurice was now placed, new and more extensive prospects opened to his view. His rank and power entitled him to be the head of the Protestants in the empire. His predecessor, the degraded Elector, with inferior abilities, and territories less considerable, had acquired such an ascendant over the councils of the party; and Maurice neither wanted discernment to see the advantage of this preëminence, nor ambition to aim at attaining it. But he found himself in a situation which rendered the attempt no less difficult than the object of it was important. On the one hand, the connection which he had formed with the Emperor was so intimate, that he could scarcely hope to take any step which tended to dissolve it, without alarming his jealousy and drawing on himself the whole weight of that power which had crushed the greatest confederacy ever formed in Germany. On the other hand, the calamities which he had brought on the Protestant party were so recent as well as great, that it seemed almost impossible to regain their confidence, or to rally and reanimate a body, after he himself had been the chief instrument in breaking its union and vigor. These considerations

were sufficient to have discouraged any person of a spirit less adventurous than Maurice's. But to him the grandeur and difficulty of the enterprise were allurements; and he boldly resolved on measures, the idea of which a genius of an inferior order could not have conceived, or would have trembled at the thoughts of the danger that attended the execution of them. . . .

The utmost caution as well as the most delicate address were requisite in taking every step towards this end; as he had to guard, on the one hand, against giving a premature alarm to the Emperor; while, on the other, something considerable and explicit was necessary to be done, in order to regain the confidence of the Protestant party. Maurice had accordingly applied all his powers of art and dissimulation to attain both these points. As he knew Charles to be inflexible with regard to the submission which he required to the Interim, he did not hesitate one moment whether he should establish that form of doctrine and worship in his dominions: but being sensible how odious it was to his subjects, instead of violently imposing it on them by the mere terror of authority, as had been done in other parts of Germany, he endeavored to render their obedience a voluntary deed of their own.

[He called an assembly of the Protestant clergy of Saxony at Leipsic, and hence subject to state authority, induced the bulk of them, including Melancthon, to class several doctrines which Luther held vital errors as "matters indifferent," and urge obedience to the Interim.]

By this dexterous conduct, the introduction of the Interim excited none of those violent convulsions in Saxony which it occasioned in other provinces. But though the Saxons submitted, the more zealous Lutherans exclaimed against Melancthon and his associates, as false brethren, who were either so wicked as to apostatize from the truth altogether; or so crafty as to betray it by subtle distinctions; or so feeble-spirited as to give it up from pusillanimity and criminal complaisance to a prince capable of sacrificing to his political interest that which he himself regarded as most sacred. Maurice, being conscious what a color of probability his past conduct gave to those accusations, as well as afraid of losing entirely the confidence of the Protestants, issued a declaration containing professions of his zealous attachment to the Reformed religion and of his resolution to guard against all the errors or encroachments of the Papal See.



Having gone so far in order to remove the fears and jealousies of the Protestants, he found it necessary to efface the impression which such a declaration might make upon the Emperor. For that purpose, he not only renewed his professions of an inviolable adherence to his alliance with him, but as the city of Magdeburg still persisted in rejecting the Interim, he undertook to reduce it to obedience, and instantly set about levying troops to be employed in that service. This damped all the hopes which the Protestants began to conceive of Maurice, in consequence of his declaration, and left them more than ever at a loss to guess at his real intentions. Their former suspicion and distrust of him revived, and the divines of Magdeburg filled Germany with writings in which they represented him as the most formidable enemy of the Protestant religion, who treacherously assumed an appearance of zeal for its interest, that he might more effectually execute his schemes for its destruction.

This charge, supported by the evidence of recent facts, as well as by his present dubious conduct, gained such universal credit that Maurice was obliged to take a vigorous step in his own vindication. As soon as the reassembling of the Council of Trent was proposed in the Diet, his ambassadors protested that their master would not acknowledge its authority, unless all the points which had been already decided there were reviewed, and considered as still undetermined; unless the Protestant divines had a full hearing granted them, and were allowed a decisive voice in the council; and unless the Pope renounced his pretensions to preside in the council, engaged to submit to its decrees, and to absolve the bishops from their oath of obedience, that they might deliver their sentiments with greater freedom. These demands, which were higher than any that the Reformers had ventured to make, even when the zeal of their party was warmest, or their affairs most prosperous, counterbalanced in some degree the impression which Maurice's preparations against Magdeburg had made upon the minds of the Protestants, and kept them in suspense with regard to his designs. At the same time, he had dexterity enough to represent this part of his conduct in such a light to the Emperor, that it gave him no offense, and occasioned no interruption of the strict confidence which subsisted between them. What the pretexts were which he employed, in order to give such a bold declaration an innocent appearance, the contemporary historians

have not explained; that they imposed upon Charles is certain, for he still continued not only to prosecute his plan, as well concerning the Interim as the council, with the same ardor, but to place the same confidence in Maurice, with regard to the execution of both.

The Pope's resolution concerning the council not being yet known at Augsburg, the chief business of the Diet was to enforce the observation of the Interim. As the senate of Magdeburg, notwithstanding various endeavors to frighten or to soothe them into compliance, not only persevered obstinately in their opposition to the Interim, but began to strengthen the fortifications of their city, and to levy troops in their own defense, Charles required the Diet to assist him in quelling this audacious rebellion against a decree of the empire. . . . A resolution was taken to raise troops in order to besiege the city in form; and persons were named to fix the contingent in men or money to be furnished by each state. At the same time, the Diet petitioned that Maurice might be intrusted with the command of that army; to which Charles gave his consent with great alacrity, and with high encomiums upon the wisdom of the choice which they had made. As Maurice conducted all his schemes with profound and impenetrable secrecy, it is probable that he took no step avowedly in order to obtain this charge. The recommendation of his countrymen was either purely accidental, or flowed from the opinion generally entertained of his great abilities; and neither the Diet had any foresight, nor the Emperor any dread, of the consequences which followed upon this nomination. Maurice accepted, without hesitation, the command to which he was recommended, instantly discerning the important advantages which he might derive from having it committed to him. . . .

By this time Maurice, having almost finished his intrigues and preparations, was on the point of declaring his intentions openly, and of taking the field against the Emperor. His first care, after he came to this resolution, was to disclaim that narrow and bigoted maxim of the confederates of Smalkalde, which had led them to shun all connection with foreigners. He had observed how fatal this had been to their cause; and, instructed by their error, he was as eager to court the protection of Henry II. as they had been solicitous to prevent the interposition of Francis I. Happily for him, he found Henry in a disposition to listen to the first overture on his part, and

in a situation which enabled him to bring the whole force of the French monarchy into action. Henry had long observed the progress of the Emperor's arms with jealousy, and wished to distinguish himself by entering the lists against the same enemy whom it had been the glory of his father's reign to oppose.

John de Fienne, Bishop of Bayonne, whom Henry had sent into Germany, under pretense of hiring troops to be employed in Italy, was empowered to conclude a treaty in form with Maurice and his associates. As it would have been very indecent in a King of France to have undertaken the defense of the Protestant church, the interests of religion, how much soever they might be affected by the treaty, were not once mentioned in any of the articles. Religious concerns they pretended to commit entirely to the disposition of Divine Providence; the only motives assigned for their present confederacy against Charles were, to procure the Landgrave liberty, and to prevent the subversion of the ancient constitution and laws of the German empire. In order to accomplish these ends, it was agreed that all the contracting parties should at the same time declare war against the Emperor; that neither peace nor truce should be made but by common consent, nor without including each of the confederates; that in order to guard against the inconveniences of anarchy, or of pretensions to joint command, Maurice should be acknowledged as head of the German confederates, with absolute authority in all military affairs; that Maurice and his associates should bring into the field seven thousand horse, with a proportional number of infantry; that towards the subsistence of this army, during the first three months of the war, Henry should contribute two hundred and forty thousand crowns, and afterwards sixty thousand crowns a month, as long as they continued in arms; that Henry should attack the Emperor on the side of Lorraine with a powerful army; that if it were found requisite to elect a new Emperor, such a person shall be nominated as shall be agreeable to the King of France. This treaty was concluded on the fifth of October, some time before Magdeburg surrendered; and the preparatory negotiations were conducted with such profound secrecy, that of all the princes who afterwards acceded to it, Maurice communicated what he was carrying on to two only, John Albert, the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg, and William of Hesse, the Landgrave's eldest son. The league itself was

no less anxiously concealed, and with such fortunate care, that no rumor concerning it reached the ears of the Emperor or his ministers; nor do they seem to have conceived the most distant suspicion of such a transaction.

At the same time, with a solicitude which was careful to draw some accession of strength from every quarter, Maurice applied to Edward VI. of England, and requested a subsidy of four hundred thousand crowns for the support of a confederacy formed in defense of the Protestant religion. But the factions which prevailed in the English court during the minority of that Prince, and which deprived both the councils and arms of the nation of their wonted vigor, left the English ministers neither time nor inclination to attend to foreign affairs, and prevented Maurice's obtaining that aid which their zeal for the Reformation would have prompted them to grant him. . . .

Maurice employed artifices still more refined to conceal his machinations, to amuse the Emperor, and to gain time. He affected to be more solicitous than ever to find out some expedient for removing the difficulties with regard to the safe-conduct for the Protestant divines appointed to attend the council, so that they might repair thither without any apprehension of danger. His ambassadors at Trent had frequent conferences concerning this matter with the Imperial ambassadors in that city, and laid open their sentiments to them with the appearance of the most unreserved confidence. He was willing, at last, to have it believed, that he thought all differences with respect to this preliminary article were on the point of being adjusted; and in order to give credit to this opinion, he commanded Melancthon, together with his brethren, to set out on their journey to Trent. At the same time, he held a close correspondence with the Imperial court at Inspruck, and renewed on every occasion his professions not only of fidelity, but of attachment to the Emperor. He talked continually of his intention of going to Inspruck in person; he gave orders to hire a house for him in that city, and to fit it up with the greatest dispatch for his reception.

But, profoundly skilled as Maurice was in the arts of deceit, and impenetrable as he thought the veil to be, under which he concealed his designs, there were several things in his conduct which alarmed the Emperor amidst his security, and tempted him frequently to suspect that he was meditating something extraordinary. As these suspicions took their rise from

circumstances inconsiderable in themselves, or of an ambiguous as well as uncertain nature, they were more than counterbalanced by Maurice's address; and the Emperor would not lightly give up his confidence in a man whom he had once trusted and loaded with favors. One particular alone seemed to be of such consequence, that he thought it necessary to demand an explanation with regard to it. The troops which George of Mecklenburg had taken into pay after the capitulation of Magdeburg, having fixed their quarters in Thuringia, lived at discretion on the lands of the rich ecclesiastics in their neighborhood. Their license and rapaciousness were intolerable. Such as felt or dreaded their exactions complained loudly to the Emperor, and represented them as a body of men kept in readiness for some desperate enterprise. But Maurice, partly by extenuating the enormities of which they had been guilty, partly by representing the impossibility of disbanding these troops, or of keeping them to regular discipline, unless the arrears still due to them by the Emperor were paid, either removed the apprehensions which this had occasioned, or, as Charles was not in a condition to satisfy the demands of these soldiers, obliged him to be silent with regard to the matter.

The time of action was now approaching. Maurice had privately dispatched Albert of Brandenburg to Paris, in order to confirm his league with Henry, and to hasten the march of the French army. He had taken measures to bring his own subjects together on the first summons; he had provided for the security of Saxony, while he should be absent with the army; and he held the troops in Thuringia, on which he chiefly depended, ready to advance on a moment's warning. All these complicated operations were carried on without being discovered by the court at Inspruck; and the Emperor remained there in perfect tranquillity, busied entirely in counteracting the intrigues of the Pope's legate at Trent, and in settling the conditions on which the Protestant divines should be admitted into the council, as if there had not been any transaction of greater moment in agitation.

This credulous security in a prince who, by his sagacity in observing the conduct of all around him, was commonly led to an excess of distrust, may seem unaccountable, and has been imputed to infatuation. But besides the exquisite address with which Maurice concealed his intentions, two circumstances contributed to the delusion. The gout had returned upon

Charles soon after his arrival at Inspruck, with an increase of violence ; and his constitution being broken by such frequent attacks, he was seldom able to exert his natural vigor of mind, or to consider affairs with his usual vigilance and penetration : and Granvelle, Bishop of Arras, his prime minister, though one of the most subtle statesmen of that or perhaps of any age, was on this occasion the dupe of his own craft. He entertained such an high opinion of his own abilities, and held the political talents of the Germans in such contempt, that he despised all the intimations given him concerning Maurice's secret machinations, or the dangerous designs which he was carrying on. When the Duke of Alva, whose dark suspicious mind harbored many doubts concerning the Elector's sincerity, proposed calling him immediately to court to answer for his conduct, Granvelle replied with great scorn that these apprehensions were groundless, and that a drunken German head was too gross to form any scheme which he could not easily penetrate and baffle.

Nor did he assume this peremptory tone merely from confidence in his own discernment ; he had bribed two of Maurice's ministers, and received from them frequent and minute information concerning all their master's motions. But through this very channel, by which he expected to gain access to all Maurice's counsels, and even to his thoughts, such intelligence was conveyed to him as completed his deception. Maurice fortunately discovered the correspondence of the two traitors with Granvelle ; but instead of punishing them for their crime, he dexterously availed himself of their fraud, and turned his own arts against the bishop. He affected to treat these ministers with greater confidence than ever ; he admitted them to his consultations ; he seemed to lay open his heart to them ; and taking care all the while to let them be acquainted with nothing but what it was his interest should be known, they transmitted to Inspruck such accounts as possessed Granvelle with a firm belief of his sincerity as well as good intentions. The Emperor himself, in the fullness of security, was so little moved by a memorial, in the name of the ecclesiastical electors, admonishing him to be on his guard against Maurice, that he made light of this intelligence ; and his answer to them abounds with declarations of his entire and confident reliance on the fidelity as well as attachment of that prince.

At last Maurice's preparations were completed, and he had the satisfaction to find that his intrigues and designs were still

unknown. But though now ready to take the field, he did not lay aside the arts which he had hitherto employed; and by one piece of craft more he deceived his enemies a few days longer. He gave out that he was about to begin that journey to Inspruck of which he had so often talked, and he took one of the ministers whom Granvelle had bribed, to attend him thither. After travelling post a few stages, he pretended to be indisposed by the fatigue of the journey, and dispatching the suspected minister to make his apology to the Emperor for this delay, and to assure him that he would be at Inspruck within a few days, he mounted on horseback as soon as this spy on his actions was gone, rode full speed towards Thuringia, joined his army, which amounted to twenty thousand foot and five thousand horse, and put it immediately in motion.

At the same time he published a manifesto, containing his reasons for taking arms. These were three in number: That he might secure the Protestant religion, which was threatened with immediate destruction; that he might maintain the constitution and laws of the empire, and save Germany from being subjected to the dominion of an absolute monarch; that he might deliver the Landgrave of Hesse from the miseries of a long and unjust imprisonment. By the first, he roused all the favorers of a Reformation, a party formidable by their zeal as well as numbers, and rendered desperate by oppression. By the second, he interested all the friends of liberty, Catholics no less than Protestants, and made it their interest to unite with him in asserting the rights and privileges common to both. The third, besides the glory which he acquired by his zeal to fulfill his engagements to the unhappy prisoner, was become a cause of general concern, not only from the compassion which the Landgrave's sufferings excited, but from indignation at the injustice and rigor of the Emperor's proceedings against him. Together with Maurice's manifesto, another appeared in the name of Albert, Marquis of Brandenburg Culmbach, who had joined him with a body of adventurers whom he had drawn together. The king of France added to these a manifesto in his own name, in which, after taking notice of the ancient alliance between the French and German nations, both descended from the same ancestors, and after mentioning the applications, which, in consequence of this, some of the most illustrious among the German princes had made to him for his protection, he declared, that he now took arms to reëstablish the ancient con-

stitution of the empire, to deliver some of its princes from captivity, and to secure the privileges and independence of all the members of the Germanic body.

Maurice had now to act a part entirely new, but his flexible genius was capable of accommodating itself to every situation. The moment he took arms, he was as bold and enterprising in the field as he had been cautious and crafty in the cabinet. He advanced by rapid marches towards the Upper Germany. All the towns in his way opened their gates to him. He reinstated the magistrates whom the Emperor had deposed, and gave possession of the churches to the Protestant ministers whom he had ejected. He directed his march to Augsburg; and as the Imperial garrison, which was too inconsiderable to think of defending it, retired immediately, he took possession of that great city, and made the same changes there as in the towns through which he had passed.

No words can express the Emperor's astonishment and consternation at events so unexpected. He saw a great number of the German princes in arms against him, and the rest either ready to join them, or wishing success to their enterprise. He beheld a powerful monarch united with them in close league, seconding their operations in person at the head of a formidable army, while he, through negligence and credulity, which exposed him no less to scorn than to danger, had neither made, nor was in condition to make, any effectual provision, either for crushing his rebellious subjects or resisting the invasion of the foreign enemy. Part of his Spanish troops had been ordered into Hungary against the Turks; the rest had marched back to Italy upon occasion of the war in the duchy of Parma. The bands of veteran Germans had been dismissed, because he was not able to pay them, or had entered into Maurice's service after the siege of Magdeburg; and he remained at Inspruck with a body of soldiers hardly strong enough to guard his own person. His treasury was as much exhausted as his army was reduced. He had received no remittances for some time from the new world. He had forfeited all credit with the merchants of Genoa and Venice, who refused to lend him money, though tempted by the offer of exorbitant interest. Thus Charles, though undoubtedly the most considerable potentate in Christendom, and capable of exerting the greatest strength, — his power, notwithstanding the violent attack made upon it, being still unimpaired, — found himself in a situation which rendered



him unable to make such a sudden and vigorous effort as the juncture required, and was necessary to have saved him from the present danger.

In this situation, the Emperor placed all his hopes on negotiating, the only resource of such as are conscious of their own weakness. But thinking it inconsistent with his dignity to make the first advances to subjects who were in arms against him, he avoided that indecorum by employing the mediation of his brother Ferdinand. Maurice, confiding in his own talents to conduct any negotiation in such a manner as to derive advantage from it, and hoping that, by the appearance of facility in hearkening to the first overture of accommodation, he might amuse the Emperor, and tempt him to slacken the activity with which he was now preparing to defend himself, readily agreed to an interview with Ferdinand in the town of Lintz in Austria; and having left his army to proceed on its march under the command of the Duke of Mecklenburg, he repaired thither.

The conference at Lintz did not produce any accommodation. Maurice, when he consented to it, seems to have had nothing in view but to amuse the Emperor; for he made such demands, both in behalf of his confederates and their ally the French king, as he knew would not be accepted by a prince too haughty to submit at once to conditions dictated by an enemy. But, however firmly Maurice adhered during the negotiation to the interests of his associates, or how steadily soever he kept in view the objects which had induced him to take arms, he often professed a strong inclination to terminate the differences with the Emperor in an amicable manner. Encouraged by this appearance of a pacific disposition, Ferdinand proposed a second interview at Passau on the twenty-sixth of May, and that a truce should commence on that day, and continue to the tenth of June, in order to give them leisure for adjusting all the points in dispute.

Upon this Maurice rejoined his army on the ninth of May, which had now advanced to Gundelfingen. He put his troops in motion next morning; and as sixteen days yet remained for action before the commencement of the truce, he resolved during that period to venture upon an enterprise, the success of which would be so decisive as to render the negotiations at Passau extremely short, and entitle him to treat upon his own terms. He foresaw that the prospect of a cessation of arms,

which was to take place so soon, together with the opinion of his earnestness to reëstablish peace, with which he had artfully amused Ferdinand, could hardly fail of inspiring the Emperor with such false hopes that he would naturally become remiss, and relapse into some degree of that security which had already been so fatal to him. Relying on this conjecture, he marched directly at the head of his army towards Inspruck, and advanced with the most rapid motion that could be given to so great a body of troops. On the eighteenth he arrived at Fiessen, a post of great consequence, at the entrance into the Tyrolese. There he found a body of eight hundred men, whom the Emperor had assembled, strongly intrenched, in order to oppose his progress. He attacked them instantly with such violence and impetuosity that they abandoned their lines precipitately, and falling back on a second body posted near Ruten, communicated the panic terror with which they themselves had been seized to those troops, so that they likewise took to flight after a feeble resistance.

Elated with this success, which exceeded his most sanguine hopes, Maurice pressed forward to Ehrenberg, a castle situated on an high and steep precipice, which commanded the only pass through the mountains. As this fort had been surrendered to the Protestants at the beginning of the Smalkaldic war, because the garrison was then too weak to defend it, the Emperor, sensible of its importance, had taken care at this juncture to throw into it a body of troops sufficient to maintain it against the greatest army. But a shepherd, in pursuing a goat which had strayed from his flock, having discovered an unknown path by which it was possible to ascend to the top of the rock, came with this seasonable piece of intelligence to Maurice. A small band of chosen soldiers, under the command of George of Mecklenburg, was instantly ordered to follow this guide. They set out in the evening, and clambering up the rugged track with infinite fatigue as well as danger, they reached the summit unperceived; and at an hour which had been agreed on, when Maurice began the assault on the one side of the castle, they appeared on the other, ready to scale the walls, which were feeble in that place, because it had been hitherto deemed inaccessible. The garrison, struck with terror at the sight of an enemy on a quarter where they had thought themselves perfectly secure, immediately threw down their arms. Maurice, almost without bloodshed, and, which was of greater consequence to him, without loss of time, took possession of a place

the reduction of which might have retarded him long, and have required the utmost efforts of his valor and skill.

Maurice was now only two days' march from Inspruck, and without losing a moment he ordered his infantry to advance thither, having left his cavalry, which was unserviceable in that mountainous country, at Fiessen, to guard the mouth of the pass. He proposed to advance with such rapidity as to anticipate any accounts of the loss of Ehrenberg, and to surprise the Emperor, together with his attendants, in an open town incapable of defense. But just as his troops began to move, a battalion of mercenaries mutinied, declaring that they would not stir until they had received the gratuity which, according to the custom of that age, they claimed as the recompense due to them for having taken a place by assault. It was with great difficulty, as well as danger, and not without some considerable loss of time, that Maurice quieted this insurrection, and prevailed on the soldiers to follow him to a place where he promised them such rich booty as would be an ample reward for all their services.

To the delay occasioned by this unforeseen accident the Emperor owed his safety. He was informed of the approaching danger late in the evening, and knowing that nothing could save him but a speedy flight, he instantly left Inspruck, without regarding the darkness of the night or the violence of the rain which happened to fall at that time; and notwithstanding the debility occasioned by the gout, which rendered him unable to bear any motion but that of a litter, he traveled by the light of torches, taking his way over the Alps by roads almost impassable. His courtiers and attendants followed him with equal precipitation, some of them on such horses as they could hastily procure, many of them on foot, and all in the utmost confusion. In this miserable plight, very unlike the pomp with which Charles had appeared during the five preceding years as the conqueror of Germany, he arrived at length with his dejected train, at Villach in Carinthia, and scarcely thought himself secure even in that remote, inaccessible corner.

Maurice entered Inspruck a few hours after the Emperor and his attendants had left it: and, enraged, that the prey should escape out of his hands when he was just ready to seize it, he pursued them some miles; but finding it impossible to overtake persons to whom their fear gave speed, he returned to the town, and abandoned all the Emperor's baggage, together with that of his ministers, to be plundered by the soldiers.

## AMADIS AND ORIANA.

(From "Amadis de Gaul," translated by Robert Southey.)

["Amadis de Gaul" was the best and most famous of the romances of chivalry which turned Don Quixote's head, and Cervantes exempts it from the holocaust which overtook the remainder of the knight's library. Its fame and influence date from a French version in the middle of the sixteenth century ; but it is believed to have been originally written in Portuguese in the fourteenth, perhaps by Vasco de Lobeira, an eminent captain of that age.]

## AMADIS' PARENTAGE.

NOT many years after the passion of our Redeemer, there was a Christian king in the lesser Britain, by name Garinter, who being in the law of truth, was of much devotion and good ways. This king had two daughters by a noble lady, his wife. The eldest was married to Languines, King of Scotland ; she was called the Lady of the Garland, because her husband, taking great pleasure to behold her beautiful tresses, would have them covered only with a chaplet of flowers. Agraves and Mabilia were their children, a knight and damsel of whom in this history much mention is made. Elisena, the other daughter, was far more beautiful, and although she had been demanded in marriage by many great princes, yet she would wed with none, but for her solitary and holy life was commonly called the Lost Devotee, because it was considered that for one of such rank, gifted with such beauty and sought in marriage by so many chiefs, this way of life was not fitting.

King Garinter, who was somewhat stricken in years, took delight in hunting. It happened one day, that having gone from his town of Alima to the chase, and being separated from his people, as he went along the forest saying his prayers, he saw to the left a brave battle of one knight against two. Soon had he knowledge of the twain, and that they were his own vassals, who being proud men and of powerful lineage, had often by their evil customs offended him. Who the third was he knew not, but not relying so much in the worth of the one as he feared the two, he drew aside and waited the event, which sorted to such effect, as by the hand of that one the others were both slain. This done the stranger came towards the king, and seeing him alone, said, Gentle sir, what country is this wherein knights errant are thus assailed ? The king replied, Marvel

not at this, knight, for our country yields as others do, both good and bad : as for these men, they have often offended, even against their lord and king, who could do no justice upon them because of their kindred, and also because they harbored in this covered mountain. This king you speak of, replied the stranger, I come to seek him from a far land, and bring him tidings from a dear friend. If you know where he may be found, I pray you tell me. The king answered, Befall what may, I shall not fail to speak what is true. I am the king. The knight then loosing his shield and helmet, gave them to his squire, and went to embrace Garinter, saying that he was King Perion of Gaul, who had long desired to know him. Greatly were these kings contented that their meeting was in such a manner, and conferring together they took their way through the wood towards the city, when suddenly a hart ran before them which had escaped the toils. They followed at full speed, thinking to kill it, but a lion, springing from a thicket before them, seized the hart, and having torn it open with his mighty claws, stood fiercely looking at the kings. Fierce as you are, said King Perion, you shall leave us a part of the game ! and he took his arms and alighted from his horse, who being affrighted at the wild beast, would not go near him, and placing his shield before him, went towards the lion sword in hand. The lion left his prey and came against him ; they closed, and Perion, at the moment when he was under the beast and in most danger, thrust his sword into his belly. When Garinter saw him fall, he said within himself, Not without cause is that knight famed to be the best in the world. Meanwhile their train came up, and then was their prey and venison laid on two horses and carried to the city.

The queen being advised of her guest, they found the palace richly adorned, and the tables covered. At the highest the kings seated themselves : at the other sate the queen with Elisena, her daughter, and there were they served, as in the house of such a man beseemed. Then being in that solace, as that princess was so beautiful and King Perion on his part equal, in that hour and point they so regarded each other, that her great modesty and holy life could not now avail, but that she was taken with great and incurable love ; and the king in like manner, though till then his heart had been free, so that during the meal both the one and the other appeared absent in thought. When the tables were removed, the queen would

depart to her chamber ; Elisena rising dropt a ring from her lap, which she had taken off when she washed her hands, and in her confusion of mind forgotten. She stooped for it, and Perion who was near her stooped down also, so that their hands met, and he taking her hand prest it. She colored deeply and thanked the king for his service. "Ah, lady," said he, "it shall not be the last, for all my life shall be spent in your service."

She followed her mother ; but, so disturbed that her sight was dizzy, and now not able to endure her feelings, she went and discovered them to the damsel Darioleta in whom she confided, and with tears from her eyes and from her heart, besought her to find out if King Perion loved any other woman. Darioleta, surprised at this alteration, pitied and comforted her mistress, and went to King Perion's chamber. She found his squire at the door with the king's garments, which he was about to give him ; Friend, said she, go you about your other affairs, for I must wait upon your master. The squire, thinking it was the custom of the country, gave her the garments and went away. She then entered the chamber where the king was in bed. He, who had seen her converse with Elisena confidently, now hoped that she might bring some remedy to his passion, and said to her all in trembling, Fair friend, what demand ye ? I bring ye wherewith to clothe yourself, she replied. That should be for my heart, said Perion, which is now stript and naked of all my joy. As how ? said the damsel. Thus, quoth he : coming into this land with entire liberty, and apprehending nothing but the chance of arms, here in this house I have been wounded by a mortal wound, for which if you, fair damsel, can procure me remedy, you shall be well recompensed. He then charged her not to discover him but where it was requisite, and told her his love for Elisena. Then said Darioleta, My lord, promise me on the faith of a king and a knight, that you will take to wife my Lady Elisena, when time shall serve, and right soon will I bring ye where not only your heart shall be satisfied, but hers also, who, it may be, is in as much or more thought and dolor than you, with the same wound. But without this promise you shall never win her. The king, whose will was already disposed by God that that which ensued might come to pass, took his sword which was by him, and laying his right hand upon the cross of its hilt, pronounced these words : I swear by this cross, and this sword

wherewith I received the order of knighthood, to perform whatever you shall require for the Lady Elisena. Be you then of good cheer, said she, for I also will effect my promise.

Darioleta returned to the princess and informed her how she had sped: You know, said she, that in the chamber where King Perion lodgeth there is a door opening to the garden, whence your father used to go out, and which at this present is covered with hangings; but I have the key thereof, and we can go in at night, when all in the palace are at rest. When Elisena heard this she was highly contented, but recollecting herself, she replied, How shall this be brought to pass, seeing that my father will lodge in the chamber with King Perion? Leave that to me, said the damsel, and with that they parted.

When it was night Darioleta drew aside the squire of Perion, and asked him if he was of gentle birth. Aye, said he, the son of a knight! but why ask ye? For the desire I have, quoth she, to know one thing, which I beseech you by the faith you owe to God and to the king, your master, not to hide from me. Who is the lady whom your master loveth best? My master, replied the squire, loves all in general, and none as you mean. While they thus talked Garinter came nigh, who seeing Darioleta in conference with Perion's squire, called her and asked what he had to say to her. In sooth, my lord, quoth she, he tells me that his master is wont to be alone, and certainly I think he will feel himself embarrassed by your company. Garinter hearing that went to King Perion and said, My lord, I have many affairs to settle and must rise at the hour of matins; and that you may not be disturbed, you had better be alone in your chamber. King Perion replied, Do as shall seem best to your liking. Then Garinter understood that Darioleta had told him rightly of his guest's inclination, and ordered his bed to be removed from Perion's apartment. These tidings Darioleta carried to her mistress, and they waited the hour when all should retire to sleep.

At night when all was husht, Darioleta rose and threw a mantle over her mistress, and they went into the garden. When Elisena came to the chamber door her whole body trembled, and her voice that she could not speak. King Perion had fallen asleep; he dreamt that some one he knew not who entered his chamber by a secret door, who thrusting a hand between his ribs, took out his heart and threw it into the river. He asked why this cruelty was committed, and was answered, It is

nothing! there is another heart left there which I must take from you, though against my will. Then the king suddenly awoke in great fear, and blessed himself. At this moment the two damsels had opened the door, and were entering; he heard them, and being full of his dream suspected treason, when he saw a door open behind the hangings, of which he had not known, and leaping from the bed he caught up his sword and shield. What is this? cried Darioleta. The king then knew her, and saw Elisena his beloved; he dropt his shield and sword, and throwing a mantle about him which was ready by the bed, he went and embraced her whom he loved. Darioleta then took up the sword in token of his promise and oath, and went into the garden, and Perion remained alone with Elisena, in whom as he beheld her by the light of the three torches, he thought all the beauty of the world was centered.

When it was time that they should part, Darioleta returned to the chamber. I know, lady, said she, that heretofore you have been better pleased with me than you are now, but we must go, for time calleth us. Elisena rose. I beseech you, said Perion, do not forget the place! and she departed with the damsel. He remained in his room, and recollecting his dream, which still affrighted him, a wish to know its significance made him desirous to return to his own country, where many wise men were skillful in the solution of such things.

Ten days King Perion sojourned at Alima, and every night his beloved mistress visited him. Then it was necessary that he should depart, despite of his own inclination, and the tears of Elisena. He took leave of Garinter and the queen, and having armed himself, when he looked for his sword to gird it on, he missed it; though the loss grieved him, for it was a tried and goodly weapon, he durst not inquire for it, but, making his squire procure him another, he departed for his own kingdom. Albeit, before his departure, Darioleta came and told him of the great affliction and distress in which his lady was left. I commend her to you, my friend, said he, as mine own proper heart; then taking from his finger a ring of two which he wore, each resembling the other, he bade her carry it to his love.

[Amadis is born of this union — Darioleta managing to conceal Elisena's condition and confinement — and committed to the sea with Perion's ring and sword and a written statement by Darioleta. Rescued, he is dubbed the "Child of the Sea." Perion later marries Elisena, who never tells him of the baby.]



## "RECOGNITION BY HIS PARENTS."

It so happened, that as he was one day walking in the hall with the damsel, young Melicia, King Perion's daughter, passed by him weeping. He asked her why she wept, and she told him for a ring, which her father had given her to keep while he slept, and which she had lost. I will give you another as good, said the Child, and he gave her one from his finger. She looked at it, and cried, This is the one I lost. Not so, said he. — Then it is the one in the world most like it. So much the better ; you may give it for the other. And leaving her, he went with the damsel to his chamber, and laid upon his bed, and she upon another that was there.

The king awoke, and asked his daughter for the ring ; then she gave him the same she had of the prince, which he put on, thinking it was his own ; but presently he saw his own lying where Melicia had dropt it, and taking it up he compared it with the other, which he saw was the one which he had given to Elisena, and which she told him, when he had inquired for it, had been lost. He demanded of the little girl how she came by that ring ; and she, who was much afraid of him, told him what had happened. Immediately he began to suspect the queen, that she had fallen into some dishonest liking of the young knight for his great worth and exceeding beauty ; and he took his sword, and went into the queen's chamber, and fastened the door. Madam, said he, you always denied to me the ring which I gave you, and the Child of the Sea has now given it to Melicia. How came he by it ? if you tell me a lie, your head shall pay for it. Ah God, mercy ! quoth Elisena, and fell at his feet. I will tell you what I have hitherto concealed, but now you suspect me ! And then she told him how she had exposed the infant, with whom the ring and the sword were placed ; and then she lamented, and beat her face. Holy Mary ! crieth the king, I believe that this is our child ! The queen stretched out her hands, — May it please God ! With that they went into his chamber, whom they found sleeping ; but Elisena wept bitterly because of her husband's suspicion. The king took the Child's sword which was at the bed's-head, and looking at it he knew it well, as one wherewith he had given many and hard blows ; and he said to Elisena, By my God, I know the sword ! Then Elisena took the Child by the arm, and wakened him, who awoke in wonder, and asked

why she wept. Ah ! said she, whose son art thou ? — So help me God I know not, for by great hap I was found in the sea ! The queen fell at his feet, hearing him, and he cried, My God, what is all this ? My son, quoth she, you see your parents !

When the first joy had a little subsided he remembered the writing, and took it from his bosom. Elisena saw it was what Darioleta had written. Ah, my son, quoth she, when last I saw this writing I was in all trouble and anguish, and now am I in all happiness, — blessed be God !

#### ADVENTURE AND LADY-LOVE.

While Amadis remained with his comrades at the court of Sobradisa, his thoughts were perpetually fixed upon his lady Oriana ; and so thoughtful was he, and so often, both sleeping and waking, was he in tears, that all saw how he was troubled, yet knew they not the cause, for he kept his love silent, as a man who had all virtues in his heart. At length, not being able to support a longer absence, he asked permission of the fair young queen to depart, which she, not without reluctance, having granted, loving him better than herself, he and his brethren and his cousin Agrayes took the road towards the King Lisuarte. Some days had they traveled when they came to a little church, and entering there to say their prayers they saw a fair damsel, accompanied by two others and by four squires who guarded her, coming from the door. She asked them whither they went. Amadis answered, Damsel, we go to the court of King Lisuarte, where, if it please you to go, we will accompany you. Thank you, quoth the damsel, but I am faring elsewhere. I waited because I saw you were armed like errant knights, to know if any of you would go and see the wonders of the Firm Island, for I am the governor's daughter and am returning there. Holy Mary ! cried Amadis, I have often heard of the wonders of that island, and should account myself happy if I might prove them, yet till now I never prepared to go ! Good sir, quoth she, do not repent of your delay ; many have gone there with the same wish, and returned not so joyfully as they went. So I have heard, said Amadis : tell me, would it be far out of our road if we went there ? — Two days' journey. — Is the Firm Island, then, in this part of the sea, where is the enchanted arch of true lovers, under which neither man nor woman can pass that hath been false to their

first love? The damsel answered, It is a certain truth, and many other wonders are there. Then Agrayes said to his companions, I know not what you will do, but I will go with this damsel, and see these wonderful things. If you are so true a lover, said she, as to pass the enchanted arch, you will see the likenesses of Apolidon and Grimanesa, and behold your own name written upon a stone, where you will find only two names written besides, though the spell hath been made an hundred years. — In God's name, let us go, and I will try whether I can be a third. With that, Amadis, who in his heart had no less desire and faith to prove this adventure, said to his brethren, We are not enamored, but we should keep our cousin company who is, and whose heart is so bold. Thereto they all consented, and set forth with the damsel. What is this island? said Florestan to Amadis; tell me, sir, for you seem to know. A young knight whom I greatly esteem, replied Amadis, told me all I know — King Arban of North Wales; he was there four days, but could accomplish none of the adventures, and so departed with shame. The damsel then related the history of the enchantments, which greatly incited Galaor and Florestan to the proof.

So they rode on till sunset, and then entering a valley they saw many tents pitched in a meadow, and people sporting about them, and one knight, richly appareled, who seemed to be the chief. Sirs, quoth the damsel, that is my father: I will go advertise him of your coming, that he may do you honor. When he heard of their desire to try the enchantment, he went on foot with all his company to welcome them, and they were honorably feasted and lodged that night. At morning they accompanied the governor to his castle, which commanded the whole island, for at the entrance there was a neck of land, only a bowshot over, connected with the mainland, all the rest was surrounded by the sea; seven leagues in length it was, and five broad, and because it was all surrounded by sea, except where that neck of land connected it with the continent, it was called the Firm Island. Having entered, they saw a great palace, the gates whereof were open, and many shields hung upon the wall; about an hundred were in one row, and above them were ten, and above the ten were two, but one of them was in a higher niche than the other. Then Amadis asked why they were thus ranked. The governor answered, according to the prowess of those who would have entered the forbidden

chamber ; the shields of those who could not enter the perron of copper are near the ground ; the ten above are those who reached it ; the lowest of the two passed that perron, and the one above all reached to the marble perron, but could pass no farther. Then Amadis approached the shields to see if he knew them, for each had its owner's name inscribed ; the one which was the highest of the ten bore a sable lion, with argent teeth and nails and a bloody mouth, in a field sable. This he knew to be the shield of Arcaus. Then he beheld the two uppermost ; the lower bore, in a field azure, a knight cutting off the head of a giant ; this was the shield of the King Abies of Ireland, who had been there two years before his combat with Amadis ; the highest had three golden flowers in a field azure ; this he knew not, but he read the inscription, This is the shield of Quadragante, brother to King Abies of Ireland. He had proved the adventure twelve days ago, and had reached the marble perron, which was more than any knight before him had done, and he was now gone to Great Britain to combat Amadis, in revenge for his brother's death. When Amadis saw all these shields, he doubted the adventure much, seeing that such knights had failed.

They went out from the palace towards the Arch of True Lovers. When they came near, Agraves alighted and commended himself to God, and cried, Love, if I have been true to thee, remember me ! and he past the spell ; and when he came under the arch, the image blew forth sweet sounds, and he came to the palace, and saw the likenesses of Apolidon and Grimanesa, and saw also the jasper-stone, wherein two names were written, and now his own the third. The first said, Mandil, son of the Duke of Burgundy, achieved this adventure ; and the second was, This is the name of Don Bruneo of Bonamar, son to Valladon, Marquis of Troque ; and his own said, This is Agraves, son to King Languines of Scotland. This Mandil loved Guinda, lady of Flanders. Don Bruneo had proved the enchantment only eight days ago, and she whom he loved was Melicia, daughter to King Perion, the sister of Amadis.

When Agraves had thus entered, Amadis said to his brethren, Will ye prove the adventure ? No, said they, we are not so enthralled that we can deserve to accomplish it. Since you are two, then, quoth he, keep one another company, as I if I can, will do with my cousin Agraves. Then gave he his horse

and arms to Gandalin, and went on without fear, as one who felt that never in deed or in thought had he been faithless to his lady. When he came under the arch, the image began a sound far different and more melodious than he had ever before done, and showered down flowers of great fragrance from the mouth of the trumpet, the like of which had never been done before to any knight who entered. He past on to the images, and here Agrayes, who apprehended something of his passion, met him and embraced him, and said, Sir, my cousin, there is no reason that we should henceforth conceal from each other our loves. But Amadis made no reply, but taking his hand, they went to survey the beauties of the garden.

Don Galaor and Florestan, who waited for them without, seeing that they tarried, besought Ysanjo, the governor, to show them the forbidden chamber, and he led them towards the perrons. Sir brother, said Florestan, what will you do? Nothing, replied Galaor: I have no mind to meddle with enchantments. Then amuse yourself here, quoth Florestan, I will try my fortune. He then commended himself to God, threw his shield before him, and proceeded sword in hand. When he entered the spell, he felt himself attacked on all sides with lances and swords, such blows and so many that it might be thought never man could endure them; yet, he was strong and of good heart, he ceased not to make his way, striking manfully on all sides, and it felt in his hand as though he were striking armed men, and the sword did not cut. Thus struggling, he passed the copper perron, and advanced as far as the marble one, but there his strength failed him, and he fell like one dead, and was cast out beyond the line of the spell. When Galaor saw this he was displeased, and said, However little I like these things, I must take my share in the danger! and bidding the squires and the dwarf to stay by Florestan, and throw cold water in his face, he took his arms and commended himself to God, and advanced towards the forbidden chamber. Immediately the unseen blows fell upon him, but he went on, and forced his way up to the marble perron, and there he stood; but when he advanced another step beyond, the blows came on him so heavy a load that he fell senseless and was cast out like Florestan.

Amadis and Agrayes were reading the new inscription in the jasper, This is Amadis of Gaul, the true lover, son to King Perion, — when Ardian the dwarf came up to the line and cried

out, Help! help, Sir Amadis, your brothers are slain! They hastened out to him, and asked how it was. — Sir, they attempted the forbidden chamber, and did not achieve it, and there they lie for dead! Immediately they rode towards them, and found them so handled as you have already heard, albeit some little recovering. Then Agrayes, who was stout of heart, went on as fast as he could to the forbidden chamber, striking aright and aleft with his sword; but his strength did not suffice to bear the blows, he fell senseless between the perrons, and was cast out as his cousins had been. Then Amadis began to curse their journey thither, and said to Galaor, who was now revived, Brother, I must not excuse my body from the dangers which yours have undergone. Galaor would have withheld him, but he took him arms, and went on, praying God to help him. When he came to the line of the spell, there he paused for a moment, and said, O Oriana, my lady, from you proceeds all my strength and courage! remember me now at this time, when your remembrance is so needful to me! Then he went on. The blows fell thick upon him and hard till he reached the marble perron, but then they came so fast as if all the knights were besetting him, and such an uproar of voices arose as if the whole world were perishing, and he heard it said, If this knight should fail there is not one in the world who can enter. But he ceased not to proceed, winning his way hardly, sometimes beaten down upon his hands, sometimes falling upon his knees; the sword fell from his hand, and though it hung by a thong from the wrist, he could not recover it, yet holding on still he reached the door of the chamber, and a hand came forth and took him by the hand to draw him in, and he heard a voice which said, Welcome is the knight who shall be lord here, because he passeth in prowess him who made the enchantment, and who had no peer in his time. The hand that led him was large and hard, like the hand of an old man, and the arm was sleeved with green satin. As soon as he was within the chamber it let go its hold and was seen no more, and Amadis remained fresh, and with all his strength recovered; he took the shield from his neck and the helmet from his head, and sheathed his sword, and gave thanks to his lady Oriana for this honor which for her sake he had won. At this time they of the castle who had heard the voices resign the lordship, and seen Amadis enter, began to cry out, God be praised, we see accomplished what we have so long desired. When his brethren saw that he

had achieved that wherein they had failed, they were exceedingly joyful, because of the great love they bore him, and desired that they might be carried to the chamber; and there the governor with all his train went to Amadis, and kissed his hand as their lord. Then saw they the wonders which were in the chamber, the works of art and the treasures, such that they were amazed to see them. Yet all this was nothing to the chamber of Apolidon and Grimanesa, for that was such that not only could no one make the like, but no one could even imagine how it could be made; it was so devised that they who were within could clearly see what was doing without, but from without nothing could be seen within. There they remained some time with great pleasure: the knights, because one of their lineage was found to exceed in worth all living men, and all who for a hundred years had lived; the islanders, because they trusted to be well ruled and made happy under such a lord, and even to master other lands. Sir, quoth Ysanjo, it is time to take food and rest for to-day: to-morrow the good men of the land will come and do homage to you. So that day they feasted in the palace, and the following day all the people assembled and did homage to Amadis as their lord, with great solemnities and feasting and rejoicing.

You have heard in the first part of this great history, how Oriana was moved to great anger and rage by what the dwarf had said to her concerning the broken sword, so that neither the wise counsels of Mabilia nor of the Damsel of Denmark aught availed her. From that time she gave way to her wrath, so that wholly changing her accustomed manner of life, which was to be altogether in their company, she now forsook them, and for the most part chose to be alone, devising how she might revenge herself for what she had suffered, upon him who had caused her sufferings. So recollecting that she could by writing make him sensible of her displeasure, even at a distance, being alone in her chamber, she took ink and parchment from her coffer and wrote thus:—

My frantic grief, accomplished by so great a reason, causes my weak hand to declare what my sad heart cannot conceal against you, the false and disloyal knight, Amadis of Gaul; for the disloyalty and faithlessness are known which you have committed against me, the most ill-fortuned and unhappy of all in the world, since you have changed your affection for me, who loved you above all things, and have placed your love upon one

who by her years cannot have discretion to know and love you. Since then I have no vengeance in my power, I withdraw all that exceeding and misplaced love which I bore towards you; for great error would it be to love him who has forsaken me, when in requital for my sighs and passion I am deceived and deserted. Therefore, as the wrong is manifest, never appear before me! for be sure the great love I felt is turned into raging anger. Go, and deceive some other poor woman as you deceived me with your treacherous words, for which no excuse will be received, while I lament with tears my own wretchedness, and so put an end to my life and unhappiness.

Having thus written, she sealed the letter with the seal of Amadis, and wrote on the superscription, I am the damsel wounded through the heart with a sword, and you are he who wounded me. She then secretly called a squire, who was named Durin, and was brother to the Damsel of Denmark, and bade him not to rest till he had reached the kingdom of Sobradisa, where he would find Amadis; and she bade him mark the countenance of Amadis while he was reading the letter, and stay with him that day, but receive no answer from him, if he wished to give one.

#### THE HAPPY ENDING.

The kings now determined that the marriage should be celebrated on the fourth day, and that the feasts should continue fifteen days, after which they would return home. When the day was arrived, all the bridegrooms assembled at the apartment of Amadis, being clad in such rich and costly apparel as becomed such personages upon such an occasion. They mounted their palfreys, and rode with the kings and all their company to the garden, where they found the brides, all in rich array, and upon their palfreys also, and then with the queens and other ladies, the whole company proceeded to the church, where the holy hermit Nasciano was ready to say mass. When the ceremony and marriage had been performed with all the solemnities which the holy church enjoins, Amadis went to King Lisuarte and said—Sir, I ask a boon of you, which you will be nothing loath to grant. The king replied, I grant it.—Then, Sir, be pleased to command Oriana, before it be dinner time, to prove the arch of true lovers, and the forbidden chamber, for hitherto we have none of us been able to



persuade her to the adventure, by reason of her great sadness. I have such confidence in her truth and beauty that I doubt not she will enter without let or hindrance where no woman hath for a hundred years entered ; for I saw Grimanesa's image, made with such cunning as she were alive, and her beauty is nothing equal to Oriana's. Our marriage feast shall then be held in the forbidden chamber.

Son, replied the king, what you ask is easily done ; but I fear lest it should disturb our feast ; affection will often delude the eyes, and this may have been the case with you and Oriana. Fear not, quoth Amadis, my heart is assured that it will be as I say. The king then sent to Oriana, who was with the queens and the other brides, and said to her, Daughter, your husband hath asked a boon of me, and it is only you who can perform it. I would have you, therefore, make good my promise. She knelt down and kissed his hand, saying, Sir, I would to God that I could in any way serve you ; tell me what it is to be, and if I can do it there shall be no delay : then he raised her up and kissed her cheek, and said, Before dinner you must prove the adventure of the arch of true lovers, and of the forbidden chamber ; for this is what your husband hath asked. When they heard this, some there were who rejoiced that the attempt was to be made, and others fearful lest she should fail where so many had failed, and thus be put to shame ; so they left the church and made to the place beyond which none could pass who were not found worthy.

When they reached this place, Melicia and Olinda said to their husbands, that they should also prove the adventure ; thereat Don Bruneo and Agrayes were greatly rejoiced to see with what courage they would put their truth to the proof ; but yet fearing lest it should turn out otherwise, they replied, that they were so well satisfied, that the proof need not be made. Nay, said the brides, we will attempt it : if we were elsewhere it might well be excused ; but being at the place, it shall never be thought that we feared in our hearts this proof. Since it is so, replied the husbands, we cannot deny that we shall receive from it the greatest joy that can be. Then they told King Lisuarte that these also would prove the adventure. In God's name ! quoth the king. They all alighted, and it was agreed that Melicia and Olinda should enter first. They then advanced, and one after the other passed under the arch without opposition, and went where the images of Apolidon and Grimanesa

stood ; and the figure which stood upon the arch sounded his trumpet sweetly, so that all who heard it were delighted ; for except they who had before heard the same, they had never heard so sweet sounds. Oriana then came up to the line of the spell, and she looked round at Amadis and her face colored ; then she turned and advanced, and when she was under the arch the image began his music, and from the mouth of the trumpet showered down flowers and roses in such abundance that they covered the ground, and the sound was far sweeter than what had before been uttered, delightful to all who heard it, so that they would willingly have remained listening so long as it should continue ; but as soon as she had passed the arch the sound ceased. She found Olinda and Melicia looking at their own names which were now written in the jasper table ; they, seeing her, joyfully went to her, and led her to behold the images. Oriana looked carefully at Grimanesa, and saw that none of those who were without could compare with her beauty ; and she herself began to fear, and would willingly have declined the adventure of the forbidden chamber ; in that of the arch she had had no fear, knowing her own heart and true love. Willingly would they have tarried longer, if they who were without had not expected them ; so hand in hand they went out, so well contented and so proud of what they had achieved, that their beauty seemed to have been brightened by the success. Their three husbands, who had before proved the adventure, went through the arch to meet them, which none of the knights could have done ; and the trumpet sounded again, and again showered more flowers, and they embraced their wives and kissed them, and thus they all came forth together. . . .

And now Amadis led on Oriana, in whom all beauty was centered. She advanced with gentle step and firm countenance to the line of the spell, and there she crossed herself, and commended herself to God, and went on. She felt nothing till she had passed both the perrons ; but when she was within a step of the chamber, she felt hands that pushed her and dragged her back, and three times they forced her back to the marble peron ; but she with her fair hands repelled them on both sides, and it seemed as if she were thrusting hands and arms from her, and thus by her perseverance and good heart, but above all by reason of her surpassing beauty, she came, though sorely wearied, to the door of the chamber and laid hold on the door

post; and then the hand and arm which had led in Amadis came out and took her hand, and above twenty voices sung these words sweetly, Welcome is the noble lady, who hath excelled the beauty of Grimanesa, the worthy companion of the knight who, because he surpasses Apolidon in valor, hath now the lordship of this island, which shall be held by his posterity for long ages. The hand then drew her in, and she was as joyful as though the whole world had been given her; not so much for the prize of beauty which had been won, as that she had thus proved herself the worthy mate of Amadis, having, like him, entered the forbidden chamber, and deprived all others of the hope of that glory.

Ysanjo then said that all the enchantments of the island were now at an end, and all might freely enter that chamber. They all went in and beheld the most sumptuous chamber that could be devised; and they embraced Oriana with such joy as though they had not for long seen her. Then was the feast spread, and the marriage bed of Amadis and Oriana made in that chamber which they had won. Praise be to God.

## BERNI'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.

By FRANCESCO BERNI.

(From his "Orlando Innamorato": translation of Leigh Hunt.)

[FRANCESCO BERNI, the chief of Italian comic poets, was born in Tuscany about 1490, of an old but very poor family, and reared in Florence till nineteen. His uncle being a cardinal, Berni went to Rome to seek employment from him, but got none, and became clerk to Clement VII.'s chancellor, Ghiberti. He acquired fame as the wittiest and most fertile of a noted literary club, and developed a style of light, sparkling, mocking verse which has given the name Bernesque to burlesque poetry in general. But his great work was the recasting of Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato," which was unpopular from its rough and heavy style; Berni polished it without alteration in substance, and the revision ranks second only to Ariosto and Tasso in its kind.]

AMONG the rest a Florentine there came,  
 A boon companion, of a gentle kin.  
 I say a Florentine, although the name  
 Had taken root some time in Casentin,  
 Where his good father wedded a fair dame  
 . And pitched his tent. The place he married in  
 Was called Bibbiena, as it is at present;  
 A spot upon the Arno, very pleasant.

Nigh to this place was Lamporecchio (scene  
 Of great Masetto's gardening recreations);  
 There was our hero born; — then, till nineteen,  
 Bred up in Florence, not on the best rations;  
 Then, it pleased God, settled at Rome — I mean,  
 Drawn there by hopes from one of his relations;  
 Who, though a cardinal, and the Pope's right arm  
 Did the poor devil neither good nor harm.

This great man's heir vouchsafed him then his grace,  
 With whom he fared as he was wont to fare;  
 Whence, finding himself still in sorry case,  
 He thought he might as well look out elsewhere.  
 So hearing people wish they had a place  
 With the good Datary of St. Peter's chair,  
 A thing they talked of with a perfect unction —  
 Place get he did in that enchanting function.

This was a business which he thought he knew:  
 Alas! he found he didn't know a bit of it;  
 Nothing went right, slave as he might, and stew;  
 And yet he never, somehow, could get quit of it;  
 The more he did, the more he had to do;  
 Desk, shelves, hands, arms, whatever could admit of it,  
 Were always stuffed with letters and with docketts,  
 Turning his brains, and bulging out his pockets.

Luckless in all, perhaps not worth his hire,  
 He even missed the few official sweets;  
 Some petty tithes assigned him did but tire  
 His patience; *nil* was always on their sheets.  
 Now 'twas bad harvests, now a flood, now fire,  
 Now devil himself, that hindered his receipts.  
 There were some fees his due; — God knows, not many;  
 No matter; — never did he touch a penny.

The man, for all that, was a happy man;  
 Thought not too much; indulged no gloomy fit:  
 Folks wished him well. Prince, peasant, artisan,  
 Every one loved him; for the rogue had wit,  
 And knew how to amuse. His fancy ran  
 On thousands of odd things, on which he writ  
 Certain mad waggeries in the shape of poems,  
 With strange elaborations of their proems.

Choleric he was withal, when fools reproved him;  
Free of his tongue, as he was frank of heart;  
Ambition, avarice, neither of them moved him;  
True to his word; caressing without art;  
A lover to excess of those that loved him;  
Yet if he met with hate, could play a part  
Which showed the fiercest he had found his mate;  
Still he was proner far to love than hate.

In person he was big, yet tight and lean,  
Had long, thin legs, big nose, and a large face;  
Eyebrows which there was little space between;  
Deep-set, blue eyes; and beard in such good case,  
That the poor eyes would scarcely have been seen,  
Had it been suffered to forget its place;  
But not approving beards to that amount,  
The owner brought it to a sharp account.

But of all things, all servitude loathed he;  
Why then should fate have wound him in its bands?  
Freedom seemed made for him, yet strange to see,  
His lot was always in another's hands;  
His! who had always thirsted instantly  
To disobey commands, because commands!  
Left to his own free will, the man was glad  
To further yours. Command him, he went mad.

Yet field-sports, dice, cards, balls, and such like courses,  
Things which he might be thought to set store by,  
Gave him but little pleasure. He liked horses;  
But was content to let them please his eye,  
Buying them squaring not with his resources;  
Therefore his summum bonum was to lie  
Stretched at full length;—yea, frankly be it said,  
To do no single thing but lie in bed.

'Twas owing all to that infernal writing.  
Body and brain had borne such grievous rounds  
Of kicks, cuffs, floors, from copying and inditing,  
That he could find no balsam for his wounds,  
No harbor for his wreck, half so inviting  
As to lie still, far from all sights and sounds,  
And so, in bed, do nothing on God's earth,  
But try and give his senses a new birth.

Bed, bed's the thing, by Heaven! (thus would he swear,)

Bed is your only work; your only duty.

Bed is one's gown, one's slippers, one's arm-chair,

Old coat; you're not afraid to spoil its beauty.

Large you may have it, long, wide, brown, or fair,

Down-bed or mattress, just as it may suit ye:

Then take your clothes off, turn in, stretch, lie double;

Be but in bed, you're quit of earthly trouble.

Borne to the fairy palace then, but tired

Of seeing so much dancing, he withdrew

Into a distant room, and there desired

A bed might be set up, handsome and new,

With all the comforts that the case required —

Mattresses huge, and pillows not a few,

Put here and there, in order that no ease

Might be found wanting to cheeks, arms, or knees.

The bed was eight feet wide, lovely to see,

With white sheets, and fine curtains, and rich loops,

Things vastly soothing to calamity;

The coverlet hung light in silken droops:

It might have held six people easily,

But he disliked to lie in bed by groups.

A large bed to himself; — *that* was his notion;

With room enough to swim in, like the ocean.

In this retreat there joined him a good soul,

A Frenchman, one who had been long at court,

An admirable cook; though, on the whole,

His gains of his deserts had fallen short.

For him was made, cheek as it were by jowl,

A second bed of the same noble sort,

Yet not so close but that the folks were able

To set between the two a dinner-table.

Here was served up, on snow-white table-cloths,

Every the daintiest possible comestible

In the French taste (all others being Goths),

Dishes alike delightful and digestible;

Only our scribe chose sirups, soups, and broths,

The smallest trouble being a detestable

Bore, into which not ev'n his dinner led him;

Therefore the servants always came, and fed him.

Nothing at these times but his head was seen ;  
 The coverlet came close beneath his chin ;  
 And then, from out the bottle or tureen,  
 They filled a silver pipe, which he let in  
 Between his lips, all easy, smooth, and clean,  
 And so he filled his philosophic skin :  
 For not a finger all the while he stirred ;  
 Nor, lest his tongue should tire, scarce uttered word.

The name of that same cook was Master Pierre :  
 He told a tale well, something short and light.  
 Quoth scribe, " Those people that keep dancing there  
 Have little wit." Quoth Pierre, " You're very right."  
 And then he told a tale, or hummed an air ;  
 Then took a sup of something, or a bite ;  
 And then he turn'd himself to sleep ; and then  
 Awoke and ate : and then he slept again.

This was their mode of living, day by day ;  
 'Twixt food and sleep their moments softly spun ;  
 They took no note of time and tide, not they ;  
 Feast, fast, or working-day, they held all one ;  
 Never disputed one another's say ;  
 Never heard bell, never were told of dun.  
 It was particularly understood,  
 No news was to be brought them, bad or good.

But, above all, no writing was known there,  
 No pen or ink, no pounce-box. Oh, my God !  
 Like toads and snakes we shunned 'em ; like despair,  
 Like death, like judgment, like a fiery rod ;  
 So green the wounds, so dire the memories were,  
 Left by that rack of ten long years and odd,  
 Which tore out of his very life and senses  
 The most undone of all amanuenses.

One more thing I may note, that made the day  
 Pass well ; one custom, not a little healing ;  
 Which was, to look above us, as we lay,  
 And count the spots and blotches in the ceiling ;  
 Noting what shapes they took to, and which way,  
 And where the plaster threatened to be peeling ;  
 Whether the spot looked new, or old, or what ;  
 Or whether 'twas, in fact, a spot or not.

## THE LOVE-STORY OF LUIGI TANSILLO.

BY HIMSELF.

(Translated by RICHARD GARNETT.)

[LUIGI TANSILLO, Italian poet, was born at Venosa in 1510, and died in 1568. He wrote, among other poems, "The Vintager" (over-sensual, atoned for in later life by "St. Peter's Tears"), "Balìa," and the pastoral "Podere."]

LADY, the heart that entered through your eyes  
Returneth not. Well may he make delay,  
For if the very windows that display  
Your spirit, sparkle in such wondrous wise,  
Of her enthroned within this Paradise  
What shall be deemed? If heart forever stay,  
Small wonder, dazzled by more radiant day  
Than gazers from without can recognize.  
Glory of sun and moon and silver star  
In firmament above, are these not sign  
Of things within more excellent by far?  
Rejoice then in thy kingdom, heart of mine,  
While Love and Fortune favorable are,  
Nor thou yet exiled for default of thine.

No length of banishment did e'er remove  
My heart from you, nor if by Fortune sped  
I roam the azure waters, or the Red,  
E'er with the body shall the spirit rove:  
If by each drop of every wave we clove,  
Or by Sun's light or Moon's encompassèd,  
Another Venus were engenderèd,  
And each were pregnant with another Love:  
And thus new shapes of Love where'er we went  
Started to life at every stroke of oar,  
And each were cradled in an amorous thought;  
Not more than now this spirit should adore;  
That none the less doth constantly lament  
It cannot worship as it would and ought.

Like lightning shining forth from east to west,  
Hurled are the happy hours from morn to night,  
And leave the spirit steeped in undelight  
In like proportion as themselves were blest.



Slow move sad hours, by thousand curbs opprest,  
 Wherewith the churlish Fates delay their flight;  
 Those, impulses of Mercury incite,  
 These lag at the Saturnian star's behest.  
 While thou wert near, ere separation's grief  
 Smote me, like steeds contending in the race,  
 My days and nights with equal speed did run:  
 Now broken either wheel, not swift the pace  
 Of summer's night though summer's moon be brief;  
 Or wintry days for brevity of sun.

Now that the Sun hath borne with him the day,  
 And hailed dark Night from prison subterrene,  
 Come forth, fair Moon, and, robed in light serene,  
 With thy own loveliness the world array.  
 Heaven's spheres, slow wheeled on their majestic way,  
 Invoke as they revolve thy orb unseen,  
 And all the pageant of the starry scene,  
 Wronged by thy absence, chides at thy delay.  
 Shades even as splendors, earth and heaven both  
 Smile at the apparition of thy face,  
 And my own gloom no longer seems so loath;  
 Yet, while my eye regards thee, thought doth trace  
 Another's image; if in vows be troth,  
 I am not yet estranged from Love's embrace.

That this fair isle with all delight abound,  
 Clad be it ever in sky's smile serene,  
 No thundering billow boom from deeps marine,  
 And calm with Neptune and his folk be found.  
 Fast may all winds by Æolus be bound,  
 Save faintest breath of lispings Zephyrene;  
 And be the odorous earth with glowing green  
 Of gladsome herbs, bright flowers, quaint foliage crowned.  
 All ire, all tempest, all misfortune be  
 Heaped on my head, lest aught thy pleasure strain,  
 Nor this disturbed by any thought of me,  
 So scourged with ill's' innumerable train,  
 New grief new tear begetteth not, as sea  
 Chafes not the more for deluge of the rain.

Wild precipice and earthquake-riven wall;  
 Bare jagged lava naked to the sky;  
 Whence densely struggles up and slow floats by  
 Heaven's murky shroud of smoke funereal;

Horror whereby the silent groves intrall;  
Black weedy pit and rifted cavity;  
Bleak loneliness whose drear sterility  
Doth prowling creatures of the wild appall:  
Like one distraught who doth his woe deplore,  
Bereft of sense by thousand miseries,  
As passion prompts, companioned or alone;  
Your desert so I rove; if as before  
Heaven deaf continue, through these crevices,  
My cry shall pierce to the Avernian throne.

As one who on uneasy couch bewails  
Besetting sickness and Time's tardy course,  
Proving if drug, or gem, or charm have force  
To conquer the dire evil that assails:  
But when at last no remedy prevails,  
And bankrupt Art stands empty of resource,  
Beholds Death in the face, and scorns recourse  
To skill whose impotence in nought avails,  
So I, who long have borne in trust unspent  
That distance, indignation, reason, strife  
With Fate would heal my malady, repent,  
Frustrate all hopes wherewith my soul was rife,  
And yield unto my destiny, content  
To languish for the little left of life.

So mightily abound the hosts of Pain,  
Whom sentries of my bosom Love hath made,  
No space is left to enter or evade,  
And inwardly expire sighs born in vain,  
If any Pleasure mingle with the train,  
By the first glimpse of my poor heart dismayed,  
Instant he dies, or else, in bondage stayed,  
Pines languishing, or flies that drear domain.  
Pale semblances of terror keep the keys,  
Of frowning portals they for none displace  
Save messengers of novel miseries:  
All thoughts they scare that wear a gladsome face;  
And, were they anything but Miseries,  
Themselves would hasten from the gloomy place.

Cease thy accustomed strain, my mournful lute;  
New music find, fit for my lot forlorn;  
Henceforth be Wrath and Grief resounded, torn  
The strings that anciently did Love salute,

Not on my own weak wing irresolute  
But on Love's plumes I trusted to be borne,  
Chanting him far as that remotest bourne  
Whence strength Herculean reft Hesperian fruit.  
To such ambition was my spirit wrought  
By gracious guerdon Love came offering  
When free in air my thought was bold to range:  
But elsewhere now dwells another's thought,  
And Wrath has plucked Love's feather from my wing,  
And hope, style, theme, I all alike must change.

If Love was miser of my liberty,  
Lo, Scorn is bounteous and benevolent,  
Such scope permitting, that, my fetter rent,  
Not lengthened by my hand, I wander free.  
The eyes that yielded tears continually  
Have now with Lethe's drops my fire besprent,  
And more behold, Illusion's glamor spent,  
Than fabled Argus with his century.  
The tyrant of my spirit, left forlorn  
As vassal thoughts forsake him, doth remove,  
And back unto her throne is Reason borne,  
And I my metamorphosis approve,  
And, old strains tuning to new keys, of Scorn  
Will sing as anciently I sang of Love.

All bitter words I spoke of you while yet  
My heart was sore, and every virgin scroll  
Blackened with ire, now past from my control,  
These would I now recall; for 'tis most fit  
My style should change, now Reason doth reknit,  
Ties Passion sundered, and again make whole;  
Be then Oblivion's prey whate'er my soul  
Hath wrongly of thee thought, spoke, sung, or writ.  
Not, Lady, that impeachment of thy fame  
With tongue or pen I ever did design;  
But that, if unto these shall reach my name,  
Ages to come may study in my line  
How year by year more streamed and towered my flame,  
And how I living was and dying thine.

## A LOVER OF LIES.

BY ORTENSIO LANDO.

(Italian novelist; translated by Thomas Roscoe.)

It was said of Messer Leandro de' Traversari, canon of Ravenna, that, from the opening to the close of his mortal career, he invariably evinced the most decided enmity to truth. He had such a total disregard for this invaluable quality that if he ever happened to stumble upon the truth, he betrayed as much melancholy and regret as if he had actually sinned against the Holy Ghost. Besides, he was not merely the most notorious asserter of "the thing which is not" himself, but the cause of falsehood in others, compelling his very friends and dependents to confirm his wicked statements, under penalty of incurring his most severe spiritual displeasure.

There was a certain Florentine, who had lately entered into his service, and who, perceiving his master's peculiarity in this respect, resolved not merely to humor him in it, but to add something further on his own part, in order the better to recommend himself to his notice. He one day availed himself of an opportunity, when walking with the good canon in the gardens of the archbishop, near the city, to give his master a specimen of his inventive powers. Observing the gardener employed in planting cauliflowers, the prelate happened to remark, "These cauliflowers grow to a surprising size; their bulk is quite prodigious; I believe no one can bring them to such rare perfection as my gardener." As the latter did not care to contradict this testimony, so favorable to his character, Messer Leandro subjoined to the observation of his superior, "Yes, my lord; but if you had ever seen those that grow in Cucagna, you would not think these so very extraordinary in point of size." "Why, how large may they grow?" inquired the archbishop. "How large?" returned Messer Leandro, "I can scarcely give your lordship an idea of it. In those parts I hear it is no uncommon thing for twenty knights on horseback to take shelter together under their huge cabbage leaves." The archbishop expressing no slight astonishment at these words, the wily Florentine stepped forward to his master's relief, saying: "Your excellency will not be so much surprised,

when I inform your excellency that I have myself seen these magnificent cabbages growing in that strange country; and I have seen the immense caldrons in which they are boiled, of such a vast construction that twenty workmen are engaged in framing them at once; and it is said that the sound of their hammers cannot be heard from opposite sides, as they sit in the huge vessel to complete their work." The noble prelate, whose intellect was not of the highest order, opened his eyes still wider upon the Florentine, exclaiming, that he fancied such a capacious saucepan would contain sufficient food, were it rightly calculated, for the whole people of Cairo at one meal.

While they were thus engaged, a person made his approach, with an ape upon his shoulders, intended as a present for the venerable archbishop, who, turning towards the canon, with a smiling countenance, noticed the very singular resemblance between the human figure and that of the sagacious animal before them. "It is my serious opinion," continued he, "that if the beast had only a little more intellect, there would not be so much difference between him and ourselves, as some people imagine."—"I trust," replied the worthy canon, "your lordship would not mean to insinuate that monkeys really want sense; for, if so, I can soon, I think, convince your lordship of the contrary, by a story pretty apposite to the purpose.

"The noble lord Almerico was one day feasting the good bishop of Vicenza, having given orders to his cook to prepare all the varieties and delicacies of the season. Now the cook was in possession of an excellent method of guarding the treasures of his kitchen; for which purpose he kept an invaluable ape, excellently tutored to the business. No man, not even the boldest, ventured to steal the least thing in his presence, until a certain footman, from Savignano, more greedy than a horse-leech, and unable to check his thieving propensities, hit upon what he considered a safe means of eluding the monkey's observation. He began to cultivate his acquaintance by performing all kinds of amusing tricks, and bribing him to be in good humor. The moment he perceived the ape busily engaged in imitating what he saw, the rogue, binding a handkerchief over his own eyes, in a short time handed it likewise to the mimic, and with secret pleasure beheld him fastening it over his face; during which time he contrived to lay his hands upon a fat capon, which the ape, though too late, soon afterwards perceived. The head cook upon this occasion gave his monkey-

ship so severe a flogging that, being doubly cautious, the next time the thievish footman repeated the same tricks, and proceeded to bandage his eyes, the wily animal, instead of imitating him, stared around him with all his eyes, pointing at the same time to his paws, as if advising him to keep his hands from picking and stealing ; so that the rogue was, this time, compelled to depart with his hands as empty as they came. Finding that all his arts were of no avail —— ” The archbishop, here overpowered with wonder and delight, exclaimed, “ If this be only true, it is one of the most astonishing things I ever heard.” The assiduous Florentine upon this again interposed in his master’s behalf, crying out with singular force of gesticulation : “ As I hope to be saved at the last day, please your grace, what my honored patron has just advanced is every particle of it true ; and as your grace appears to take a particular pleasure in listening to strange and almost unaccountable events, I will now beg leave to add a single story in addition to those of my noble patron, however inferior in point of excellence : —

“ During the last vintage, I was in the service of a gentleman at Ferrara, of the name of Libanoro, who took singular pleasure in fishing, and used frequently to explore the recesses of the vale of Santo Appollinare. This master of mine had also an ape in his possession, considerably larger than your excellency’s, and, while he was in the country, he commissioned me to take along with me to Ferrara this said ape, a barrel of white wine, and a fat pig ; in order to present them to a certain convenient ruffian, whom he kept in his service. So I took a boat, and plying oars and sail, while we were bounding along the waters, I gave the skiff a sudden jerk, which made the pig’s fat sides shake, and he went round like a turnspit, performing the strangest antics. So loud and vehement were his lamentations, that they seemed to annoy his apeship excessively, who after in vain trying to stop his ears and nose, at length seized the plug out of the barrel that stood near him, and fairly thrust it down the pig’s throat, just as he was opening it to give another horrible cry. Both the wine and the pig were in extreme jeopardy, the one actually choking, and the other running all away. I tried to save as much of it as I could ; but my immoderate laughter almost prevented me, so much was I amused at his ingenious contrivance. So that your grace may perceive,” continued the mendacious Floren-

tine, "that my master speaks the simple truth, in asserting that these animals are possessed of great acuteness of intellect." Now, on returning home, the good canon thus addressed his servant: "I thought, sirrah, there was no man living who could tell a lie with a bolder and better face than myself; but you have undeceived me: you are the very prince of liars and impostors; the father of lies himself could not surpass you!" — "Your reverence," replied the Florentine, "need not be surprised at that, when I inform you of the advantages I have enjoyed in the society of tailors, millers, and bargemen, who live upon the profit they bring. But if from this time forth, you insist upon my persevering in confirming so many monstrous untruths as you utter, I trust that you will consent to increase my wages, in consideration of so abominable a business." — "Well then, listen to me," replied his master; "when it is my intention to come out with some grand and extraordinary falsehood, I will take care to tell you the evening before, and at the same time I will always give you such a gratuity as shall make it worth your while. And if I should happen to tell a good story after dinner, as you stand behind my chair, and you swear to having seen it, very innocently, you may depend upon it you shall be no loser." This his servant agreed to do, upon condition that he would observe some bounds, and keep up some show, at least, of reason and probability; which the honest canon said, so far as he was able, he would try to do; adding that if they were not reasonable lies, the servant should not be bound by the contract, and might return the gift.

Thus the most wonderful adventures continued to be related at the good canon's table, and what is more extraordinary, they were all very dexterously confirmed. So going on very amicably together, the canon, one evening intending to impose a monstrous lie upon one of his friends, took down a pair of old breeches, and presented them to his servant as the requisite gift. In the morning, attending his master to church as usual, he heard him, after service, relating a story to one of the holy brotherhood, who stood swallowing it all, with a very serious face, how in the island of Pastinaca the magpies are accustomed to get married in proper form and ceremony; and how, after laying, and sitting upon their eggs for the space of a month, they bring forth little men, not larger than ants, but astonishingly bold and clever. The Florentine upon this could no longer restrain his feelings, crying out before the whole com-

pany : "No, no, I cannot swear to this neither ; so you may take back your breeches, master, and get somebody else in my place."



## STORIES FROM THE "HEPTAMERON."

By MARGARET OF NAVARRE.

[MARGARET OF NAVARRE, daughter of Charles of Orleans (Duke of Angoulême) and sister of Francis I. of France, was born at Angoulême, April, 1492. In 1509 she married the Duke of Alençon, who was killed in the battle of Pavia ; and in 1527 Henri d'Albret, king of Navarre, to whom she bore a daughter, Jeanne, mother of the great French monarch, Henry IV. After the death of her second husband (1544) she assumed the direction of the kingdom of Navarre. She encouraged agriculture, the arts, and to a certain extent embraced the cause of the Reformation. The "Heptameron," modeled on Boccaccio's "Decameron," is her chief contribution to literature. She died in Bigorre, France, in 1549.]

### A BAD GIFT TURNED TO TWO GOOD ENDS.

THERE was in the household of the regent, mother of King Francis, a very devout lady, married to a gentleman of the same character. Though her husband was old, and she young and fair, nevertheless she served him and loved him as though he had been the handsomest young man in the world. To leave him no cause of uneasiness, she made it her care to live with him like a woman of his own age, shunning all company, all magnificence in dress, all dances and diversions such as women are usually fond of, and making the service of God her sole pleasure and recreation. One day her husband told her that from his youth upwards he had longed to make the journey to Jerusalem, and he asked her what she thought of the matter. She, whose only thought was how to please him, replied : "Since God has deprived us of children, my dear, and has given us wealth enough, I should be strongly inclined to spend a part of it in performing that sacred journey ; for, whether you go to Jerusalem or elsewhere, I am resolved to accompany, and never forsake you." The good man was so pleased with this reply that he fancied himself already standing on Mount Calvary.

Just at this time there arrived at court a gentleman who had served long against the Turks, and who was come to obtain



the king's approval for a projected enterprise against a fortress belonging to the Ottomans, the success of which was likely to be very advantageous to Christendom. The old devotee talked with him about his expedition, and learning from him that he was resolved upon it, asked him if he would be disposed, after it was accomplished, to make another journey to Jerusalem, which himself and his wife had a great desire to see. The captain, highly approving of so good a design, promised to accompany him, and to keep the thing secret. The old gentleman was impatient to see his wife, to tell her what he had done. As she had scarcely less longing than her husband to perform the journey, she talked of it often to the captain, who, paying more attention to her person than to her words, became so much in love with her that, in talking to her of the voyages he had made by sea, he often confounded the port of Marseilles with the Archipelago, and said horse when he meant to say ship, so much was he beside himself. He found her, however, of so single-minded a character that he durst not let her see that he loved her, much less tell her so in words. The fire of his passion became so violent by dint of his concealing it that it often made him ill.

The demoiselle, who regarded him as her guide, took as much care of him as of the cross, and sent to inquire after him so often that the interest she evinced for him cured the patient without the aid of physic. Several persons, who knew that the captain had always had a better reputation for valor than for devotion, were surprised at the great intercourse between him and this lady; and seeing that he had changed from white to black, that he frequented the churches, attended sermons, and performed all the devoirs of a devotee, they doubted not that he did so to ingratiate himself with the lady, and could not even help hinting as much to him. The captain, fearing lest this should come to the ears of the lady, withdrew from society, and told her husband and her, that, being on the point of receiving his orders and quitting the court, he had many things to say to them, but that, for the greater secrecy, he would only confer with them in private, to which end he begged they would send for him when they had both retired for the night.

This proposal was quite to the old gentleman's liking. After everybody had gone to rest, he used to send for the captain to talk about the journey to Jerusalem, in the course of which the good man often fell asleep devoutly. On these

occasions, the captain, seeing the old gentleman sleeping like the blessed, and himself seated in a chair at the bedside, close to her whom he thought the most charming woman in the world, felt his heart so hard pressed, between his fear and his desire to declare himself, that he often lost the use of his tongue. But that she might not perceive his perplexity, he launched out upon the holy places of Jerusalem, where are to be seen the memorials of the great love which Jesus Christ had for us. What he said of that love was only uttered to conceal his own; and while he expatiated upon it, he kept his eyes fixed on the lady, wept and sighed so apropos, that her heart was quite penetrated with piety. Believing from this outward appearance of devotion that he was quite a saint, she begged him to tell her how he had lived, and how he had come to love God with such fervor.

He told her he was a poor gentleman, who to acquire wealth and honors had forgotten his conscience, and married a lady who was too nearly related to him, one who was rich, but old and ugly, and whom he did not love at all; that after having drawn all his wife's money from her, he had gone to seek his fortune at sea, and had sped so well that he had become the captain of a galley; but that since he had had the honor of her acquaintance, her holy converse and her good example had so changed him that he was resolved, if by God's grace he came back alive from his expedition, to take her and her husband to Jerusalem, there to do penance for his great sins which he had forsaken, after which it would only remain for him to make reparation to his wife, to whom he hoped soon to be reconciled. This account which he gave of himself was very pleasing to the pious lady, who congratulated herself much on having converted a sinner of such magnitude.

These nocturnal confabulations continued every night until the departure of the captain, who never ventured to declare himself. Only he made the fair devotee a present of a crucifix from Our Lady of Pity, beseeching her, whenever she looked upon it, to think of him. The time of his departure being come, and having taken leave of the husband, who was falling asleep, he had last of all to take leave of the fair one, in whose eyes he saw tears, drawn forth by the kind feeling she entertained for him. His impassioned heart so thrilled at the sight that he almost fainted as he bade her farewell, and burst into such an extraordinary perspiration that he wept, so to speak,

not only with his eyes, but with every part of his body. Thus he departed without any explanation, and the lady, who never before had seen such tokens of regret, was quite astonished at his emotion. She had not the less good opinion of him for all that, and her prayers accompanied him on his way. A month afterwards, as she was returning to her own house one day, she was met by a gentleman, who delivered a letter to her from the captain, begging her to read it in private, and assuring her that he had seen him embark, fully resolved to perform an expedition which should be pleasing to the king and advantageous to the faith. At the same time the gentleman mentioned that he was going back to Marseilles to look after the captain's affairs. The lady went to the window and opened the letter, which consisted of two sheets of paper written all over. It was an elaborate declaration of the feelings which the writer had so carefully concealed, and in it was inclosed a large, handsome diamond, mounted in a black enameled ring, which the lady was supplicated to put on her fair finger.

Having read the enormously long letter from beginning to end, the lady was the more astonished as she had never suspected the captain's love for her. The diamond caused her much perplexity, for she knew not what to do with it. After thinking over the matter all that day, and dreaming of it at night, she rejoiced that she could abstain from replying for want of a messenger, saying to herself that as the bearer of the letter had taken such pains on the writer's behalf, she ought to spare him the mortification of such a reply as she had resolved to give him, but which she now thought fit to reserve till the captain's return. The diamond was still a cause of much embarrassment to her, as it was not her custom to adorn herself at any one's expense but her husband's. At last her good sense suggested to her that she could not employ it better than for the relief of the captain's conscience, and she instantly dispatched it, by the hands of one of her servants, to the captain's forlorn wife, to whom she wrote as follows, in the assumed character of a nun of Tarrascon: —

MADAM, — Your husband passed this way a little before he embarked. He confessed, and received his Creator like a good Christian, and declared to me a fact which lay heavy on his conscience, namely, his regret for not having loved you as he ought. He begged me at his departure to send you this letter with this diamond,

which he begs you to keep for his sake, assuring you that if God brings him back safe and sound, he will make amends for the past by all the love that you can desire. This diamond will be for you a pledge of his word. I ask of you on his behalf the aid of your good prayers; for all my life he shall have part in mine.

When the captain's wife received this letter and the diamond, it may well be imagined how she wept with joy and sorrow: joy at being loved by her husband, and sorrow at being deprived of his presence. She kissed the ring a thousand times, washing it with her tears, and praised God for having restored her husband's affection to her at the close of her days, and when she least expected it. The nun who under God had wrought such a blessing for her was not forgotten in her grateful acknowledgments. She replied to her by the same man, who made his mistress laugh heartily when he told her how the captain's wife had received her communication. The fair devotee congratulated herself on having got rid of the diamond in so pious a manner, and was as much rejoiced at having re-established the good understanding between the husband and wife as though she had gained a kingdom.

Some time afterwards news arrived of the defeat and death of the poor captain. He had been abandoned by those who ought to have supported him, and the Rhodians, who had most interest in concealing his design, were the first to make it known. Nearly eighty men who had made a descent on the land were cut off almost to a man. Among them there was a gentleman named Jean, and a converted Turk, for whom the fair devotee had been godmother, and whom she had given to the captain to accompany him on his expedition. Jean fell along with the captain; the Turk, wounded in fifteen places with arrows, escaped by swimming to the French vessels, and it was from his report that it was known exactly how the thing had happened. A certain gentleman whom the captain believed to be his friend, and whose interests he had advanced with the king and the greatest personages in France, after the captain had landed stood offshore with his vessels. The captain, seeing that his scheme was discovered, and that he was opposed by four thousand Turks, set about retreating. But the gentleman in whom he put such confidence, considering that after his death he himself would have the command and the profit of that great fleet, represented to the officers that it was not right

to risk the king's vessels and the lives of so many brave men on board them in order to save eighty or a hundred persons. The officers, as spiritless as himself, coincided with him in opinion. The captain, seeing that the more he called to them the more they drew off from the shore, faced round against his foes, and though he was up to his knees in sand, he defended himself so valiantly that it almost seemed as if his single arm would defeat the assailants. But at last he received so many wounds from the arrows of those who durst not approach him within less than bowshot distance, that he began to grow weak from loss of blood. The Turks, seeing that the Christians were nearly spent, fell upon them with the scimitars; but notwithstanding the overwhelming numbers of the foe, the Christians defended themselves as long as they had breath.

The captain called to him the gentleman named Jean, and the Turk whom the devotee had given him, and planting his sword in the ground, kissed and embraced the cross on his knees, saying, "Lord, receive the soul of him who has not spared his life for the exaltation of thy name." Jean, seeing him droop as he uttered these words, took him and his sword in his arms, wishing to succor him; but a Turk cut both his thighs to the bone from behind. "Come, captain," he cried, as he received the stroke, "let us go to Paradise to see him for whose sake we die." As he had been united with the captain in life; so was he also in death. The Turk, seeing that he could be of no use to either of them, and that he was pierced with arrows, made his way to the vessels by swimming: and though he was the only one who had escaped out of eighty, the perfidious commander would not receive him. But being a good swimmer, he went from vessel to vessel, till at last he was taken on board a small one, where, in the course of a little time, he was cured of his wounds.

It was through this foreigner that the truth became known respecting this event, glorious to the captain, and shameful to his companion in arms. The king, and all good people who heard of it, deemed the act of the latter so black towards God and man that there was no punishment too bad for him. But on his return he told so many lies, and made so many presents, that not only did his crime remain unpunished, but he succeeded to the post of him whose lackey he was not worthy to be. When the sad news reached the court, the regent mother, who highly esteemed the captain, greatly mourned his loss. So

did the king and all who had known him. When she, whom he had so passionately loved, heard of his strange, piteous, and Christian end, the obduracy she had felt towards him melted into tears, and her lamentations were shared by her husband, whose pilgrim hopes were frustrated by the catastrophe.

I must not forget to mention that a demoiselle belonging to this lady, who loved the gentleman Jean better than herself, told her mistress, the very day the captain and he were killed, that she had seen in a dream him whom she loved so much, that he had come to her in white raiment to bid her farewell, and told her that he was going to Paradise with his captain. But when she learned that her dream was true, she made such piteous moans that her mistress had enough to do to console her. Some time after, the court went into Normandy, of which province the captain was a native, and his wife failed not to come and pay her respects to the regent mother, intending to be introduced by the lady with whom her husband had been so much in love. Whilst waiting for the hour when she could have audience, the two ladies entered a church, where the widow began to laud her husband and make lamentations over his death. "I am, madam, the most unhappy of women," she said. "God has taken my husband from me at the time when he loved me more than ever he had done." So saying she showed the diamond she wore on her finger as a pledge of his perfect affection. This was not said without a world of tears; and the other lady, who saw that her good-natured fraud had produced so excellent an effect, was so strongly tempted to laugh, in spite of her grief, that, not being able to present the widow to the regent, she handed her over to another, and retired into a chapel, where she had her laugh out.

Methinks, ladies, that those of our sex to whom presents are made ought to be glad to employ them as usefully as did this good lady; for they would find there is pleasure and joy in doing good. We must by no means accuse her of fraud, but praise her good sense, which enabled her to extract good out of a bad thing.

"You mean to say, then," said Nomerfide, "that a fine diamond, worth two hundred crowns, is a bad thing? I assure you, if it had fallen into my hands, neither his wife nor his relations would ever have set eyes on it. Nothing is more one's own than a thing that is given. The captain was dead, no one knew anything of the matter, and she might well have abstained from making the poor old woman cry."

"Good faith, you are right," said Hircan, "for there is many a woman who, to show that she is better than others, does acts contrary to her nature. In fact, do we not all know that nothing is more covetous than a woman? Yet vanity often prevails with them over avarice, and makes them do things in which their hearts have no share. In my opinion, the lady who set so little store by the diamond did not deserve it."

"Gently, gently," said Oisille; "I think I know her, and I pray you not to condemn her unheard."

"I do not condemn her, madam," replied Hircan, "but if the gentleman was so gallant a man as he has been represented to have been, it was a glorious thing for her to have a lover of such merit, and to wear his ring. But perhaps some one less worthy to be loved held her so fast by the finger that the ring could not be placed on it."

"Truly," said Ennasuite, "she might fairly keep it, since no one knew anything about it."

"What!" exclaimed Geburon, "is everything allowable for those who love, provided nobody knows of it?"

"I have never," said Saffredent, "seen anything punished as a crime except imprudence; in fact, no murderer, robber, or adulterer is ever punished by justice, or blamed amongst men, provided they are as cunning as they are wicked. But wickedness often blinds them so that they become witless. Thus it may be truly said that it is only fools who are punished, and not the vicious."

"You may say what you will," said Oisille, "but it is for God to judge the heart of the lady. For my part, I see nothing in her conduct but what is comely and virtuous."

#### CURING A FEVER BY ITS CAUSE.

At Pampelune there was a lady who was reputed fair and virtuous, and at the same time the most devout and chaste in the country. She loved her husband much, and was so obsequious to him that he had entire confidence in her. She was wholly occupied with God's service, and never missed a single sermon, and omitted nothing by which she could hope to persuade her husband and her children to be as devout as herself, who was but thirty years old, an age at which women commonly resign the pretensions of beauties for those of new she-sages.

On the first day of Lent this lady went to church to receive the ashes which are a memorial of death. A Cordelier, whose austerity of life had gained him the reputation of a saint, and who, in spite of his austerity and his macerations, was neither

so meager nor so pale but that he was one of the handsomest men in the world, was to preach the sermon. The lady listened to him with great devotion, and gazed no less intently on the preacher. Her ears and her eyes lost nothing that was presented to them, and both alike found wherewithal to be gratified. The preacher's words penetrated to her heart through her ears ; and the charms of his countenance, passing through her eyes, insinuated themselves so deeply into her mind that she felt as it were in an ecstacy. The sermon being ended, the Cordelier celebrated mass, at which the lady was present, and she took the ashes from his hand, which was as white and shapely as that of any lady. The devotee paid much more attention to the monk's hand than to the ashes he gave her, persuading herself that this spiritual love could not hurt her conscience, whatever pleasure she received from it. She failed not to go every day to the sermon, and to take her husband with her ; and both so highly admired the preacher, that at table and elsewhere they talked of nothing but him.

This fire, for all its spirituality, at last became so corporeal that the heart of this poor lady, which was first kindled by it, consumed all the rest. Banishing all fear, and the shame she ought to have felt in exposing her wild fantasy to one so saintly and virtuous, she resolved to acquaint him in writing of the love she cherished for him ; which she did as modestly as she could, and gave her letter to a little page, with instructions as to what he was to do, especially enjoining him to take good care that her husband did not see him go to the Cordelier's.

The page, taking the shortest road, passed through a street where his master happened, by the merest chance, to be sitting in a shop. The gentleman, seeing him pass, stepped forward to see which way he was going ; and the page, perceiving this, hid himself with some trepidation. His master saw this, followed him, and seizing him by the arm, asked him whither he was going. His embarrassed and unmeaning replies, and his manifest fright, aroused the suspicions of the gentleman, who threatened to beat him if he did not tell the truth. " Oh, sir," said the little page, " if I tell you, my mistress will kill me." The gentleman, no longer doubting that his wife was making a bargain without him, encouraged the page, and assured him that nothing should befall him if he spoke the truth — on the contrary, he should be well re-



warded ; but if he told a lie, he should be imprisoned for life. Thus urged by fear and hope, the page acquainted him with the real fact, and showed him the letter his mistress had written to the preacher, whereat the husband was the more shocked, as he had been all his life assured of the fidelity of his wife, in whom he had never seen a fault.

Being a wise man, however, he dissembled his anger, and further to try his wife, he answered her letter in the preacher's name, thanking her for her gracious inclination, and assuring her that it was fully reciprocated. The page, after being sworn by his master to manage the affair discreetly, carried this letter to his mistress, who was so transported with joy that her husband perceived it by the change in her countenance ; for instead of her fastings in Lent having emaciated her, she looked handsomer and fresher than ever. It was now Mid Lent, but the lady, without concerning herself about the Lord's Passion or the Holy Week, wrote as usual to the preacher. When he turned his eyes in her direction, or spoke of the love of God, she always imagined that he addressed himself covertly to her ; and, so far as her eyes could explain what was passing in her heart she did not suffer them to be idle.

The husband, who regularly replied to her in the name of the Cordelier, wrote to her after Easter, begging she would contrive to give him a meeting in private ; and she, impatiently longing for an opportunity to do so, advised her husband to go see some land they had near Pampelune. He said he would do so, and went and concealed himself in the house of one of his friends ; whereupon, the lady wrote to the Cordelier that her husband was in the country and that he might come and see her.

The gentleman, wishing to prove his wife's heart thoroughly, went and begged the preacher to lend him his robe. The Cordelier, who was a good man, replied that his rule forbade him to do so, and that for no consideration would he lend his robe to go masking in. The gentleman assured him it was not for any idle diversion he wanted it, but for an important matter, and one necessary to his salvation ; whereupon the Cordelier, who knew him to be a worthy, pious man, lent him the robe. The gentleman then procured a false beard and a false nose, put cork in his shoes to make himself as tall as the monk, put on the robe, which covered the greater part of his face, so that his eyes were barely seen, and, in a word, dressed himself up

so that he might easily be mistaken for the preacher. Thus disguised, he stole by night into his wife's chamber, where she was expecting him in great devotion. The poor creature did not wait for him to come to her, but ran to embrace him like a woman out of her senses. Keeping his head down to avoid being recognized, he began to make the sign of the cross, pretending to shun her, and crying, "Temptation ! temptation !"

She made great efforts to embrace him, while he kept dodging her in all directions, still making great signs of the cross, and crying, "Temptation ! temptation !" But when he found that she was pressing him too closely, he drew a stout stick from under his robe, and thrashed her so soundly that he put an end to the temptation. This done, he left the house without being known, and immediately returned his borrowed robe, assuring the owner that he had used it to great advantage. Next day he returned home as if from a journey, and found his wife in bed. Pretending not to know the nature of her malady, he asked her what ailed her. She replied that she was troubled with a kind of catarrh, and that she could neither move hand nor foot. The husband, who had a great mind to laugh, pretended to be very sorry, and by way of cheering her, said that he had invited the pious preacher to supper. "Oh, my dear !" said she, "don't think of inviting such people, for they bring ill luck wherever they go."

"Why, my love," replied the husband, "you know how much you have said to me in praise of this good father. For my part, I believe, if there is a holy man on earth, it is he."

"They are all very well at church and in the pulpit," she rejoined, "but in private houses they are antichrists. Don't let me see him, my dear, I entreat you, for, ill as I am, it would be the death of me."

"Well, you shall not see him, since you do not choose to do so ; but I cannot help having him to supper." !

"Do as you please," said she ; "only, for mercy's sake, let me not set eyes on him, for I cannot endure such folk."

After entertaining the Cordelier at supper, the husband said to him, "I look upon you, father, as a man so beloved by God, that I am sure he will grant any prayer of yours. I entreat you, then, to have pity on my poor wife. She has been possessed these eighteen days by an evil spirit, so that she wants to bite and scratch everybody, and neither cross nor holy water does she care for one bit ; but I believe, firmly, that if you put your

hand on her, the devil will go away. From my heart, I beseech you to do so."

"All things are possible to him who believes, my son," replied the good father. "Are you not well assured that God never refuses his grace to those who ask for it with faith?"

"I am assured of this, father."

"Be assured also, my son, that He is able and willing, and that He is not less mighty than munificent. Let us strengthen ourselves in faith to resist this roaring lion, and snatch from him his prey, which God has made his own by the blood of his Son Jesus Christ."

Thereupon the gentleman conducted the excellent man into the room where his wife was resting on a couch. Believing that it was he who had beaten her, she was roused to a prodigious degree of fury at the sight of him, but her husband's presence made her hang down her head and hold her tongue. "As long as I am present," said the husband to the good father, "the devil does not torment; but as soon as I leave her, you will sprinkle her with holy water, and then you will see how violently the evil spirit works her." So saying, the husband left him alone with his wife, and stopped outside the door to see what would ensue.

When she found herself alone with the Cordelier, she began to scream at him like a mad woman, "Villain! cheat! monster! murderer!" The Cordelier, believing in good faith that she was possessed, wanted to take hold of her head, in order to pray over it; but she scratched and bit him so fiercely that he was obliged to stand further off, throwing plenty of holy water over her, and saying many good prayers. The husband, seeing it was time to put an end to the farce, entered the room again, and thanked the Cordelier for the pains he had taken. The moment he appeared there was an end to the wife's termagant behavior, and she meekly kissed the cross for fear of her husband. The pious Cordelier, who had seen her in such a fury, believed firmly that our Lord had expelled the devil at his prayer, and went away praising God for this miracle. The husband, seeing his wife so well cured of her folly, would never tell her what he had done, contenting himself with having brought her back to the right way by his prudence, and having put her into such a frame of mind that she mortally hated what she had so unwisely loved, and was filled with detestation for her own infatuation. Thenceforth she was weaned from all

superstition, and devoted herself to her husband and her family in a very different way from what she had done before.

"Here you may see, ladies, the good sense of the husband, and the weakness of one who was regarded as a woman of strict propriety. If you attend well to this example, I am persuaded that, instead of relying on your own strength, you will learn to turn to Him on whom your honor depends."

"I am very glad," said Parlamente, "that you are become the ladies' preacher; you would be so with better right if you would address the same sermons to all those you hold discourse with."

"Whenever you please to hear me," he replied, "I assure you I will speak the same language to you."

"That is to say," observed Simontault, "that when you are not by he will talk to a different purpose."

"He will do as he pleases," said Parlamente, "but, for my own satisfaction, I would have him always speak thus. The example he has adduced will at least be of service to those women who think that spiritual love is not dangerous; but to me it seems that it is more so than any other."

"I cannot think, however," remarked Oisille, "that one should scorn to love a man who is virtuous and fears God; for, in my opinion, one cannot but be the better for it."

"I pray you to believe, madam," rejoined Parlamente, "that nothing can be more simple-willed and easy to deceive than a woman who has never loved; for love is a passion which takes possession of the heart before one is aware of it. Besides, this passion is so pleasing that, provided one can wrap one's self up in virtue as in a cloak, it will be scarcely known before some mischief will come of it."

"What mischief can come of loving a good man?" said Oisille.

"There are plenty, madam," replied Parlamente, "who pass for good men as far as ladies are concerned; but there are few who are so truly good before God that one may love them without any risk of honor or conscience. I do not believe that there is one such man living. Those who are of a different opinion, and trust in it, become its dupes. They begin this sort of tender intimacy with God, and often end it with the devil. I have seen many a one who, under color of talking about divine things, began an intimacy which at last they wished to break off, but could not, so fast were they held by the fine cloak with which it was covered. A vicious love perishes and has no long abode in a good heart; but decorous love has bonds of silk so fine and delicate that one is caught in them before one perceives them."

"According to your views, then," said Ennasuite, "no woman ought ever to love a man. Your law is too violent; it will not last."

"I know that," replied Parlamente; "but for all that, it is desirable that every woman should be content with her own husband, as I am with mine."



## A TRIO OF FRENCH RENAISSANCE POETS.

(Translations by Andrew Lang.)

JACQUES TAHUREAU, 1527-1555.

### SHADOWS OF HIS LADY.

WITHIN the sand of what far river lies  
     The gold that gleams in tresses of my Love?  
     What highest circle of the Heavens above  
 Is jeweled with such stars as are her eyes?  
 And where is the rich sea whose coral vies  
     With her red lips, that cannot kiss enough?  
     What dawn-lit garden knew the rose, whereof  
 The fled soul lives in her cheeks' rosy guise?

What Parian marble that is loveliest,  
 Can match the whiteness of her brow and breast?  
     When drew she breath from the Sabæan glade?  
 Oh, happy rock and river, sky and sea,  
 Gardens, and glades Sabæan, all that be  
     The far-off splendid semblance of my maid!

### MOONLIGHT.

The high Midnight was garlanding her head  
     With many a shining star in shining skies,  
     And, of her grace, a slumber on mine eyes,  
 And, after sorrow, quietness was shed.  
 Far in dim fields cicadas jargonèd  
     A thin shrill clamor of complaints and cries;  
     And all the woods were pallid, in strange wise,  
 With pallor of the sad moon overspread.

Then came my lady to that lonely place,  
 And, from her palfrey stooping, did embrace  
     And hang upon my neck, and kissed me over;  
 Wherefore the day is far less dear than night,  
 And sweeter is the shadow than the light,  
     Since night has made me such a happy lover.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY, 1550.

## HYMN TO THE WINDS.

*The Winds are invoked by the Winnowers of Corn.*

To you, troop so fleet,  
 That with winged wandering feet  
     Through the wide world pass,  
 And with soft murmuring  
 Toss the green shades of spring  
     In woods and grass,  
 Lily and violet  
 I give, and blossoms wet,  
     Roses and dew;  
 This branch of blushing roses,  
 Whose fresh bud uncloses,  
     Wind flowers too.  
 Ah, winnow with sweet breath,  
 Winnow the holt and heath,  
     Round this retreat;  
 Where all the golden morn  
 We fan the gold o' the corn  
     In the sun's heat.

## A VOW TO HEAVENLY VENUS.

We that with like hearts love, we lovers twain,  
     New wedded in the village by thy fane,  
 Lady of all chaste love, to thee it is  
 We bring these amaranths, these white lilies,  
 A sign, and sacrifice; may Love, we pray,  
 Like amaranthine flowers, feel no decay;  
 Like these cool lilies may our loves remain,  
 Perfect and pure, and know not any stain;  
 And be our hearts, from this thy holy hour,  
 Bound each to each, like flower to wedded flower.

REMY BELLEAU, 1560.

## APRIL.

APRIL, pride of woodland ways,  
     Of glad days,  
 April, bringing hope of prime  
 To the young flowers that beneath  
     Their bud sheath  
 Are guarded in their tender time.

April, pride of fields that be  
Green and free,  
That in fashion glad and gay  
Stud with flowers red and blue,  
Every hue,  
Their jeweled spring array.

April, pride of murmuring  
Winds of spring,  
That beneath the winnowed air  
Trap with subtle nets and sweet  
Flora's feet,  
Flora's feet, the fleet and fair.

April, by thy hand caressed,  
From her breast  
Nature scatters everywhere  
Handfuls of all sweet perfumes,  
Buds and blooms,  
Making faint the earth and air.

April, joy of the green hours,  
Clothes with flowers  
Over all her locks of gold  
My sweet Lady; and her breast  
With the blest  
Buds of summer manifold.

April, with thy gracious wiles,  
Like the smiles,  
Smiles of Venus; and thy breath  
Like her breath, the gods' delight,  
(From their height  
They take the happy air beneath).

It is thou that, of thy grace,  
From their place  
In the far-off isles dost bring  
Swallows over earth and sea,  
Glad to be  
Messengers of thee, and Spring.

Daffodil and eglantine,  
And woodbine,

Lily, violet, and rose,  
Plentiful in April fair,  
To the air,  
Their pretty petals do uncloze.

Nightingales ye now may hear,  
Piercing clear,  
Singing in the deepest shade;  
Many and many a babbled note  
Chime and float,  
Woodland music through the glade.

April, all to welcome thee,  
Spring sets free  
Ancient flames, and with low breath  
Wakes the ashes gray and old  
That the cold  
Chilled within our hearts to death.

Thou beholdest, in the warm  
Hours, the swarm  
Of the thievish bees that flies  
Evermore from bloom to bloom  
For perfume,  
Hid away in tiny thighs.

Her cool shadows May can boast,  
Fruits almost  
Ripe, and gifts of fertile dew,  
Manna-sweet and honey-sweet,  
That complete  
Her flower garland fresh and new.

Nay, but I will give my praise  
To these days,  
Named with the glad name of her  
That from out the foam o' the sea  
Came to be  
Sudden light on earth and air.



## LAZARILLO DE TORMES AND THE MISER.

BY HURTADO DE MENDOZA.

[DIEGO HURTADO DE MENDOZA, one of the foremost Spanish men of letters and action at once — diplomatist, soldier, scholar, poet, novelist, historian, and collector — was born at Granada (of which his father, a noble who helped capture it, was governor) about 1503. Diego was superbly educated at the University of Salamanca, versed in philosophy and classics, then joined Charles V.'s army in Italy and shared in the battle of Pavia, where Francis I. was captured. His proficiency in letters and arms and solid judgment soon drew the king's notice; he was made ambassador to England, to Venice, to the papal court; was imperial plenipotentiary to the Council of Trent, and governor of Siena. During Charles's reign he was in high favor and trust; in its last year but one (1554) he wrote "Lazarillo de Tormes," the father of the "picaresque" novel, and the model for "Gil Blas." He used his influence with Sultan Solymán to obtain books and MSS. from the East, and his critical knowledge of Greek was large and sound enough for him to appraise them; he was at once a powerful statesman, a munificent patron, a strong scholar, and a creative literary force. Philip II., however, distrusted and would not employ him, and in 1564 banished him from the capital on the ostensible ground of his defending his life in the palace. He withdrew to Granada and wrote his celebrated "History of the War against the Moors," which won him the title of "the Spanish Sallust." In 1574 he received permission to return to Madrid, but died at Valladolid in 1575.]

THE next day, not considering myself quite safe where I was, I went to a place called Maqueda, where, as it were in punishment of my evil deeds, I fell in with a certain priest. I accosted him for alms, when he enquired whether I knew how to assist at mass. I answered that I did; which was true, for the old man, notwithstanding his ill treatment, taught me many useful things — and this was one of them. The priest therefore engaged me on the spot.

There is an old proverb which speaks of getting out of the frying-pan into the fire, which was indeed my unhappy case in this change of masters. The old blind man, selfish as he was, seemed an Alexander the Great, in point of munificence, on comparison with this priest, who was, without exception, the most niggardly of all miserable devils I have ever met with. It seemed as though the meanness of the whole world was gathered together in his wretched person. It would be hard to say whether he inherited this disposition, or whether he had adopted it with his cassock and gown. He had a large old chest, well secured by a lock, the key of which he always carried about him, tied to a part of his clothing. When the charity

bread came from the church, he would with his own hands deposit it in the chest, and then carefully turn the key.

Throughout the whole house there was nothing to eat. Even the sight of such things as we see in other houses, such as smoked bacon, cheese, or bread, would have done my heart good, although I might have been forbidden to taste them. The only eatable we had was a string of onions, and these were locked up in a garret. Every fourth day I was allowed *one*; and when I asked for the key to take it, if any one chanced to be present, he would make a serious matter of it, saying, as he gave me the key, "Take it, and return quickly; for when you go to that tempting room you never know when to come out of it;"—speaking as though all the sweets of Valencia were there, when I declare to you, as I said before, the devil a bit of anything was there but this string of onions hung on a nail, and of these he kept such an account that if my unlucky stars had tempted me to take more than my allowance, it would have cost me very dear.

In the end I should have died of hunger, with so little feeling did this reverend gentleman treat me, although with himself he was rather more liberal. Five farthings' worth of meat was his allowance for dinner and supper. It is true that he divided the broth with me; but my share of the meat I might have put in my eye instead of my mouth, and have been none the worse for it: but sometimes, by good luck, I got a little morsel of bread. In this part of the country it is the custom on Sundays to eat sheeps' heads, and he sent me for one that was not to come to more than three farthings. When it was cooked he ate all the tit-bits, and never left it while a morsel of the meat remained; but the dry bones he turned over to me, saying, "There, you rogue, eat that; you are in rare luck; the Pope himself has not such fare as you." "God give him as good!" said I to myself.

At the end of the three weeks that I remained with him I arrived at such an extreme degree of exhaustion, from sheer hunger, that it was with difficulty I stood on my legs. I saw clearly that I was in the direct road to the grave, unless God and my own wit should help me out of it. For the dexterous application of my fingers there was no opportunity afforded me, seeing there was nothing to practice on; and if there were, I should never have been able to cheat the priest as I did the old man, whom God absolve if by my means it went ill with

him after his leap. The old man, though cunning, yet wanting sight, gave me now and then a chance; but as to the priest, never had any one so keen a sight as he.

When we were at mass, no money came to the plate at the offering that he did not observe: he had one eye on the people and the other on my fingers. His eyes danced about the money box as though they were quicksilver. When offerings were given he kept an account, and when it was finished, that instant he would take the plate from my hands and put it on the altar. I was not able to rob him of a single maravedi in all the time I lived with him, or rather all the time I starved with him. I never fetched him any wine from the tavern, but the little that was left at church he locked up in his chest, and he would make that serve all the week. In order to excuse all this covetousness he said to me, "You see, my boy, that priests ought to be very abstemious in their food. For my part, I think it a great scandal to indulge in viands and wine as many do." But the curmudgeon lied most grossly, for at convents or at funerals, when we went to pray, he would eat like a wolf, and drink like a mountebank; and now I speak of funerals — God forgive me, I was never an enemy to the human race but at that unhappy period of my life, and the reason was solely that on those occasions I obtained a meal of victuals. Every day I did hope, and even pray, that God would be pleased to take his own. Whenever we were sent for to administer the sacrament to the sick, the priest would of course desire all present to join in prayer. You may be certain I was not the last in these devout exercises, and I prayed with all my heart that the Lord would compassionate the afflicted, not by restoring him to the vanities of life, but by relieving him from the sins of this world: and when any of these unfortunates recovered — the Lord forgive me — in the anguish of my heart I wished him a thousand times in perdition; but if he died, no one was more sincere in his blessings than myself.

During all the time I was in this service, which was nearly six months, only twenty persons paid the debt of nature, and these I verily believe that I killed, or rather that they died, by the incessant importunity of my particular prayers. Such was my extreme suffering, as to make me think that the Lord, compassionating my unhappy and languishing condition, visited some with death to give me life. But for my present necessity there was no remedy: if on the days of funerals I lived well,

the return to my old allowance of an onion every fourth day seemed doubly hard ; so that I may truly say, I took delight in nothing but death, and oftentimes I have invoked it for myself as well as for others. To me, however, it did not arrive, although continually hovering about me in the ugly shape of famine and short commons. I thought many times of leaving my brute of a master, but two reflections disconcerted me ; the first was, the doubt whether I could make my way by reason of the extreme weakness to which hunger had reduced me ; and the second suggested that, my first master having done his best to starve me, and my next having succeeded so far in the same humane object as to bring me to the brink of the grave, whether the third might not, by pursuing the same course, actually thrust me into it.

These considerations made me now pause, lest by venturing a step further it might be my certain fate to fall a point lower in fortune, and then the world might truly say, "Farewell, Lazaro."

It was during this trying and afflicting time, when, seeing things going from bad to worse, without any one to advise with, I was praying with all Christian humility that I might be released from such misery, that one day, when my wretched, miserable, covetous thief of a master had gone out, an angel, in the likeness of a tinker, knocked at the door—for I verily believe he was directed by Providence to assume that habit and employment—and enquired whether I had anything to mend? Suddenly a light flashed upon me, as though imparted by an invisible and unknown power. — "Uncle," said I, "I have unfortunately lost the key of this great chest, and I'm sadly afraid my master will beat me ; for God's sake, try if you can fit it, and I will reward you." The angelic tinker drew forth a large bunch of keys, and began to try them, while I assisted his endeavors with my feeble prayers ; when, lo and behold ! when least I thought it, the lid of the chest arose, and I almost fancied I beheld the divine essence therein in the shape of loaves of bread. "I have no money," said I to my preserver, "but give me the key and help yourself." He took some of the whitest and best bread he could find, and went away well pleased, though not half so well as myself. I refrained from taking any for the present, lest the deficiency might be noticed ; and contented myself with the hope that on seeing so much in my power, hunger would hardly dare to approach me.

My wretched master returned, and it pleased God that the offering my angel had been pleased to accept remained undiscovered by him. The next day, when he went out, I went to my farinaceous paradise, and taking a loaf between my hands and teeth, in a twinkling it became invisible ; then, not forgetting to lock the treasure, I capered about the house for joy to think that my miserable life was about to change, and for some days following I was as happy as a king. But it was not predestined for me that such good luck should continue long ; on the third day symptoms of my old complaint began to show themselves, for I beheld my murderer in the act of examining our chest, turning and counting the loaves over and over again. Of course I dissimulated my terror, but it was not for want of my prayers and invocations that he was not struck stone-blind like my old master—but he retained his eyesight.

After he had been some time considering and counting, he said, “If I were not well assured of the security of this chest, I should say that somebody had stolen my bread ; but however, to remove all suspicion, from this day I shall count the loaves : there remain now exactly nine and a piece.”

“May nine curses light upon you, you miserable beggar,” said I to myself—for his words went like an arrow to my heart, and hunger already began to attack me, seeing a return to my former scanty fare now inevitable.

No sooner did the priest go out, than I opened the chest to console myself even with the sight of food, and as I gazed on the nice white loaves, a sort of adoration arose within me, which the sight of such tempting morsels could alone inspire. I counted them carefully, to see if perchance the curmudgeon had mistaken the number ; but, alas ! I found he was a much better reckoner than I could have desired. The utmost I dared do was to bestow on these objects of my affection a thousand kisses, and, in the most delicate manner possible, to nibble here and there a morsel of the crust. With this I passed the day, and not quite so jovially as the former, you may suppose.

But as hunger increased, and more so in proportion as I had fared better the few days previously, I was reduced to the last extremity. Yet all I could do was to open and shut the chest, and contemplate the divine image within. Providence, however, who does not neglect mortals in such an extreme crisis, suggested to me a slight palliation of my present distress.

After some consideration, I said within myself, "This chest is very large and old, and in some parts, though very slightly, is broken. It is not impossible to suppose that rats may have made an entrance, and gnawed the bread. To take a whole loaf would not be wise, seeing that it would be missed by my most liberal master; but the other plan he shall certainly have the benefit of." Then I began to pick the loaves, on some table cloths which were there, not of the most costly sort, taking one loaf and leaving another, so that in the end I made up a tolerable supply of crumbs, which I ate like so many sugar plums; and with that I in some measure consoled myself and contrived to live.

The priest, when he came home to dinner and opened the chest, beheld with dismay the havoc made in his store; but he immediately supposed it to have been occasioned by rats, so well had I imitated the style of those depredators. He examined the chest narrowly, and discovered the little holes through which the rats might have entered; and calling me he said, "Lazaro, look what havoc has been made in our bread during the night." I seemed very much astonished, and asked "what it could possibly be?" "What has done it?" quoth he, "why, rats: confound 'em, there is no keeping anything from them." I fared well at dinner, and had no reason to repent of the trick I played; for he pared off all the places which he supposed the rats had nibbled at, and giving them to me, he said, "There, eat that, rats are very clean animals." In this manner, adding what I thus gained to that acquired by the labor of my hands, or rather my nails, I managed tolerably well, though I little expected it. I was destined to receive another shock, when I beheld my miserable tormentor carefully stopping up all the holes in the chest with small pieces of wood, which he nailed over them, and which bade defiance to further depredations. "Oh, Lord!" I cried involuntarily, "to what distress and misfortunes are we unhappy mortals reduced; and how short-lived are the pleasures of this our transitory existence. No sooner did I draw some little relief from the measure which kind fortune suggested, than it is snatched away; and this last act is like closing the door of consolation against me, and opening that of my misfortunes."

It was thus I gave vent to my distress, while the careful workman, with abundance of wood and nails, was finishing his cruel job, saying with great glee, "Now, you rascals of rats, we

will change sides, if you please, for your future reception in this house will be right little welcome."

The moment he left the house, I went to examine his work, and found he had not left a single hole unstopped by which even a mosquito could enter. I opened the chest, though without deriving the smallest benefit from its contents: my key was now utterly useless; but as I gazed with longing eyes on the two or three loaves which my master believed to be bitten by the rats, I could not resist the temptation of nibbling a morsel more, though touching them in the lightest possible manner, like an experienced swordsman in a friendly assault.

Necessity is a great master, and being in this strait, I passed night and day in devising means to get out of it. All the rascally plans that could enter the mind of man, did hunger suggest to me; for it is a saying—and a true one, as I can testify—that hunger makes rogues, and abundance fools. One night when my master slept, (of which disposition he always gave sonorous testimony,) as I was revolving in my mind the best mode of renewing my intimacy with the contents of the chest, a thought struck me, which I forthwith put in execution. I arose very quietly, and taking an old knife, which, having some little glimmering of the same idea the day previous, I had left for an occasion of this nature, I repaired to the chest, and at the part which I considered least guarded I began to bore a hole. The antiquity of the chest seconded my endeavors; for the wood had become rotten from age, and easily yielded to the knife, so that in a short time I managed to display a hole of very respectable dimensions. I then opened the chest very gently, and taking out the bread, I treated it much in the same manner as heretofore, and then returned safe to my mattress.

The next day my worthy master soon spied my handiwork, as well as the deficiency in his bread—and began by wishing the rats at the devil. "What can it mean?" said he; "during all the time I have been here, there have never been rats in the house before." And he might say so with truth: if ever a house in the kingdom deserved to be free from rats, it was his, as they are seldom known to visit where there is nothing to eat. He began again with nails and wood; but when night came, and he slept, I resumed my operations, and rendered nugatory all his ingenuity.

In this manner we went on; the moment he shut one door, I opened another: like the web of Penelope, what he spun by

day, I unraveled by night; and in the course of a few nights the old chest was so maltreated, that little remained of the original that was not covered with pieces and nailing. When the unhappy priest found his mechanical ability of no avail, he said, "Really, this chest is in such a state, and the wood is so old and rotten, that the rats make nothing of it. The best plan I can think of, since what we have done is of no use, is to arm ourselves within, against these cursed rats." He then borrowed a rat-trap, and baiting it with bits of cheese which he begged from the neighbors, set it under the chest. This was a piece of singular good fortune for me; for though my hunger needed no sauce, yet I did not nibble the bread at night with less relish, because I added thereto the bait from the rat-trap. When in the morning he found not only the bread gone as usual, but the bait likewise vanished, and the trap without a tenant, he grew almost beside himself. He ran to the neighbors, and asked of them what animal it could possibly be that could positively eat the very cheese out of the trap, and yet escape untouched. The neighbors agreed that it could be no rat that could thus eat the bait, and not remain within the trap; and one more cunning than the rest observed, "I remember once seeing a snake about your premises, and depend on it that is the animal which has done you the mischief; for it could easily pick the bait from the trap without entering entirely, and thus too it might easily escape." The rest all agreed that such must be the fact, which alarmed my master a good deal.

He now slept not near so soundly as before; and at every little noise, thinking it was the snake biting the chest, he would get up, and taking a cudgel which he kept at his bed's head for the purpose, begin to belabor the poor chest with all his might, so that the noise might frighten the reptile from his unthrifty proceedings. He even awoke the neighbors with such prodigious clamor, and I could not get a single minute's rest. He turned me out of bed, and looked amongst the straw, and about the blanket, to see if the creature was concealed anywhere; for, as he observed, at night they seek warm places, and not infrequently injure people by biting them in bed. When he came, I always pretended to be very heavy with sleep, and he would say to me in the morning, "Did you hear nothing last night, boy? The snake was about, and I think I heard him at your bed, for they are very cold creatures, and love warmth." "I hope to God he will not bite me," returned I. "for I am very



much afraid." He was so watchful at night, that by my faith the snake could not continue his operations as usual; but in the morning, when the priest was at church, he resumed them pretty steadily as usual.

Looking with dismay at the damage done to his store, and the little redress he was likely to have for it, the poor priest became quite uneasy from fretting, and wandered about all night like a hobgoblin. I began very much to fear that during one of these fits of watchfulness, he might discover my key, which I placed for security under the straw of my bed. I therefore, with a caution peculiar to my nature, determined in future to keep this treasure by night safe in my mouth; and this was an ancient custom of mine, for during the time I lived with the blind man, my mouth was my purse, in which I could retain ten or twelve maravedis in farthings, without the slightest inconvenience in any way. Indeed, had I not possessed this faculty, I should never have had a single farthing of my own, for I had neither pocket nor bag that the old man did not continually search. Every night I slept with the key in my mouth without fear of discovery; but, alas! when misfortune is our lot, ingenuity can be of little avail.

It was decreed, by my evil destiny, or rather, I ought to say, as a punishment for my evil doings, that one night, when I was fast asleep, my mouth being somewhat open, the key became placed in such a position therein, that my breath came in contact with the hollow of the key, and caused — the worse luck for me! — a loud whistling noise. On this my watchful master pricked up his ears, and thought it must be the hissing of the snake which had done him all the damage, and certainly he was not altogether wrong in his conjectures. He arose very quietly, with his club in his hand, and stealing towards the place whence the hissing sound proceeded, thinking at once to put an end to his enemy, he lifted his club, and with all his force discharged such a blow on my unfortunate head, that it needed not another to deprive me of all sense and motion. The moment the blow was delivered, he felt it was no snake that had received it; and guessing what he had done, called out to me in a loud voice, endeavoring to recall me to my senses. Then touching me with his hands, he felt the blood, which was by this time in great profusion about my face, and ran quickly to procure a light. On his return, he found me moaning, yet still holding the key in my mouth, and partly visible, being in the same

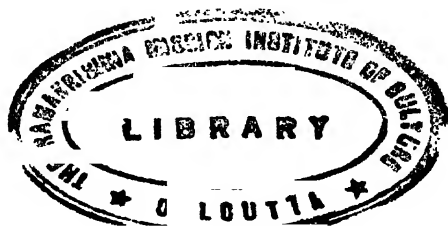
situation which caused the whistling noise he had mistaken for the snake. Without thinking much of me, the attention of the slayer of snakes was attracted by the appearance of the key; and drawing it from my mouth, he soon discovered what it was, for of course the wards were precisely similar to his own. He ran to prove it, and with that, at once, found out the extent of my ingenuity.

"Thank God," exclaimed this cruel snake hunter, "that the rats and the snakes which have so long made war upon me, and devoured my substance, are both at last discovered."

Of what passed for three days afterwards, I can give no account; but that which I have related I heard my master recount to those who came there to see me. At the end, however, of the third day, I began to have some consciousness of what was passing around me, and found myself extended on my straw, my head bound up, and covered with ointment and plasters.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I cried, in extreme alarm. The heartless priest replied, "I have only been hunting the rats and the snakes, which have almost ruined me." Seeing the condition in which I was, I then guessed what had happened to me. At this time an old nurse entered, with some of the neighbors, who dressed the wounds on my head, which had assumed a favorable appearance; and as they found my senses were restored to me, they anticipated but little danger, and began to amuse themselves with my exploits, while I, unhappy sinner, could only deplore their effects.

With all this, however, they gave me something to eat, for I was almost dying with hunger; and at the end of fourteen or fifteen days I was able to rise from my bed without danger, though not even then without hunger, and only half cured. The day after I got up, my worthy and truly respectable master took my hand, and opening the door, put me into the street, saying, "Lazaro, from this day look out for yourself; seek another master, and fare you well. No one will ever doubt that you have served a blind man; but for me I do not require so diligent nor so clever a servant." Then shaking me off, as though I was in league with the Evil One, he went back into his house and shut the door.



## ELIZABETH AND AMY ROBSART.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Kenilworth.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 13.]

IT CHANCED upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train who appeared from her chamber in full array for the Chase, was the Princess for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the Chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the Castleyard.

To this new scene of pleasures they walked, the Earl's arm affording his Sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by, did not conceive their duty to the Queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the Queen and the Earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting suits almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting suit of Lincoln green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle horn, and a wood knife instead of a sword, became its master as did his other vestments of court or of war.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite Earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek; and still further, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the Duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and Queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the mean while neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view, or, to speak more justly toward him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The Queen — an accomplished and handsome woman, the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain — had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the Earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents — "no, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties,

that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her Sovereign. — No, Leicester, urge it no more — were I as others, free to seek my own happiness — then, indeed — but it cannot — cannot be. — Delay the chase — delay it for half an hour — and leave me, my lord.”

“How, leave you, madam !” said Leicester. — “Has my madness offended you ?”

“No, Leicester, not so !” answered the Queen, hastily ; “but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go — but go not far from hence — and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy.”

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself — “Were it possible — were it *but* possible ! — but no — no — Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone.”

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless and yet but too successful rival lay concealed.

The mind of England’s Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments called Rocking Stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace toward the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the

stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheeks as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many maskers and revelers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the Sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness — "How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto — art thou spellbound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear? — We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said; "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel — what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the Queen; "but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth, impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant, which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested her feelings. "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are we accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request — I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate Countess, — "I beseech your gracious protection — against — against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What, Varney, — Sir Richard Varney, — the servant of Lord Leicester! — What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I — I — was his prisoner — and he practiced on my life — and I broke forth to — to ——"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it — that is if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. — Thou art," she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul, — "thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?"

“Forgive me — forgive me — most gracious princess !” said Amy, dropping once more on her knee, from which she had arisen.

“For what should I forgive thee, silly wench ?” said Elizabeth ; “for being the daughter of thine own father ? Thou art brainsick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches. Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father — thy look confesses it — cheated Master Tressilian — thy blush avouches it — and married this same Varney.”

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly with, “No, madam, no — as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me ! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave — of that most deliberate villain ! I am not the wife of Varney ! I would rather be the bride of Destruction !”

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy’s vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, “Why, God ha’ mercy, woman ! — I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman,” she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her, — “tell me, woman — for by God’s day, I WILL know — whose wife or whose paramour art thou ? Speak out, and be speedy. — Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth.”

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice which she saw but could not avoid, — permitted not a moment’s respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, “The Earl of Leicester knows it all.”

“The Earl of Leicester !” said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment. — “The Earl of Leicester !” she repeated, with kindling anger, — “Woman, thou art set on to this — thou dost belie him — he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England ! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me — come with me instantly !”

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the



Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified Countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant Queen.

Leicester was at this moment the center of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her Majesty when the hunting party should go forward, and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead of seeing Elizabeth advance toward them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half-dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed toward her under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill. — “Where is my Lord of Leicester?” she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around. — “Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!”

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smoldering chasm which so unexpectedly yawned before him with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half-uttered, half-intimated congratulations of the courtiers, upon the favor of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead fea-

tures, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet call, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practiced on me — on me thy Sovereign — on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises — by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers — to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think — defied in the Castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man! — My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England; attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your Grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester! — Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody. — I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower tomorrow for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient — God's life!" exclaimed the Queen, "name not the word to me — thou know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended Sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless — no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest. "Oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath — and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire — shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandoned her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his Countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my Liege, pardon! — or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her, and was about to fly toward Leicester, when, checked at once by the

uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had reassumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the Castle—to deal with her as the worst of criminals—“But spare,” she exclaimed, “my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!”

“And why, sweetheart?” said the Queen, moved by a new impulse; “what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?”

“Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him.”

“Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already,” answered the Queen. — “My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming.”

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the Queen briefly answered, “Ladies, under favor, no. — You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues—our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest. — Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her.”

“By Our Lady!” said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, “she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own ladybirds of daughters.”

So saying, he carried her off unresistingly and almost unconsciously, his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The Queen followed him with her eye—she had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a Sovereign’s accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who had witnessed it. “My Lord of Hunsdon says well,” she observed; “he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe.”

"My Lord of Hunsdon," said the Dean of Saint Asaph, "I speak it not in defamation of his more noble qualities, hath a broad license in speech, and garnishes his discourse somewhat too freely with the cruel and superstitious oaths which savor both of profaneness and of old papistrie."

"It is the fault of his blood, Mr. Dean," said the Queen, turning sharply round upon the reverend dignitary as he spoke; "and you may blame mine for the same distemperature. The Boleyns were ever a hot and plain-spoken race, more hasty to speak their mind than careful to choose their expressions. And, by my word — I hope there is no sin in that affirmation — I question if it were much cooled by mixing with that of Tudor."

As she made this last observation, she smiled graciously and stole her eyes almost insensibly round to seek those of the Earl of Leicester, to whom she now began to think she had spoken with hasty harshness upon the unfounded suspicion of a moment.

The Queen's eye found the Earl in no mood to accept the implied offer of conciliation. His own looks had followed, with late and rueful repentance, the faded form which Hunsdon had just borne from the presence; they now reposed gloomily on the ground, but more — so at least it seemed to Elizabeth — with the expression of one who has received an unjust affront, than of him who is conscious of guilt. She turned her face angrily from him, and said to Varney, "Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these riddles — thou hast sense and the use of speech, at least, which elsewhere we look for in vain."

As she said this, she darted another resentful glance toward Leicester, while the wily Varney hastened to tell his own story.

"Your Majesty's piercing eye," he said, "has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady; which, unhappy that I am, I would not suffer to be expressed in the certificate of her physician, seeking to conceal what has now broken out with so much the more scandal."

"She is then distraught?" said the Queen — "indeed we doubted not of it — her whole demeanor bears it out. I found her moping in a corner of yonder grotto; and every word she spoke — which indeed I dragged from her as by the rack — she instantly recalled and forswore. But how came she hither? Why had you her not in safe keeping?"

"My gracious Liege," said Varney, "the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her, Master Anthony Foster, has come hither but now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to show me of her escape, which she managed with the art peculiar to many who are afflicted with this malady. He is at hand for examination."

"Let it be for another time," said the Queen. "But, Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic felicity; your lady railed on you bitterly, and seemed ready to swoon at beholding you."

"It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace," answered Varney, "to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest."

"We have heard so, indeed," said Elizabeth, "and give faith to the saying."

"May your Grace then be pleased," said Varney, "to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of her friends?"

Leicester partly started; but, making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply, "You are something too hasty, Master Varney; we will have first a report of the lady's health and state of mind from Masters, our own physician, and then determine what shall be thought just. You shall have license, however, to see her, that if there be any matrimonial quarrel betwixt you—such things we have heard do occur, even betwixt a loving couple—you may make it up, without further scandal to our court, or trouble to ourselves."

Varney bowed low, and made no other answer.

Elizabeth again looked toward Leicester, and said, with a degree of condescension which could only arise out of the most heartfelt interest, "Discord, as the Italian poet says, will find her way into peaceful convents, as well as into the privacy of families; and we fear our own guards and ushers will hardly exclude her from courts. My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us, and we have right to be offended with you. We will take the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive."

Leicester smoothed his brow, as if by an effort, but the trouble was too deep-seated that its placidity should at once return. He said, however, that which fitted the occasion, "that he could not have the happiness of forgiving, because

she who commanded him to do so could commit no injury toward him."

Elizabeth seemed content with this reply, and intimated her pleasure that the sports of the morning should proceed. The bugles sounded — the hounds bayed — the horses pranced — but the courtiers and ladies sought the amusements to which they were summoned with hearts very different from those which had leaped to the morning's *réveil*. There was doubt, and fear, and expectation on every brow, and surmise and intrigue in every whisper.

Blount took an opportunity to whisper into Raleigh's ear, "This storm came like a levanter in the Mediterranean."

"*Variū et mutabile*," answered Raleigh, in a similar tone.



## POEMS BY RONSARD.

[PIERRE DE RONSARD, one of the greatest of French lyric poets, was born near Vendôme, September 11, 1524. He was educated at court as page to the Duke of Orleans; spent several years in the service of James V. of Scotland; and on his return to France was employed on various diplomatic missions. Becoming deaf from illness, he withdrew from court and devoted seven years to the study of the classics. Here he became the head of a group of poets, styling themselves "La Pléiade," who aimed at regenerating the language and creating a new literature on classic models. Ronsard's popularity and prosperity during his life were very great. Henry II. and Francis II. covered him with honors and pensions; Charles IX. added priories and abbacies; and Queen Elizabeth presented him with a set of diamonds. His works comprise: "Odes," "Hymnes," "Amours," "La Franciade" (an unfinished epic), sonnets, elegies, etc. He died at his priory St. Côme, Touraine, December 27, 1585.]

### TO HIS YOUNG MISTRESS.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

FAIR Flower of fifteen Springs! that still  
Art scarcely blossomed from the bud,  
Yet hast such store of evil will,  
A heart so full of hardihood, —  
Seeking to hide in friendly wise  
The mischief of your mocking eyes:

If you have pity, Child! give o'er;  
Give back the heart you stole from me,  
Pirate! setting so little store  
On this your captive from Love's sea,

Holding his misery for gain,  
And making pleasure of his pain.

Another, not so fair of face,  
But far more pitiful than you,  
Would take my heart, if of his grace  
My heart would give her of Love's due;  
And she shall have it, since I find  
That you are cruel and unkind.

Nay! I would rather that it died  
Within your white hand's prisoning,  
Would rather that it still abide  
In your ungentle comforting,  
Than change its faith, and seek to her  
That is more kind, but not so fair.

#### THE ROSE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

See, Mignonne! hath not the Rose,  
That this morning did uncloze  
Her purple mantle to the light,  
Lost, before the day be dead,  
The glory of her raiment red,  
Her color, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne! in how few hours  
The petals of her purple flowers  
All have faded, fallen, died!  
Sad Nature! mother ruinous!  
That seest thy fair child perish thus  
'Twixt matin song and eventide.

Hear me, Darling! speaking sooth:  
Gather the fleet flower of your youth!  
Take ye your pleasure at the best!  
Be merry ere your beauty flit!  
For length of days will tarnish it.  
Like roses that were loveliest.

#### WELCOME TO SPRING.

(Translated by H. F. Cary.)

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,  
Ye faithful swallows fleet of wing,  
Hoops, cuckoos, nightingales,



Turtles and every wilder bird,  
That make your hundred chirpings heard  
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,  
Fair roses, buds and blossoms small;  
And ye, whom erst the gore  
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,  
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint  
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroidered train  
Of butterflies, that, on the plain,  
Of each sweet herblet sip;  
And ye new swarm of bees that go  
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow  
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call —  
A hearty welcome on ye all:  
This season how I love!  
This merry din on every shore,  
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar  
Forbade my steps to rove.

#### OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

When you are very old, at evening  
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,  
Humming my songs, "Ah well, ah well-a-day!  
When I was young, of me did Ronsard sing."  
None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,  
Albeit with her weary task foredone,  
But wakens at my name, and calls you one  
Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid  
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,  
While you beside the fire, a grandame gray,  
My love, your pride, remember and regret;  
Ah, love me, love! we may be happy yet,  
And gather roses, while 'tis called to-day.

## THE DUKE OF GUISE AND HENRY II.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

(From "The Page of the Duke of Savoy.")

[ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803; his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated; the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms; at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III. and his Court." He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work. A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work. The most popular of his novels are: "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne"), and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died December 5, 1870.]

At this moment a servant of the cardinal, who had been placed on guard by his Eminence, hastily raised the tapestry, and cried:—

"The king!"

"Where?" asked Catherine.

"At the end of the grand gallery," replied the servant.

Catherine looked at Duc François, as if to question him as to what had better be done.

"I shall wait for him," he said.

"Wait for him, monseigneur," said M. de Nemours; "you are a taker of cities and a winner of battles, and you may wait for all the kings in the world with a bearing loftier than theirs. But do you not believe that when his Majesty meets here the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duc de Guise he may find that quite enough without me?"

"Yes," said Catherine, "there is no use in his finding you here.—The key, my dear cardinal."

Charles de Lorraine, who held the key in his hand, ready for use at any moment, gave it hastily to the queen. The door opened before the Duc de Nemours, and was just shut discreetly on the news teller, when Henri de Valois, with gloomy face and wrinkled forehead, appeared at the threshold of the opposite door.

If we have followed the Duc de Guise first, instead of the constable, it was not because what was to pass in the apartments of Madame de Valentinois would be less interesting than what

we have seen pass in the apartments of Catherine de Médicis ; but it was because François de Guise was a greater personnage than M. de Montmorency, as, indeed, we have said, and because Catherine de Médicis was a greater lady than Madame de Valentinois. — Honor to whom honor is due.

But now that we have shown our deference for the royal supremacy, let us see what took place in the apartment of the fair Diane, and try to find out why King Henri presented himself before his wife with gloomy face and wrinkled forehead.

The arrival of the constable was no more a mystery for the Duchesse de Valentinois than the return of the Duc de Guise was a secret for Queen Catherine de Médicis. Each was staking her cards on the table, Catherine crying, "Guise !" and Diane, "Montmorency !"

Just as there were scandalous stories told of the queen and the cardinal, so wicked tongues wagged, as we have said already, on the subject of the relations between the favorite and the constable. Now, how did it happen that an old man of sixty-eight, peevish, crotchety, and brutal, became the rival of a king full of grace and gallantry, twenty-eight years younger ? It is a mystery the solution of which we leave to those skillful anatomists who claim that no fiber of the heart can escape their investigation.

But what was real, incontestable, and visible to all eyes, was the almost passive obedience of the fair Diane, — that favorite who was more of a queen than the true queen, not only to the wishes, but even to the whims, of the constable.

It is true this had lasted for twenty years ; that is to say, from the time when Diane was thirty and the constable forty-eight.

It was, therefore, with an exclamation of joy that she heard announced : —

"Monseigneur le Connétable de Montmorency."

She was not, however, alone ; in a corner of the apartment, half reclining on a pile of cushions, two fair children were testing the joys of life, into which they had entered through the gate of love : they were the young Queen Mary Stuart and the little Dauphin François, married now for the last six months, and more in love, perhaps, than on the eve of their marriage.

The young sovereign was trying to fix on the head of her husband a velvet cap, which was a little too large for it, but which she was insisting was the right size.

They were so deeply engrossed in this grave occupation that, important as was, politically speaking, the announcement of the return of the illustrious prisoner to Paris, they did not hear it, or, if they did hear it, they did not pay the least attention to it.

Love is such a beautiful thing at fifteen and seventeen that a year of love then is worth twenty years of existence! Was not François II., dying at the age of nineteen, after two years of happiness with the young and beautiful Mary, more fortunate than the latter, who lived thirty years longer than he, but spent three of those thirty years in flight and eighteen in prison?

But Diane, without paying any attention to the two charming beings who were living their exceptional and favored life in a corner of the apartment, went with open arms towards the constable, and offered him her forehead to kiss.

More prudent than she, he stopped as he was about to press his lips on it, and exclaimed: —

“Ha! we are not alone, it seems, my fair duchess.”

“You are right, my dear constable,” she replied.

“Of course I am! I may be old, but my eyes are still good enough to see something stirring yonder.”

Diane burst out laughing. “The something stirring yonder,” said she, “is the Queen of England and Scotland and the heir to the crown of France. But don’t be alarmed; they are too busy with their own affairs to concern themselves about ours.”

“Hum!” said the constable, “are matters going on so badly on the other side of the Channel that even these young brains are troubled about them?”

“My dear constable, the Scotch might be at London, or the English at Edinburgh, — which would be, in either case, great news, — yet, though this news were cried as loudly as that of your return, I question if either of these two children would turn their heads to hear it. Oh, no, they are absorbed by things much more important: they are in love, my dear constable. What is the kingdom of England and Scotland to them, in comparison with that word *love*, which gives the kingdom of heaven to those who pronounce it between two kisses?”

“Ah, siren that you are!” murmured the old constable. “But, come now, how are our affairs getting on?”

“Why, now that you are here,” said Diane, “I think they

are likely to get on marvelously well. The peace is concluded, or very nearly so ; M. de Guise is about to be forced to sheathe his sword ; as there is no need of a lieutenant general, but as there is always need of a constable, my own dear constable will soon have his head above water, and take first place in the kingdom, instead of the second."

"The game has not been badly played, *tête Dieu!*" said the constable. "Remains the question of ransom. You know, my fair Diane, that I have been released on parole, but that I owe two hundred thousand crowns."

"Well, then?" asked the duchess, with a smile.

"Well, then, *mille diables!* I count on not having to pay this ransom."

"For whom were you fighting, my dear constable, when you were taken?"

"*Pardieu!* it was for the king, I should think, though the wound I received was, beyond any doubt, for myself."

"Well, then, the king shall pay it ; but I thought I heard it said, my dear constable, that if I brought the negotiations for peace to a successful end, Duke Emmanuel, who is a generous prince, would probably make you a present of these two hundred thousand crowns."

"Did I say so?" asked the constable.

"You did not say so to me : you wrote it."

"The devil!" said the constable, laughing ; "it will, then, be necessary to make you a partner in the speculation. Well, look here ; we are going to play fair and open. Yes, the Duke of Savoy did release me from the obligation of paying these two hundred thousand crowns ; but as my fine nephew, the admiral, is too proud a fellow to accept such a release, I shall not say a single word to him about it."

"Good ! so that he will hand you over his one hundred thousand crowns, just as if you had to pay them to Emmanuel Philibert?"

"Perfectly correct."

"And that makes three hundred thousand free of all liabilities?"

"Yes, decidedly ! they owe the pleasure of being in my hands to the fair Duchesse de Valentinois. But, as the laborer deserves his hire, this is what we are going to do with these three hundred thousand crowns ——"

"In the first place," interrupted the duchess, "we must

apply two hundred thousand to indemnify our dear constable for the expenses of his campaign, and for the loss and prejudice his eighteen months' imprisonment have caused him."

"Do you think it too much?"

"Our dear constable is a lion, and it is just that he should have the lion's share. — And the remaining hundred thousand?"

"Will be divided thus: half — that is to say, fifty thousand — will buy trinkets and knickknacks for the adornment of my fair duchess; and fifty thousand will endow our poor children, who are sure, besides, to be in a very wretched condition if the king does not add something to the portion an unhappy father can give his son only by bleeding himself to death!"

"It is true our daughter Diane has already her dowry as Duchesse de Castro, and this dowry is a hundred thousand crowns. But know right well, my dear constable, that if the king, in his munificence, chooses to think that it is not enough for the wife of a Montmorency and the daughter of a king, it is not I who, when he loosens his purse strings, shall attempt to tighten them."

The constable regarded the favorite with a sort of admiration.

"Good!" said he; "does our king still wear the magic ring you placed on his finger?"

"Always," answered the duchess, smiling; "and as I fancy I hear his Majesty's steps, you are going to have the proof of it."

"Ah, ah!" said the constable, "he always comes, then, by this corridor, and always has the key of this door?"

And, in fact, the king had the key of the secret door of Diane, just as the cardinal had the key of the secret door of Catherine.

There were many secret doors in the Louvre, and all had one key, when they had not two.

"Good!" said the duchess, regarding her venerable adorer with an ineffable smile of mockery; "are you going to be jealous of the king now?"

"I ought, perhaps," grumbled the old soldier.

"Ah, take care!" said the duchess, not able to resist the temptation of alluding to the proverbial avarice of Montmorency; "it would be a sort of jealousy that would entail a

loss to you of two hundred per cent, and it is not your habit to place so high a figure on——” She was about to say, “your love,” but she checked herself just as the words were on the tip of her tongue.

“On what?” asked the constable.

“On your money,” said the duchess.

At this moment the king entered.

“Oh, sire,” cried Diane, rushing towards him, “you have come, then! It is well, for I was on the point of sending for you. Our dear constable has arrived, as you see, as young and as proud as Mars still.”

“Yes,” said the king, employing the mythological language of the time, “and his first visit has been to Venus; I do not say: ‘To every lord his due honor; but to all beauty its due royalty.’—Your hand, my dear constable.”

“*Mordieu!* sire,” said Montmorency, crossly, and with a scowl on his face, “I do not know whether I ought to give you my hand.”

“Indeed! and why so?” asked the king, smiling.

“Well,” answered the constable, scowling more and more, “it looks as if you had somewhat forgotten me yonder.”

“Forgotten you, my dear constable?” cried the king, placed on the defensive, though he had such very good reasons for taking the offensive.

“Oh, I know! M. de Guise has been sounding his trumpet in your ears!”

“Faith!” retorted Henri, who could not refrain from responding by a home thrust to the feint of Montmorency, “you can hardly prevent a conqueror from sounding his trumpet.”

“Sire,” returned Montmorency, rising like a fighting cock on his spurs, “some defeats are as illustrious as victories!”

“Yes,” said the king, “but hardly as profitable, you must admit.”

“Hardly as profitable,—hardly as profitable,” snarled the constable; “very true! But war is a game in which the ablest may lose the stakes: the king, your father, knew something about that!”

Henri blushed slightly.

“And as to the city of Saint-Quentin,” continued the constable, “it seems to me that if it has surrendered——”

“In the first place,” interrupted Henri, “the city of Saint-Quentin has not surrendered; the city of Saint-Quentin has

been taken, and taken after a heroic defense, as you know ! The city of Saint-Quentin has saved France, which —— ”

Henri hesitated.

“ Yes, finish ; which the battle of Saint-Laurent had destroyed : is not that what you were about to say ? That is what you mean, is it not ? Yes, yes ; get yourself bruised and wounded and imprisoned for the sake of a king, and then see what a sweet compliment the king will pay you in return for all ! ”

“ No, my dear constable,” said Henri, whom a look of Diane had reduced to repentance, — “ no, I do not say so ; quite the contrary. I only said that Saint-Quentin has made an admirable defense.”

“ Ah, indeed ! for all that, your Majesty has nicely treated its defender ! ”

“ Coligny ? What could I do more, my dear constable, than pay his ransom as well as yours ? ”

“ Let us not talk of that, sire. Just as if I was thinking of the ransom of Coligny ! no, I am referring to the imprisonment of Dandelot.”

“ Ah ! excuse me, my dear constable,” returned the king ; “ but M. Dandelot is a heretic ! ”

“ As if we were not all affected in that way, more or less. Perhaps, sire, you presume to think you may go to Paradise yourself ? ”

“ Why not ? ”

“ Stuff ! you will go there in the same fashion as old Marshal Strozzi, who died a renegade. Ask your friend M. de Vieilleville what were his last words.”

“ What were they ? ”

“ They were, ‘ I deny God ; my holiday is over ! ’ And when M. de Guise replied, ‘ Take care, marshal ! you are about to appear in the presence of Him whom you deny ! ’ — ‘ All right ! ’ answered the dying man, snapping his fingers ; ‘ I shall be to-day where all who have died for the last six thousand years are ! ’ — Well, sire, why do you not have his body disinterred and burned on the Grève ? You have a stronger reason for doing so than in ordinary cases. This man died for you ; the others have only been wounded.”

“ Constable,” said the king, “ you are unjust ! ”

“ Unjust ? Pshaw ! where is M. Dandelot, then ? Inspecting the cavalry, as his duty enjoins, or resting in his château



after that famous siege of Saint-Quentin, during which, as you acknowledge yourself, he has wrought miracles? No! he is in prison in the château of Melun; and why? Because he has told you frankly his opinion about the Mass! Oh, *mordieu!* sire, I don't know what keeps me from turning Huguenot and offering my sword to M. de Condé!"

"Constable!"

"And when I think that my poor dear Dandelot probably owes his imprisonment to M. de Guise ——"

"Constable, I swear to you that neither of the Guises had anything at all to do with the matter."

"What! you mean to tell me that this is not a plot of your damned cardinal?"

"Constable, you desire one thing, do you not?" said the king, eluding the question.

"What?"

"It is the release of M. Dandelot, is it not, in honor of your return, and to show how much we rejoice at having you here again?"

"*Mille diables!*" cried the constable, "I should think I desire it! It is not only my desire; it is my will!"

"My cousin," objected the king, with a smile, "you know the king himself says, 'It is our will!'"

"Well, then, sire," said Diane, "say: 'It is our will that our good servant Dandelot be set at liberty, in order that he may be present at the marriage of our well-beloved daughter Diane de Castro to François de Montmorency, Comte de Damville.'"

"Yes," said the constable, still grumbling; "if, nevertheless, this marriage takes place ——"

"And why should it not take place?" asked Diane. "Do you consider the couple too poor to set up housekeeping?"

"Oh! if it is only that," said the king, always enchanted at getting out of a difficulty by the expenditure of money, "we'll find a hundred thousand crowns for them somewhere in the treasury chest of our domains."

"That is not the question, by any manner of means!" said the constable. "*Mille diables!* who is talking here of money? I have my doubts about the marriage for quite a different reason."

"And for what, pray?" asked the king.

"Well, because the marriage is disagreeable to your good friends, the Guises."

"In truth, constable, you are fighting against phantoms."

"Against phantoms! And what reason brings Duc François de Guise to Paris except to oppose a marriage that may add new luster to my house, — although, for that matter," added Montmorency, insolently, "Madame de Castro is but a bastard."

The king bit his lips; Diane blushed; but Henri, not wishing to appear to notice the last phrase, said: —

"In the first place, my dear constable, you are mistaken: M. de Guise is not in Paris."

"Where is he, then?"

"In the camp at Compiègne."

"And you mean to tell me you have not given him leave of absence?"

"Leave of absence for what?"

"To come to Paris!"

"I have not given M. de Guise any leave."

"Then, sire, M. de Guise has come to Paris without leave, that's all."

"You are mad, constable! M. de Guise knows too well what he owes to me to quit the camp without my permission."

"The fact is, sire, that the duke owes you much, — owes you a very great deal, indeed; but he has forgotten what he owed you."

"But are you quite sure, constable," said Diane, also launching her dart, "that M. de Guise has committed — I don't quite know how to term it — what name is given to a breach of discipline? — has committed this impropriety?"

"Excuse me," said Montmorency; "I saw him."

"When?" asked the king.

"A few moments ago."

"Where?"

"At the gates of the Louvre. It was there we met."

"And pray how is it I have not seen him?"

"Because, instead of turning to the right, he went to the left, and instead of visiting the apartments of the king he visited those of the queen."

"You say M. de Guise is with the queen."

"Oh, don't let your Majesty be alarmed," said the constable; "I am willing to wager that he is not the only one with her, and that M. le Cardinal is a good third."

"Ah!" cried the king; "that is what we are about to see. Wait for me here, constable; I shall not be gone a moment."

The king left, furious, while Montmorency and Diane exchanged a look of vengeance, and Mary and François, who had heard nothing, a kiss of love.

Now this was why Henri II. had appeared on the threshold of Queen Catherine's apartment with gloomy face and wrinkled forehead.

The attitude of our three characters was entirely different, and gave a correct idea of the state of their minds.

Queen Catherine was near the private door, with her back against the tapestry, and her hand, which held the key, behind her; her face was somewhat pale; a thrill ran through her whole body, for ambition has its mysterious emotions that resemble those of love.

The cardinal, dressed in a costume half military, half ecclesiastical, was near a table covered with papers and trinkets; his closed hand rested firmly on the table, and served him as a support.

Duc François stood far away from both, facing the door; he looked like a champion holding the lists against all comers and ready to meet all blows. His costume was almost military, — the only parts of his armor wanting were the helmet and cuirass; with his long boots all covered with mud, with his great sword clinging to his side, like some inflexible and faithful friend, he had that aspect he knew so well how to assume on the field of battle when waves of enemies broke against the breast of his horse, as the tumultuous waves of ocean break against some sharp-pointed rock. Having uncovered in presence of the royal majesty, he held in his hand his felt hat shaded by a cherry-colored plume; but his lofty figure, straight and rigid as that of an oak, did not vary a particle from its upright posture before the king.

Henri was about to come in collision with that commanding dignity of demeanor which made a certain great lady of the period say that, when in presence of the Duc de Guise, all other gentlemen became common.

He stopped, as the pebble that strikes the wall stops, as the lead that strikes the iron.

"Ah! it is you, my cousin," said he. "I am astonished to find you here; I believed you were in command of the camp at Compiègne."

"Exactly like myself, sire," he answered: "no one could have been more surprised than I was to meet M. de Montmorency at the gates of the Louvre; I believed him a prisoner in Antwerp."

Henry bit his lips at this stern reply.

"It is true he is returned, monsieur," said he; "but I have paid his ransom, and for two hundred thousand crowns I have had the pleasure of seeing an old servant and a faithful friend again."

"Does your Majesty estimate at the value of only two hundred thousand crowns the cities you are surrendering, as I am assured, to England, Spain, and Piedmont? As you are surrendering very nearly two hundred, that would make only a thousand crowns a city."

"I restore those cities, monsieur, not to ransom M. de Montmorency, but to purchase peace."

"I had believed until now that—in France, at least—peace was purchased by victories."

"It is because, being a Lorraine prince, monsieur, you know the history of France badly. Have you forgotten, among others, the treaties of Brétigny and Madrid?"

"No, sire; but I did not believe there was identity or even resemblance between the situations. After the battle of Poitiers, King John was a prisoner in London; after the battle of Pavia, King François I. was a prisoner in Toledo. To-day, King Henri II., at the head of a magnificent army, is the all-powerful tenant of the Louvre. Why, then, renew, in full prosperity, the disasters of the fatal epochs of France?"

"M. de Guise," said the king, haughtily, "have you calculated the rights I gave you when I named you lieutenant-general of the realm?"

"Yes, sire. After the disastrous battle of Saint-Laurent, after the heroic defense of Saint-Quentin, when the enemy was at Noyon; when M. de Nevers had only two or three hundred gentlemen around him; when affrighted Paris was flying through her broken barriers; when the king, from the highest tower of the château of Compiègne, was examining the Picardy road, determined to be the last to retire before the enemy, — not like a king who must not expose himself to danger, but like a general, a captain, a soldier who guards a retreat, — you called me, sire, and named me lieutenant of your realm. My right from that moment was to save France, which M. de

Montmorency had ruined. What have I done, sire? I have brought back to France the Army of Italy; I have delivered Bourg; I have torn the keys of your kingdom from the girdle of Queen Mary Tudor by recovering Calais; I have regained Guines, Ham, and Thionville; I have surprised Arlon, repaired the disasters of Gravelines, and after a furious war, have collected in the camp of Compiègne an army twice as numerous as it was at the time I took command. Was that one of my rights, sire?"

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," stammered Henri, embarrassed.

"Then your Majesty must permit me to say that I do not at all understand the question you have just addressed to me, 'Have you calculated the rights I gave you when I named you lieutenant general of the realm?'"

"I meant, M. le Duc, that among the rights which a king gives to one of his subjects, the right of remonstrance is rarely comprised."

"In the first place," replied Duc François, with an inclination so slight and an affectation of courtesy so careless that it became impertinent, "I would take the liberty of drawing your Majesty's attention to the fact that I have not precisely the honor of being your subject; after the death of Duke Albert, the Emperor Henri III. gave the duchy of Upper Lorraine to Gerald of Alsace, first hereditary duke and founder of our house. I received this duchy from my father, and he from his. By the grace of God, what I received from my father I shall leave to my son. If great things may be compared with small, it is what you do, sire, with the kingdom of France."

"Do you know, cousin," said Henri, wishing to give the conversation an ironical turn, "that what you have said inspires me with a certain fear?"

"Fear of what, sire?" asked the duke.

"Fear that France may one day have a war with Lorraine."

The duke bit his lips.

"Sire," he replied, "the fear is more than improbable; but if such a thing should happen, and, as a sovereign prince, I was forced to defend my patrimony against your Majesty, I swear to you it would be only on the breach of my last fortress that I should sign a treaty as disastrous as that to which you have consented."

"M. le Duc !" exclaimed Henri, throwing back his head and raising his voice.

"Sire," replied M. de Guise, "let me tell you what I think and what all of us think who belong to the *noblesse*. The authority of a constable is such, it is claimed, that in a case of extreme necessity, he may pledge a third of the kingdom. Well, without other necessity than that of leaving a prison of which he is tired, M. le Connétable costs you more than a third of your realm, sire. Yes, of your realm,—for I consider as of your realm all that conquered land of Piedmont which has cost the crown of France more than forty millions of gold, and the soil of France more than a hundred thousand of its children ; for I consider of your realm those fine parliaments of Turin and Chambéry which, as well as many others, the late king, your lord and father, instituted there after the French manner ; for I consider as of your realm all those fair Transalpine cities in which so many of your subjects had established their households and taken such root that gradually the inhabitants were abandoning their corrupted Italian, and speaking as good French as is spoken in Lyons or Tours."

"Well," asked Henri, embarrassed at having to answer such arguments, "for whom do I abandon all this? For my father's daughter, for my sister Marguerite."

"No, sire ; you abandon it for Duke Emmanuel Philibert, her husband, your most cruel enemy, your most inveterate antagonist. Once married, the Princess Marguerite is no longer the daughter of the king your father ; the Princess Marguerite is no longer your sister ; the Princess Marguerite is Duchess of Savoy. Now, do you wish me to tell you what will happen, sire? This is what will happen : the Duke of Savoy will no sooner be restored to his dominions than he will tear up all your father has planted there ; and this he will do so effectively that all the glory acquired by France in Italy during the last twenty-six or thirty years will be completely extinguished, and you may abandon forever the hope of conquering the duchy of Milan. And yet it is not that which disturbs my mind and afflicts my soul most ; it is the fact that you offer such advantages to the lieutenant general of King Philip, to the representative of that Spanish house which is our most fatal enemy. Just think of it, sire ! by means of the Alps, all the passes of which Emmanuel Philibert holds, Spain is at the gates of Lyons !—Lyons, which, before this peace, was in

the center of your kingdom, and which to-day is a frontier city."

"Oh, with regard to that matter," replied Henri, "you have no reason at all to be disturbed, cousin. Duke Emmanuel Philibert, in virtue of an arrangement made between us, passes from the Spanish service into ours. Should M. le Connétable die, his sword is promised to the Duke of Savoy."

"And doubtless that is why," replied François de Guise, bitterly, "Duke Emmanuel Philibert took it from him in advance at Saint-Quentin?"

Then as the king made an impatient gesture, —

"Pardon me, sire," continued the duke; "I am wrong, and such questions ought to be treated more seriously. So Duke Emmanuel Philibert is to succeed M. de Montmorency? So M. de Savoie is to hold in his hands the *fleur-de-lis* sword? Well, sire, take care that on the day you place that sword in his possession he does not use it as the Count of Saint-Paul did, who, like the Duke of Savoy, was also a foreigner, being of the house of Luxembourg. King Louis XI. and the Duke of Burgundy also made a peace one fine day, as you wish to do, or have already done, with the King of Spain; one of the conditions of this peace was that the Count of Saint-Paul should be Constable of France, and he was; but he was hardly constable when he began to treacherously support the Duke of Burgundy, his first master, and marched on from treason to treason, as may be read in the 'Memoirs of Philippe de Comines.'"

"Good!" replied Henri; "since you refer me to the 'Memoirs of Philippe de Comines,' I am willing to base my answer on these Memoirs. What was the result of all the treasons of Saint-Paul? that he lost his head, was it not? Well, listen to this, cousin, on the first treason of Duke Emmanuel, I swear to you, — and you hear this from my own lips, — that he shall be dealt with exactly as was the Constable of Saint-Paul by my predecessor Louis XI. But, thank God! no such necessity will arise," continued the king. "Duke Emmanuel Philibert, far from forgetting what he owes us, will always have before his eyes the position we have made for him. Besides, we retain the marquisate of Saluces in the midst of his territories, as a mark of honor for the crown of France, and in order that the Duke of Savoy, his children and his posterity, may never forget that our kings formerly conquered and possessed all Piedmont and Savoy, but that, in favor of a daughter of France

who married into their house, all these conquests and possessions on both sides of the mountains were restored, or rather made over as a gift, to the said house, to render it, by this boundless liberality, more obedient and devoted to the crown of France."

Then as the king saw that M. de Guise did not seem to set a very high value on this marquisate of Saluces reserved to the crown of France, he added: —

"Moreover, if you will have the goodness to reflect on the matter, you must see as well as I that the seizure of the territories of the poor prince who was father of the present Duke of Savoy was a very tyrannical usurpation on the part of the late king, my lord and father; for he really had not any right at all on his side, and to banish a son in this way from the duchy of his father and strip him of everything, was surely not acting as a good Christian; and though I had no other motive than that of relieving the soul of the king my father from such a sin, I would restore to Emmanuel Philibert what belongs to him."

The duke bowed.

"Well," asked Henri, "you do not answer, M. de Guise?"

"Yes, sire. But since the excitement of your Majesty has led you to accuse even the king your father of tyranny, it is no longer, — I who esteem King François I. a great king and not a tyrant, — it is no longer to King Henri II., it is to King François I. that I have to render an account of my conduct. Just as you have judged your father, sire, your father shall judge me; and as I believe the judgment of the dead more infallible than the judgment of the living, being condemned by the living, I appeal to the dead."

Thereupon, approaching that fine portrait of François I. by Titian which is to-day one of the glories of the Museum of the Louvre, but which then was the chief ornament of the room in which this discussion took place, and which we have just related, with the object of proving to our readers that it was not the edge of the sword, but the fascinating graces of a woman which led to the signing of the fatal treaty of Câteau-Cambrésis, —

"O King François!" said the duke, "you who were armed by Bayard, and called the Knightly King, — a title that contained all the glorious characteristics of the kings your predecessors, — you loved sieges and battles too much during your



life, and were too much attached to your fair realm of France not to view from on high what is passing amongst us! You know what I have done and what I wished to do still; but I am arrested in my career, O my king! and they prefer a peace, the signing of which costs us more than would thirty years of reverses! The sword of a lieutenant general of the kingdom is, then, useless; and as I do not wish it to be said that such a peace was consented to as long as the Duc de Guise had his sword by his side, I, François de Lorraine, who never yet surrendered his sword, surrender it now to you, my king, the first for whom I have drawn it, and who knows its value!"

At these words, the duke loosened the sword from his belt, hung it up as a trophy on the frame of the picture, bowed and went from the room, leaving the King of France furious, the cardinal utterly depressed, and Catherine triumphant.

In fact, the vindictive Florentine saw but one thing in all this: it was the insult offered by François de Guise to Madame de Valentinois, her rival, and to the constable, her enemy.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(From the "Lives of Celebrated Women": translated for this work.)

BY THE ABBÉ DE BRANTÔME.

[SEIGNEUR DE BRANTÔME (Pierre de Bourdeilles), the French chronicler, was born of a noble family in Périgord, Gascony, about 1540. He was made Abbé de Brantôme at sixteen, without taking orders; served in the army in Italy, Barbary, and Malta; and passed some years at the court of Charles IX. Upon retirement into private life he wrote his "Memoirs" (1665-1666), which contain valuable information regarding the chief historical persons and events of his time. He died July 15, 1614.]

## HER YOUTH AND MARRIAGE.

AS SHE grew into the flower of her age, one could see great beauty, great virtues, develop in her in such fashion, that on arriving at fifteen her beauty began to display its luster at full noon and efface the sun at his strongest, so fine was the beauty of her person. And in that of her mind she was fully equal; for she had been highly educated in Latin. At the age of

thirteen or fourteen she declaimed before King Henry, the queen, and all the court, publicly in the hall of the Louvre, an oration in Latin which she had composed, maintaining and defending, contrary to the general opinion, that it was quite proper for women to know letters and liberal arts. . . .

So long as she was in France she always reserved two hours a day to study and read ; so that there were hardly any human sciences she could not discourse well upon. Above all, she loved poetry and poets, but especially M. de Ronsard, M. du Bellay, and M. de Maisonsieur, who have made fine poems and elegies for her, and also on her departure from France, which I have often seen her read to herself in France and in Scotland, with tears in her eyes and sighs from her heart.

She turned her attention to being a poet, and composed verses of which I have seen some fine and very well done, and noway resembling those attributed to her as having been made for love of Count Bothwell ; those are too crude and ill-polished to have been taken out of her fine stock. M. de Ronsard was entirely of my opinion in this, as we were talking of it one day and read them. She composed still finer and more elegant ones, and on the moment, as I have often seen her retire into her cabinet and come out directly, that we might show them to some gentlemen who were there with us. Moreover, she wrote very well in prose, and especially in letters, which I have seen extremely fine and eloquent and lofty. Nevertheless, when she chatted with some she was used to speak very sweetly, delicately, and pleasingly, mingled with a very discreet and modest reserve, and, above all, with a very fine grace ; even her native language [Scotch], which in itself is very rustic, uncouth, poor in sound and fitness, she spoke with such fine grace, and shaped in such fashion, that one found it most beautiful and most charming in her, but not in others. . . .

See what virtue that beauty and that grace possessed, to turn a barbaric rudeness into a sweet courtesy and a gracious good breeding ! And one should not be astonished at that, since being dressed in the savage (as I have seen) and barbaric mode of the savages of her country, she seemed, in a mortal body and a rude and barbaric garb, a very goddess, — those who have seen her thus dressed must admit this in utter truth ; and those who have not seen her must have seen her portrait in this costume ; so that I have heard it said to the queen-

mother and to the king that she appeared even more beautiful, more charming, and more desirable, in that than in the others. How she would then appear, exhibiting herself in her fine and rich apparel, it might be after the French or Spanish fashion, or with a bonnet of Italian style, or in the other white garments of her deep mourning, with which she made herself most beautiful to see ! for the whiteness of her countenance strove with the whiteness of the veil she wore ; but at last the workmanship of her veil lost it, and the snow of her white face extinguished the other. . . .

She had still further that perfection which most can set the world on fire, an exceedingly sweet and lovely voice ; for she sang admirably, modulating her voice to the lute, which she touched very prettily with that beautiful white hand and those beautiful fingers so finely molded, which owed nothing to those of Aurora. What more remains to say of her beauties ? Except what has been said of her, that the sun of Scotland was unlike her : for sometimes out of the year that does not shine five hours on her country ; and she always shone so strongly that of her bright rays she sent a portion to the earth and her people, which has more need of light than any other, because by its incline it is very remote from that great sun of heaven. Ah ! Kingdom of Scotland, I believe that now your days are still shorter than they were, and your nights longer, since you have lost that princess who illuminated you. But you have been ungrateful to her, not having known enough to recognize your debt of loyalty as you ought, and as we speak of it elsewhere.

Now, this lady and princess pleased France so much that it prayed King Henry to make an alliance with her, and give her to the Dauphin, his well-beloved son, who on his side had been desperately smitten with her. So the nuptials were solemnly celebrated in the great church and palace of Paris ; where one might see that queen appear a hundred times more beautiful than a goddess from heaven, either at morning going to the espousals in noble majesty, or after dinner proceeding to the ball, or toward evening journeying with modest pace and haughty mien to offer and complete her vow to the hymeneal God : so that every one's voice went spreading and resounding through the court and in the midst of the great city, that a hundred and a hundred times fortunate was the prince who was to be united to that princess ; that if the kingdom of Scotland

was anything of a prize, the queen was worth more ; for even if she had neither scepter or crown, her person alone and her divine beauty were worth a kingdom ; but since she was a queen she brought to France and her husband a double fortune.

This is what the world kept saying of her ; and so she was called the "Dauphine Queen," and the king, her husband, the "Dauphin King" ; and the two lived together in very great love and pleasant concord.

Then, the great King Henry dying, they came to be king and queen of France, king and queen of two great kingdoms ; fortunate and most fortunate both, had not the king her husband been carried off by death, and she in consequence remained a widow in the lovely spring of her loveliest years, and only being able to enjoy all her love, pleasures, and felicities some four years. [Two and a half, in fact.]

#### HER DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE.

The beginning of autumn having now arrived, the queen, who had delayed long enough, departed from France ; and having traveled by land to Calais, accompanied by all her uncles, M. de Nemours, and the greater part of the lords and gentlemen of the court, and all the ladies, as Madame de Guise and others, all regretting and weeping hot tears for the absence of such a queen—she found at the port two galleys, one of M. de Meullon and the other of Captain Albize, and two freight vessels, for her sole armament : and six days after her sojourn at Calais began, having said her sorrowful adieux, full of sighs, to all the great company there from the greatest down to the least, she embarked, having her uncles with her—Messieurs d'Aumâle, Grand Prior, and D'Elbœuf, and M. d'Anville, to-day the Constable—and many of us nobles who were with her, in the galley of M. de Meullon, the better and handsomer of the two.

Just as she was about to leave the port, and the oars were about to be wetted, she saw a ship enter it on a full sea, and all at once before her eyes sink and perish, and the greater part of the sailors drown, on account of not having properly grasped the current and the depth ; seeing which, she involuntarily cried out, "Ah, my God ! what an augury for my voyage is this !" And the galley having left the port, and a fresh breeze sprung up, it began to make sail, and the convict crew

to rest. She, without thinking of doing otherwise, leaned her two arms on the stern of the galley beside the rudder and melted into great tears, fixing always her beautiful eyes on the port and the place whence she had set out, uttering always these sad words, "Adieu, France! Adieu, France!" repeating them constantly; and she kept up this doleful occupation for nearly five hours, until night began to fall, and she was asked if she would not come away from there and sup a little. Then, redoubling her tears more than ever, she said these words: "It is just at this hour, my dear France, that I lose you wholly from my sight, since the dusky night is jealous of my happiness in seeing you as much as I have been able, and spreads a black veil before my eyes to deprive me of such a possession. Adieu, then, my dear France, I shall never see you more!"

So she retired, saying that she had acted contrary to Dido, who looked only to the sea when Æneas had forsaken her, while herself looked only to the land. She wished to lie down after eating only a salad, but would not go below into her chamber in the stern, so they set up the crossbar of the galley on the height of the stern and prepared her a bed there; but she reposed little, nowise forgetting her sighs and tears. She ordered the helmsman, as soon as it should be dawn, if he could still see and descry the land of France, that he should wake her and not fear to call her. Fortune favored her in this, for the wind having fallen, and recourse had to the oars, scarcely any headway was made that night, so that at daybreak the land of France still appeared; and the helmsman not having failed in the injunction she gave him, she raised herself on her bed, and gave herself once more to the contemplation of France as long as she was able. But the galley leaving it behind, she left her contentment behind, and saw her beautiful land no more. Then she again poured out the words: "Adieu, France! That is ended. Adieu, France! I think I shall never see you more!"

#### THE CHASTELARD AFFAIR.

Before I finish I must say this much yet in answer to some I have heard speak ill of the death of Chastelard, whom the queen sent to execution in Scotland, and tax her with it, and even be so scurvy as to hold that by divine vengeance she had justly

suffered what she had made another suffer. It happens that there is no justice whatever in this story, and that it ought never to exist; and whoever knows the history will not blame our said queen at all: and for that reason I wish to tell it for her justification.

Chastelard, then, was a gentleman of Dauphiny, of good family and name—for he was grandnephew on the mother's side of the brave M. de Bayard; and it was said resembled him in figure, for his was *médium* and very handsome and slender, as M. de Bayard's was said to be. He was very skillful in arms and alert in everything and all polite exercises, as shooting, playing at the palm [ball], vaulting, and dancing. In short, he was a most accomplished gentleman; and as to his mind, it was also excellent, for he spoke very finely and wrote still better things, even in verse, using a very sweet, refined, and careless poesy.

He followed M. d'Anville — so called at that time, now the Constable; and when we were with him and the Grand Prior, of the house of Lorraine, to escort the said queen, the said Chastelard was with her, and in that company made himself known to the queen what he was in all gentlemanly pursuits and above all in verses; and among others he made a poem upon her out of an Italian translation, for he spoke and understood it well, which began, *Che giova passerdi cittadi e regni*, etc., which is a very well-written sonnet, of which the substance is this: "What avails it to own so many kingdoms, cities, villages, provinces, to command so many peoples, to make one's self respected, feared, admired, and gazed at by every one, and to sleep a widow, alone, and cold as ice?" He made many other very fine verses, which I have seen in his handwriting; for they have never been printed that I have seen.

Then the queen, who loved letters, and especially verses, and sometimes made fine ones, was pleased to see those of the said Chastelard, and even composed an answer to him; and by that means he made himself welcome to her and often conversed with her. Nevertheless he became secretly inflamed with too hot a fire, without its object having anything to do with it; for who can ward off being loved? Men have loved in times past the chastest goddesses and ladies, and love them still, they have even loved marble statues; but for that reason the ladies are not to blame if they do not remain such. Burn who will, then, over secret fires!

Chastelard returned with all the company into France, much afflicted and disheartened at leaving behind so beautiful a being. At the end of a year the first civil war arose in France. He, who was of the Religion, had a struggle with himself which side he should take ; whether to go to Orleans with the rest, or stay with M. d'Anville and with him make war against his religion. The second was too bitter to him, to go against his faith and his conscience ; the former, to bear arms against his lord, troubled him greatly : wherefore he resolved to fight neither for the one nor the other, but banish himself from France and go to Scotland, and let those fight who would, and pass the time there. He opened his purposes to M. d'Anville and disclosed his resolution to him, and begged him to write letters in his favor to the queen ; this he obtained : and having taken leave of one and another, he departed.

He made and completed his voyage prosperously, since on arriving in Scotland and disclosing his resolution to the queen, she received him humanely, and assured him of being welcome : but abusing that good reception, he wished to assail so lofty a sun that he destroyed himself by it like Phaeton ; for impelled by love and madness, he was so presumptuous as to hide himself under the queen's bed, as was discovered when she wished to retire. But the queen, without making any scandal, pardoned him, supporting herself by the good advice which the maid of honor gave her mistress in the Nouvelles of the queen of Navarre [Heptameron], when a lord of her brother's court, slipping through a trap-door which he had purposely made in the wall at her bedside, tried to force her, by which he got nothing but shame and a fine scratching ; and wishing to make him smart for his temerity and complain to her brother, her maid of honor counseled her that since he had got nothing but scratches and shame, he had been punished enough : and that thinking to make her honor clear, she would rather dim it, — the honor of a lady being of such a value that it ought never to be put in debate, and that the more it is discussed, the more it goes to the world's nose and then into backbiters' mouths.

Our queen of Scotland, being wise and prudent, so passed over this scandal ; but the said Chastelard, not content and more than ever frantic with love, returned there a second time, having forgotten his first offense and his pardon. Then the queen, for her honor's sake, and to give no occasion to her women to think evil, and indeed to his people if they knew of

it, lost patience, gave him into the hands of justice, which condemned him at once to have his head cut off, seeing the crime he had committed. And on the appointed day, having been led to the scaffold, he had in his hands the hymns of M. Ronsard; and for his eternal consolation, he set himself to reading entire the hymn on death, which is excellently written and fitting to make one despise death; supporting himself further with another spiritual book, neither by a minister nor a confessor.

After having done his whole reading, he turned toward the place where he thought the queen was, and cried aloud, "Adieu, most beautiful and most cruel princess of the world;" and then, with great constancy holding out his neck to the executioner, he let himself be very easily dispatched.

Some have tried to discuss why he called her so cruel, or if it was that she had not had pity on his love or his life. As to that, what could she do? If, after the first pardon, she had given the second, she would have been scandaled everywhere; and to save her honor, justice had to use its right: and that is the end of the story.



## MARY'S ESCAPE FOILED.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Abbot." For biographical sketch, see page 13.)

[After Carberry Height and the flight of her husband, Bothwell, Queen Mary was imprisoned in the tiny isle of Lochleven in Kinross. The Protestant lords sent envoys to force her to sign her recantation. Except for Roland Graeme, the hero of the novel, who partly plays the rôle of the real Sir James Melville, the scene is historical.]

WHEN Roland Graeme had finished his repast, having his dismissal from the Queen for the evening, and being little inclined for such society as the castle afforded, he stole into the garden, in which he had permission to spend his leisure time when it pleased him. In this place the ingenuity of the contriver and disposer of the walks had exerted itself to make the most of little space, and by screens, both of stone ornamented with rude sculpture and hedges of living green, had endeavored to give as much intricacy and variety as the confined limits of the garden would admit.



Here the young man walked sadly, considering the events of the day, and comparing what had dropped from the Abbot with what he had himself noticed of the demeanor of George Douglas. "It must be so," was the painful but inevitable conclusion at which he arrived. "It must be by his aid that she is thus enabled, like a phantom, to transport herself from place to place, and to appear at pleasure on the mainland or on the islet. It must be so," he repeated once more; "with him she holds a close, secret, and intimate correspondence, altogether inconsistent with the eye of favor which she has sometimes cast upon me, and destructive to the hopes which she must have known these glances have necessarily inspired." And yet (for love will hope where reason despairs) the thought rushed on his mind that it was possible she only encouraged Douglas' passion so far as might serve her mistress' interest, and that she was of too frank, noble, and candid a nature to hold out to himself hopes which she meant not to fulfill.

The sun had now for some time set, and the twilight of May was rapidly falling into a serene night. On the lake the expanded water rose and fell, with the slightest and softest influence of a southern breeze, which scarcely dimpled the surface over which it passed. In the distance was still seen the dim outline of the island of Saint Serf, once visited by many a sandaled pilgrim, as the blessed spot trodden by a man of God — now neglected or violated as the refuge of lazy priests, who had with justice been compelled to give place to the sheep and the heifers of a Protestant baron.

As Roland gazed on the dark speck amid the lighter blue of the waters which surrounded it, the mazes of polemical discussion again stretched themselves before the eye of his mind. Had these men justly suffered their exile as licentious drones, the robbers, at once, and disgrace of the busy hive? or had the hand of avarice and rapine expelled from the temple, not the ribalds who polluted, but the faithful priests who served the shrine in honor and fidelity? The arguments of Henderson, in this contemplative hour, rose with double force before him, and could scarcely be parried by the appeal which the Abbot Ambrosius had made from his understanding to his feelings — an appeal which he had felt more forcibly amid the bustle of stirring life than now, when his reflections were more undisturbed. It required an effort to divert his mind from this

embarrassing topic; and he found that he best succeeded by turning his eyes to the front of the tower, watching where a twinkling light still streamed from the casement of Catherine Seyton's apartment, obscured by times for a moment as the shadow of the fair inhabitant passed betwixt the taper and the window. At length the light was removed or extinguished, and that object of speculation was also withdrawn from the eyes of the meditative lover. Dare I confess the fact, without injuring his character forever as a hero of romance? These eyes gradually became heavy; speculative doubts on the subject of religious controversy, and anxious conjectures concerning the state of his mistress' affections, became confusedly blended together in his musings; the fatigues of a busy day prevailed over the harassing subjects of contemplation which occupied his mind, and he fell fast asleep.

Sound were his slumbers, until they were suddenly dispelled by the iron tongue of the castle bell, which sent its deep and sullen sounds wide over the bosom of the lake, and awakened the echoes of Bennarty, the hill which descends steeply on its southern bank. Roland started up, for this bell was always tolled at ten o'clock, as the signal for locking the castle gates and placing the keys under the charge of the seneschal. He therefore hastened to the wicket by which the garden communicated with the building, and had the mortification, just as he reached it, to hear the bolt leave its sheath with a discordant crash, and enter the stone groove of the door lintel.

"Hold, hold," cried the page, "and let me in ere you lock the wicket."

The voice of Dryfesdale replied from within, in his usual tone of imbittered sullenness, "The hour is passed, fair master—you like not the inside of these walls—even make it a complete holiday, and spend the night as well as the day out of bounds."

"Open the door," exclaimed the indignant page, "or, by Saint Giles, I will make thy gold chain smoke for it!"

"Make no alarm here," retorted the impenetrable Dryfesdale, "but keep thy sinful oaths and silly threats for those that regard them—I do mine office, and carry the keys to the seneschal.—Adieu, my young master! the cool night air will advantage your hot blood."

The steward was right in what he said; for the cooling breeze was very necessary to appease the feverish fit of anger

which Roland experienced, nor did the remedy succeed for some time. At length, after some hasty turns made through the garden, exhausting his passion in vain vows of vengeance, Roland Graeme began to be sensible that his situation ought rather to be held as a matter of laughter than of serious resentment. To one bred a sportsman, a night spent in the open air had in it little of hardship, and the poor malice of the steward seemed more worthy of his contempt than his anger. "I would to God," he said, "that the grim old man may always have contented himself with such sportive revenge. He often looks as he were capable of doing us a darker turn." Returning, therefore, to the turf seat which he had formerly occupied, and which was partially sheltered by a trim fence of green holly, he drew his mantle around him, stretched himself at length on the verdant settle, and endeavored to resume that sleep which the castle bell had interrupted to so little purpose.

Sleep, like other earthly blessings, is niggard of its favors when most courted. The more Roland invoked her aid, the farther she fled from his eyelids. He had been completely awakened, first, by the sounds of the bell, and then by his own aroused vivacity of temper, and he found it difficult again to compose himself to slumber. At length, when his mind was wearied out with a maze of unpleasing meditation, he succeeded in coaxing himself into a broken slumber. This was again dispelled by the voices of two persons who were walking in the garden, the sound of whose conversation, after mingling for some time in the page's dreams, at length succeeded in awakening him thoroughly. He raised himself from his reclining posture in the utmost astonishment, which the circumstance of hearing two persons at that late hour conversing on the outside of the watchfully guarded Castle of Lochleven was so well calculated to excite. His first thought was of supernatural beings; his next, upon some attempt on the part of Queen Mary's friends and followers; his last was, that George of Douglas, possessed of the keys, and having the means of ingress and egress at pleasure, was availing himself of his office to hold a rendezvous with Catherine Seyton in the castle garden. He was confirmed in this opinion by the tone of the voice, which asked in a low whisper, "whether all was ready?"

Roland Graeme, availing himself of a breach in the holly screen, and of the assistance of the full moon, which was now

arisen, had a perfect opportunity, himself unobserved, to reconnoiter the persons and the motions of those by whom his rest had been thus unexpectedly disturbed; and his observations confirmed his jealous apprehensions. They stood together in close and earnest conversation within four yards of the place of his retreat, and he could easily recognize the tall form and deep voice of Douglas, and the no less remarkable dress and tone of the page at the hostelry of Saint Michael's.

"I have been at the door of the page's apartment," said Douglas, "but he is not there, or he will not answer. It is fast bolted on the inside, as is the custom, and we cannot pass through it — and what his silence may bode I know not."

"You have trusted him too far," said the other; "a feather-headed coxcomb, upon whose changeable mind and hot brain there is no making an abiding impression."

"It was not I who was willing to trust him," said Douglas; "but I was assured he would prove friendly when called upon — for ——" Here he spoke so low that Roland lost the tenor of his words, which was the more provoking, as he was fully aware that he was himself the subject of their conversation.

"Nay," replied the stranger, more aloud, "I have on my side put him off with fair words, which make fools fain — but now, if you distrust him at the push, deal with him with your dagger, and so make open passage."

"That were too rash," said Douglas; "and besides, as I told you, the door of his apartment is shut and bolted. I will essay again to waken him."

Graeme instantly comprehended that the ladies, having been somehow made aware of his being in the garden, had secured the door of the outer room in which he usually slept, as a sort of sentinel upon that only access to the Queen's apartments. But then, how came Catherine Seyton to be abroad, if the Queen and the other lady were still within their chambers, and the access to them locked and bolted? — "I will be instantly at the bottom of these mysteries," he said, "and then thank Mistress Catherine, if this be really she, for the kind use which she exhorted Douglas to make of his dagger — they seek me, as I comprehend, and they shall not seek me in vain."

Douglas had by this time reëntered the castle by the wicket, which was now open. The stranger stood alone in the garden walk, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes cast impatiently up to the moon, as if accusing her of betraying

him by the magnificence of her luster. In a moment Roland Graeme stood before him. — "A goodly night," he said, "Mistress Catherine, for a young lady to stray forth in disguise, and to meet with men in an orchard!"

"Hush!" said the stranger page, "hush, thou foolish patch, and tell us in a word if thou art friend or foe."

"How should I be friend to one who deceives me by fair words, and who would have Douglas deal with me with his poniard?" replied Roland.

"The fiend receive George of Douglas, and thee too, thou born madcap, and sworn marplot!" said the other; "we shall be discovered, and then death is the word."

"Catherine," said the page, "you have dealt falsely and cruelly with me, and the moment of explanation is now come — neither it nor you shall escape me."

"Madman!" said the stranger, "I am neither Kate nor Catherine — the moon shines bright enough surely to know the hart from the hind."

"That shift shall not serve you, fair mistress," said the page, laying hold on the lap of the stranger's cloak; "this time, at least, I will know with whom I deal."

"Unhand me," said she, endeavoring to extricate herself from his grasp; and in a tone where anger seemed to contend with a desire to laugh, "Use you so little discretion toward a daughter of Seyton?"

But as Roland, encouraged perhaps by her risibility to suppose his violence was not unpardonably offensive, kept hold on her mantle, she said, in a sterner tone of unmixed resentment, "Madman, let me go! — there is life and death in this moment — I would not willingly hurt thee, and yet beware!"

As she spoke, she made a sudden effort to escape, and in doing so, a pistol, which she carried in her hand or about her person, went off.

The warlike sound instantly awakened the well-warded castle. The warder blew his horn, and began to toll the castle bell, crying out at the same time, "Fie, treason! treason! cry all! cry all!"

The apparition of Catherine Seyton, which the page had let loose in the first moment of astonishment, vanished in darkness, but the splash of oars was heard, and in a second or two five or six arquebuses and a falconet were fired from the battlements of the castle successively, as if leveled at some object

on the water. Confounded with these incidents, no way for Catherine's protection (supposing her to be in the boat which he had heard put from the shore) occurred to Roland, save to have recourse to George of Douglas. He hastened for this purpose toward the apartment of the Queen, whence he heard loud voices and much trampling of feet. When he entered, he found himself added to a confused and astonished group, which, assembled in that apartment, stood gazing upon each other. At the upper end of the room stood the Queen, equipped as for a journey, and attended not only by the Lady Fleming, but by the omnipresent Catherine Seyton, dressed in the habit of her own sex, and bearing in her hand the casket in which Mary kept such jewels as she had been permitted to retain. At the other end of the hall was the Lady of Lochleven, hastily dressed, as one startled from slumber by the sudden alarm, and surrounded by domestics, some bearing torches, others holding naked swords, partisans, pistols, or such other weapons as they had caught up in the hurry of a night alarm. Betwixt these two parties stood George of Douglas, his arms folded on his breast, his eyes bent on the ground, like a criminal who knows not how to deny, yet continues unwilling to avow, the guilt in which he has been detected.

"Speak, George of Douglas," said the Lady of Lochleven; "speak, and clear the horrid suspicion which rests on thy name. Say 'A Douglas was never faithless to his trust, and I am a Douglas.' Say this, my dearest son, and it is all I ask thee to say to clear thy name, even under such a foul charge. Say it was but the wile of these unhappy women, and this false boy, which plotted an escape so fatal to Scotland—so destructive to thy father's house."

"Madam," said old Dryfesdale, the steward, "this much do I say for this silly page, that he could not be accessory to unlocking the doors, since I myself this night bolted him out of the castle. Whoever limned this night piece, the lad's share in it seems to have been small."

"Thou liest, Dryfesdale," said the Lady, "and wouldst throw the blame on thy master's house, to save the worthless life of a gypsy boy."

"His death were more desirable to me than his life," answered the steward, sullenly; "but the truth is the truth."

At these words Douglas raised his head, drew up his figure to its full height, and spoke boldly and sedately, as one whose

resolution was taken. "Let no life be endangered for me. I alone ——"

"Douglas," said the Queen, interrupting him, "art thou mad? Speak not, I charge you."

"Madam," he replied, bowing with the deepest respect, "gladly would I obey your commands, but they must have a victim, and let it be the true one. Yes, madam," he continued, addressing the Lady of Lochleven, "I alone am guilty in this matter. If the word of a Douglas has yet any weight with you, believe me that this boy is innocent; and on your conscience I charge you do him no wrong; nor let the Queen suffer hardship for embracing the opportunity of freedom which sincere loyalty—which a sentiment yet deeper—offered to her acceptance. Yes! I had planned the escape of the most beautiful, the most persecuted, of women; and far from regretting that I, for a while, deceived the malice of her enemies, I glory in it, and am most willing to yield up life itself in her cause."

"Now may God have compassion on my age," said the Lady of Lochleven, "and enable me to bear this load of affliction! O Princess, born in a luckless hour, when will you cease to be the instrument of seduction and of ruin to all who approach you? O ancient house of Lochleven, famed so long for birth and honor, evil was the hour which brought the deceiver under thy roof!"

"Say not so, madam," replied her grandson; "the old honors of the Douglas line will be outshone, when one of its descendants dies for the most injured of Queens—for the most lovely of women."

"Douglas," said the Queen, "must I at this moment—ay, even at this moment, when I may lose a faithful subject forever, chide thee for forgetting what is due to me as thy Queen?"

"Wretched boy," said the distracted Lady of Lochleven, "hast thou fallen even thus far into the snare of this Moabish woman?—hast thou bartered thy name, thy allegiance, thy knightly oath, thy duty to thy parents, thy country, and thy God, for a feigned tear, or a sickly smile, from lips which flattered the infirm Francis—lured to death the idiot Darnley—read luscious poetry with the minion Chastelar—mingled in the lays of love which were sung by the beggar Rizzio—and which were joined in rapture to those of the foul and licentious Bothwell!"

"Blaspheme not, madam!" said Douglas; "nor you, fair Queen, and virtuous as fair, chide at this moment the presumption of thy vassal! — Think not that the mere devotion of a subject could have moved me to the part I have been performing. Well you deserve that each of your lieges should die for you; but I have done more — have done that to which love alone could compel a Douglas — I have dissembled. — Farewell, then, Queen of all hearts, and Empress of that of Douglas! — When you are freed from this vile bondage — as freed you shall be, if justice remains in Heaven — and when you load with honors and titles the happy man who shall deliver you, cast one thought on him whose heart would have despised every reward for a kiss of your hand — cast one thought on his fidelity, and drop one tear on his grave." And throwing himself at her feet, he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"This before my face!" exclaimed the Lady of Lochleven — "wilt thou court thy adulterous paramour before the eyes of a parent? — tear them asunder, and put him under strict ward! Seize him, upon your lives!" she added, seeing that her attendants looked on each other with hesitation.

"They are doubtful," said Mary. "Save thyself, Douglas, I command thee!"

He started up from the floor, and only exclaiming, "My life or death are yours, and at your disposal!" drew his sword, and broke through those who stood betwixt him and the door. The enthusiasm of his onset was too sudden and too lively to have been opposed by anything short of the most decided opposition; and as he was both loved and feared by his father's vassals, none of them would offer him actual injury.

The Lady of Lochleven stood astonished at his sudden escape. — "Am I surrounded," she said, "by traitors? Upon him, villains! — pursue, stab, cut him down!"

"He cannot leave the island, madam," said Dryfesdale, interfering; "I have the key of the boat chain."

But two or three voices of those who pursued from curiosity, or command of their mistress, exclaimed from below that he had cast himself into the lake.

"Brave Douglas still!" exclaimed the Queen. — "Oh, true and noble heart, that prefers death to imprisonment!"

"Fire upon him!" said the Lady of Lochleven; "if there



be here a true servant of his father, let him shoot the runagate dead, and let the lake cover our shame ! ”

The report of a gun or two was heard, but they were probably shot rather to obey the Lady than with any purpose of hitting the mark ; and Randal immediately entering, said that Master George had been taken up by a boat from the castle, which lay at a little distance.

“ Man a barge, and pursue them ! ” said the Lady.

“ It were quite vain,” said Randal ; “ by this time they are halfway to shore, and a cloud has come over the moon.”

“ And has the traitor then escaped ? ” said the Lady, pressing her hands against her forehead with a gesture of despair ; “ the honor of our house is forever gone, and all will be deemed accomplices in this base treachery.”

“ Lady of Lochleven,” said Mary, advancing toward her, “ you have this night cut off my fairest hopes — you have turned my expected freedom into bondage, and dashed away the cup of joy in the very instant I was advancing it to my lips — and yet I feel for your sorrow the pity that you deny to mine. — Gladly would I comfort you if I might ; but as I may not, I would at least part from you in charity.”

“ Away, proud woman ! ” said the Lady ; “ who ever knew so well as thou to deal the deepest wounds under the pretense of kindness and courtesy ? — Who, since the great traitor, could ever so betray with a kiss ? ”

“ Lady Douglas of Lochleven,” said the Queen, “ in this moment thou canst not offend me — no, not even by thy coarse and unwomanly language, held to me in the presence of menials and armed retainers. I have this night owed so much to one member of the house of Lochleven, as to cancel whatever its mistress can do or say in the wildness of her passion.”

“ We are bounden to you, Princess,” said Lady Lochleven, putting a strong constraint on herself, and passing from her tone of violence to that of bitter irony ; “ our poor house hath been but seldom graced with royal smiles, and will hardly, with my choice, exchange their rough honesty for such court honor as Mary of Scotland has now to bestow.”

“ They,” replied Mary, “ who knew so well how to *take*, may think themselves excused from the obligation implied in receiving. And that I have now little to offer is the fault of the Douglasses and their allies.”

“ Fear nothing, madam,” replied the Lady of Lochleven, in

the same bitter tone ; "you retain an exchequer which neither your own prodigality can drain, nor your offended country deprive you of. While you have fair words and delusive smiles at command, you need no other bribes to lure youth to folly."

The Queen cast not an ungratified glance on a large mirror which, hanging on one side of the apartment, and illuminated by the torchlight, reflected her beautiful face and person. "Our hostess grows complaisant," she said, "my Fleming ; we had not thought that grief and captivity had left us so well stored with that sort of wealth which ladies prize most dearly."

"Your Grace will drive this severe woman frantic," said Fleming, in a low tone. "On my knees I implore you to remember she is already dreadfully offended, and that we are in her power."

"I will not spare her, Fleming," answered the Queen ; "it is against my nature. She returned my honest sympathy with insult and abuse, and I will gall her in return—if her words are too blunt for answer, let her use her poniard if she dare !"

"The Lady Lochleven," said the Lady Fleming, aloud, "would surely do well now to withdraw, and to leave her Grace to repose."

"Ay," replied the Lady, "or to leave her Grace, and her Grace's minions, to think what silly fly they may next wrap their meshes about. My eldest son is a widower—were he not more worthy the flattering hopes with which you have seduced his brother?—True, the yoke of marriage has been already thrice fitted on—but the church of Rome calls it a sacrament, and its votaries may deem it one in which they cannot too often participate."

"And the votaries of the church of Geneva," replied Mary, coloring with indignation, "as they deem marriage *no* sacrament, are said at times to dispense with the holy ceremony." Then, as if afraid of the consequences of this home allusion to the errors of Lady Lochleven's early life, the Queen added, "Come, my Fleming, we grace her too much by this altercation ; we will to our sleeping apartment. If she would disturb us again to-night, she must cause the door to be forced." So saying, she retired to her bedroom, followed by her two women.

Lady Lochleven, stunned as it were by this last sarcasm, and not the less deeply incensed that she had drawn it upon herself, remained like a statue on the spot which she had occupied when

she received an affront so flagrant. Dryfesdale and Randal endeavored to rouse her to recollection by questions.

"What is your honorable Ladyship's pleasure in the premises?"

"Shall we not double the sentinels, and place one upon the boats and another in the garden?" said Randal.

"Would you that dispatches were sent to Sir William at Edinburgh, to acquaint him with what has happened?" demanded Dryfesdale; "and ought not the place of Kinross to be alarmed, lest there be force upon the shores of the lake?"

"Do all as thou wilt," said the Lady, collecting herself, and about to depart. "Thou hast the name of a good soldier, Dryfesdale, take all precautions. — Sacred Heaven! that I should be thus openly insulted!"

"Would it be your pleasure," said Dryfesdale, hesitating, "that this person — this Lady — be more severely restrained?"

"No, vassal!" answered the Lady, indignantly, "my revenge stoops not to so low a gratification. But I will have more worthy vengeance, or the tomb of my ancestors shall cover my shame!"

"And you shall have it, madam," replied Dryfesdale. "Ere two suns go down you shall term yourself amply revenged."

The Lady made no answer — perhaps did not hear his words, as she presently left the apartment. By the command of Dryfesdale, the rest of the attendants were dismissed, some to do the duty of guard, others to their repose. The steward himself remained after they had all departed; and Roland Graeme, who was alone in the apartment, was surprised to see the old soldier advance toward him with an air of greater cordiality than he had ever before assumed to him, but which sat ill on his scowling features.

"Youth," he said, "I have done thee some wrong — it is thine own fault, for thy behavior hath seemed as light to me as the feather thou wearest in thy hat; and surely thy fantastic apparel, and idle humor of mirth and folly, have made me construe thee something harshly. But I saw this night from my casement (as I looked out to see how thou hadst disposed of thyself in the garden), I saw, I say, the true efforts which thou didst make to detain the companion of the perfidy of him who is no longer worthy to be called by his father's name, but must be cut off from his house like a rotten branch. I was just about to come to thy assistance when the pistol went off, and

the warden (a false knave, whom I suspect to be bribed for the nonce) saw himself forced to give the alarm, which, perchance, till then he had willfully withheld. To atone, therefore, for my injustice toward you, I would willingly render you a courtesy, if you would accept of it from my hands."

"May I first crave to know what it is?" replied the page.

"Simply to carry the news of this discovery to Holyrood, where thou mayest do thyself much grace, as well with the Earl of Morton and the Regent himself, as with Sir William Douglas, seeing thou hast seen the matter from end to end, and borne faithful part therein. The making thine own fortune will be thus lodged in thine own hand, when I trust thou wilt estrange thyself from foolish vanities, and learn to walk in this world as one who thinks upon the next."

"Sir Steward," said Roland Graeme, "I thank you for your courtesy, but I may not do your errand. I pass that I am the Queen's sworn servant, and may not be of counsel against her. But, setting this apart, methinks it were a bad road to Sir William of Lochleven's favor to be the first to tell him of his son's defection — neither would the Regent be over well pleased to hear the infidelity of his vassal, nor Morton to learn the falsehood of his kinsman."

"Um!" said the steward, making that inarticulate sound which expresses surprise mingled with displeasure. "Nay, then, even fly where ye list; for, giddy-pated as ye may be, you know how to bear you in the world."

"I will show you my esteem is less selfish than ye think for," said the page; "for I hold truth and mirth to be better than gravity and cunning — ay, and in the end to be a match for them. You never loved me less, Sir Steward, than you do at this moment. I know you will give me no real confidence, and I am resolved to accept no false protestations as current coin. Resume your old course — suspect me as much and watch me as closely as you will, I bid you defiance — you have met with your match."

"By Heaven, young man," said the steward, with a look of bitter malignity, "if thou darest to attempt any treachery toward the House of Lochleven, thy head shall blacken in the sun from the warder's turret!"

"He cannot commit treachery who refuses trust," said the page; "and for my head, it stands as securely on my shoulders, as on any turret that ever mason built."

"Farewell, thou prating and speckled pie," said Dryfesdale, "thou art so vain of thine idle tongue and variegated coat! Beware trap and lime twig."

"And fare thee well, thou hoarse old raven," answered the page; "thy solemn flight, sable hue, and deep croak are no charms against birdbolt or hailshot, and that thou mayest find—it is open war betwixt us, each for the cause of our mistress, and God show the right!"



## THE BATTLE OF MONCONTOUR.

By LORD MACAULAY.

OH, WEEP for Moncontour! oh, weep for the hour  
When the children of darkness and evil had power,  
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod  
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God.

Oh, weep for Moncontour! oh, weep for the slain,  
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain;  
Oh, weep for the living, who linger to bear  
The renegades' shame, or the exiles' despair.

Oh look, one last look, to our cots and our towers,  
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers,  
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,  
Where we fondly had dreamed that our own would be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,  
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,  
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,  
To the pride of Anjou and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,  
To the song of thy youths and the dance of thy maids,  
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,  
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and for ever. The priest and the slave  
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave.  
Our hearths we abandon; our lands we resign;  
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

## THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

(From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 20.]

ON THE 1st of September, Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zealand with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zealanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish"; renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "Sea Beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dike within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defenses. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dikes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory, thus encircled, were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages

and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King, the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half foot above water, should be taken possession of, at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished, by surprise, and in a masterly manner. The few Spaniards who had been stationed upon the dike were all dispatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it, without the loss of a man. As the day dawned the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so feebly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dike, the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action succeeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding. This first action was sanguinary and desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren, by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect. It gave a revolting proof, too, of the intense hatred which nerved their arms. A Zealander, having struck down a Spaniard on the dike, knelt on his bleeding enemy, tore his heart from his bosom, fastened his teeth in it for an instant, and then threw it to a dog, with the exclamation, "'Tis too bitter." The Spanish heart was, however, rescued, and kept for years, with the marks of the soldier's teeth upon it, a sad testimonial of the ferocity engendered by this war for national existence.

The great dike having been thus occupied, no time was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but, after their passage had been effected in good order, the Admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The Prince had been informed, by those who claimed to know the country, that, when once the Land-scheiding had been passed, the water would flood the country as far as Leyden, but the "Greenway," another long dike, three quarters of a mile farther inward, now rose at least a foot above the water, to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dike had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been.

Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, leveled it in many places, and brought his flotilla, in triumph, over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere, called the Fresh-water Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly towards a bridge strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand occupied both sides of the canal. The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated, and almost despairing.

A week had elapsed since the great dike had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the northwest, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the Admiral that, by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dike, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inward towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and



closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The "Ark of Delft," an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Bent-huyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa, the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts, within the immediate neighborhood of Leyden. . . .

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad

Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitered the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages ; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa ; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving ; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared ; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained ; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement ; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered ; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds,

found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your dis-

posal ; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat eaters and dog eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together, in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince that if the spring tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to

attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path — the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacher-

ous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boathook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the mean time, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist. — “Yonder,” cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, “yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?” “We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails,” was the reply, “before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us.” It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against

Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leiderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

## THE ARAUCANA.

By ALONZA DE ERCILLA.

(Translation and Summaries by William Hayley.)

[ALONZO ERCILLA Y ZUÑIGA, Spanish poet, was born at Bermeo, Bay of Biscay, about 1530; entered the service of Philip II.; joined the expedition against the native Araucanians of Chile, and while campaigning, wrote his famous epic "The Araucana" on scraps of paper and leather. After his return he was chamberlain to Emperor Rudolf II.; lived in Madrid, very poor, from 1580 on, and died in 1595.]

THE poem opens with the following exposition of the subject:—

I sing not love of ladies, nor of sights  
Devised for gentle dames by courteous knights:  
Nor feasts, nor tourneys, nor that tender care  
Which prompts the Gallant to regale the Fair;  
But the bold deeds of Valor's fav'rite train,  
Those undegenerate sons of warlike Spain,  
Who made Arauco their stern laws embrace,  
And bent beneath their yoke her untamed race.  
Of tribes distinguished in the field I sing;  
Of nations who disdain the name of king;  
Courage, that danger only taught to grow,  
And challenge honor from a generous foe;  
And persevering toils of purest fame,  
And feats that aggrandize the Spanish name:  
For the brave actions of the vanquished spread  
The brightest glory round the victor's head.

The poet devotes his first canto to the description of that part of the New World which forms the scene of his action, and is called Arauco, a district in the province of Chile. He paints the singular character and various customs of its warlike inhabitants with great clearness and spirit. In many points they bear a striking resemblance to the ancient Germans, as they are drawn by the strong pencil of Tacitus. The first canto closes with a brief account how this martial province was subdued by a Spanish officer named Valdivia; with an intimation that his negligence in his new dominion gave birth to those important exploits which the poet proposes to celebrate.



## CANTO II.

Many there are who, in this mortal strife,  
Have reached the slippery heights of splendid life :  
For Fortune's ready hand its succor lent ;  
Smiling she raised them up the steep ascent,  
To hurl them headlong from that lofty seat  
To which she led their unsuspecting feet ;  
E'en at the moment when all fears disperse,  
And their proud fancy sees no sad reverse.  
Little they think, beguiled by fair success,  
That Joy is but the herald of Distress :  
The hasty wing of Time escapes their sight,  
And those dark evils that attend his flight :  
Vainly they dream, with gay presumption warm,  
Fortune for them will take a steadier form ;  
She, unconcerned at what her victims feel,  
Turns with her wonted haste her fatal wheel.

The Indian first, by novelty dismayed,  
As Gods revered us, and as Gods obeyed ;  
But when they found we were of woman born,  
Their homage turned to enmity and scorn :  
Their childish error when our weakness showed,  
They blushed at what their ignorance bestowed ;  
Fiercely they burnt with anger and with shame,  
To see their masters but of mortal frame.  
Disdaining cold and cowardly delay,  
They seek atonement, on no distant day :  
Prompt and resolved, in quick debate they join,  
To form of deep revenge their dire design.  
Impatient that their bold decree should spread,  
And shake the world around with sudden dread,  
Th' assembling Chieftains led so large a train,  
Their ready host o'erspread th' extensive plain.  
No summons now the soldier's heart requires ;  
The thirst of battle every breast inspires ;  
No pay, no promise of reward, they ask,  
Keen to accomplish their spontaneous task ;  
And, by the force of one avenging blow,  
Crush and annihilate their foreign foe.  
Of some brave Chiefs, who to this council came,  
Well mayst thou, Memory, preserve the name ;  
Tho' rude and savage, yet of noble soul,  
Justly they claim their place on Glory's roll,

Who, robbing Spain of many a gallant son,  
In so confined a space such victories won;  
Whose fame some living Spaniards yet may spread,  
Too well attested by our warlike dead.

The poet proceeds to mention the principal chieftains, and the number of their respective vassals.

Tucapel stands first, renowned for the most inveterate enmity to the Christians, and leader of three thousand vassals. Some sixty thousand in all are brought to the assembly. Peteguelen, lord of the valley of Arauco, prevented from personal attendance by the Christians, dispatches six thousand of his retainers to the assembly. The lord of the maritime province of Pilmayquen, the bold Caupolican, is also unable to appear at the opening of the council.

The valley where they met for their consultations is thus described by Ercilla, who probably had seen it : —

In an umbrageous vale the seniors meet,  
Embosomed deep in woods, a cool retreat,  
Where gentle Flora sheds her annual blooms,  
And with her fragrant scents the air perfumes.  
The sweet perfumes the Zephyrs waft away,  
Deep whispering through the groves in wanton play;  
And to the limpid stream that purls below  
The rising gales in solemn concert blow.  
Here in a sylvan theater, they find  
An ample space, where all their tribes combined  
Could meet at large to banquet, or debate  
In graver mood the business of the State.  
Th' assembling clans within this bowery scene  
Repose, where scarce a fiery shaft between  
From Phoebus can descend, so close above  
The hand of Summer weaves the solemn grove.

As they begin their business in the style of the ancient Germans, with a plentiful banquet, they soon grow exasperated with liquor, and a violent quarrel ensues concerning the command of the forces for the projected war, an honor which almost every chieftain is arrogant enough to challenge for himself. In the midst of this turbulent debate, the ancient Colocolo delivers the following harangue, which Voltaire prefers to the speech of Nestor, on a similar occasion, in the first book of the *Iliad* : —

“ Assembled Chiefs ! ye guardians of the land !  
Think not I mourn from thirst of lost command,  
To find your rival spirits thus pursue  
A post of honor which I deem my due.  
These marks of age, you see, such thoughts disown  
In me, departing for the world unknown ;  
But my warm love, which ye have long possest,  
Now prompts that counsel which you'll find the best.  
Why should we now for marks of glory jar ?  
Why wish to spread our martial name afar ?  
Crushed as we are by Fortune's cruel stroke,  
And bent beneath an ignominious yoke,  
Ill can our minds such noble pride maintain,  
While the fierce Spaniard holds our galling chain.  
Your generous fury here ye vainly show ;  
Ah ! rather pour it on th' embattled foe !  
What frenzy has your souls of sense bereaved ?  
Ye rush to self-perdition, unperceived.  
'Gainst your own vitals would ye lift those hands,  
Whose vigor ought to burst oppression's bands ?

“ If a desire of death this rage create,  
O die not yet in this disgraceful state !  
Turn your keen arms, and this indignant flame,  
Against the breast of those who sink your fame,  
Who made the world a witness of your shame.  
Haste ye to cast these hated bonds away,  
In this the vigor of your souls display ;  
Nor blindly lavish, from your country's veins,  
Blood that may yet redeem her from her chains.

“ E'en while I thus lament, I will still admire  
The fervor of your souls ; they give me fire :  
But justly trembling at their fatal bent,  
I dread some dire calamitous event ;  
Lest in your rage Dissension's frantic hand  
Should cut the sinews of our native land.  
If such its doom, my thread of being burst,  
And let your old compeer expire the first !  
Shall this shrunk frame, thus bowed by age's weight,  
Live the weak witness of a nation's fate ?  
No : let some friendly sword, with kind relief,  
Forbid its sinking in that scene of grief.  
Happy whose eyes in timely darkness close,  
Saved from that worst of sights, his country's woes  
Yet, while I can, I make your weal my care,  
And for the public good my thoughts declare.

“Equal ye are in courage and in worth;  
Heaven has assigned to all an equal birth:  
In wealth, in power, and majesty of soul,  
Each Chief seems worthy of the world’s control.  
These gracious gifts, not gratefully beheld,  
To this dire strife your daring minds impelled.

“But on your generous valor I depend,  
That all our country’s woes will swiftly end.  
A Leader still our present state demands,  
To guide to vengeance our impatient bands;  
Fit for this hardy task that Chief I deem,  
Who longest may sustain a massive beam:  
Your rank is equal, let your force be tried  
And for the strongest let his strength decide.”

The chieftains acquiesce in this proposal. The beam is produced, and of a size so enormous that the poet declares himself afraid to specify its weight. The first chieftains who engage in the trial support it on their shoulders five and six hours each; Tucapel fourteen; and Lincoya more than double that number, — when the assembly, considering his strength as almost supernatural, is eager to bestow on him the title of general: but in the moment he is exulting in this new honor, Caupolican arrives without attendants.

Though from his birth one darkened eye he drew  
(The viewless orb was of the granite’s hue),  
Nature, who partly robbed him of his sight,  
Repaid this failure by redoubled might.  
This noble youth was of the highest state;  
His actions honored, and his words of weight:  
Prompt and resolved in every generous cause,  
A friend to Justice and her sternest laws:  
Fashioned for sudden feats, or toils of length,  
His limbs possessed both suppleness and strength:  
Dauntless his mind, determined and adroit  
In every quick and hazardous exploit.

This accomplished chieftain is received with great joy by the assembly; and having surpassed Lincoya by many degrees in the trial, is invested with the supreme command. He dispatches a small party to attack a neighboring Spanish fort: they execute his orders, and make a vigorous assault. After a sharp conflict they are repulsed; but in the moment of their

retreat Caupolican arrives with his army to their support. The Spaniards in despair evacuate the fort, and make their escape in the night : the news is brought to Valdivia, the Spanish commander in the city of Concepcion ; and with his resolution to punish the barbarians the canto concludes.

### CANTO XXXII.

After a panegyric on clemency, and a noble censure of those enormous cruelties by which his countrymen sullied their military fame, the poet relates the dreadful carnage which ensued as the Indians approached the fort. The Spaniards, after destroying numbers by their artillery, send forth a party of horse, who cut the fugitives to pieces. They inhumanly murder thirteen of their most distinguished prisoners, by blowing them from the mouths of cannon : but none of the confederate chieftains whom the poet has particularly celebrated were included in this number ; for those high-spirited barbarians had refused to attend Caupolican in this assault, as they considered it disgraceful to attack their enemies by surprise. The unfortunate Indian leader, seeing his forces thus unexpectedly massacred, escapes with ten faithful followers, and wanders through the country in the most calamitous condition. The Spaniards endeavor, by all the means they can devise, to discover his retreat : the faithful inhabitants of Arauco refuse to betray him.

Ercilla, in searching the country with a small party, finds a young wounded female. She informs him that, marching with her husband, she had the misfortune of seeing him perish in the late slaughter ; that a friendly soldier, in pity for her extreme distress, had tried to end her miserable life in the midst of the confusion, but had failed in his generous design, by giving her an ineffectual wound ; that she had been removed from the field of battle to that sequestered spot, where she languished in the hourly hope of death, which she now implores from the hand of Ercilla. Our poet consoles her, dresses her wound, and leaves one of his attendants to protect her.

### CANTO XXXIII.

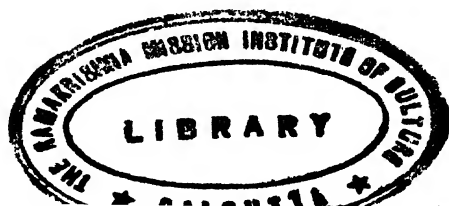
One of the prisoners whom the Spaniards had taken in their search after Caupolican is at last tempted by bribes to

betray his general. He conducts the Spaniards to a spot near the sequestered retreat of this unfortunate chief, and directs them how to discover it ; but he refuses to advance with them, overcome by his dread of the hero whom he is tempted to betray. The Spaniards surround the house in which the chief-tain had taken refuge with his ten faithful associates. Alarmed by a sentinel, he prepares for defense ; but being soon wounded in the arm, surrenders, endeavoring to conceal his high character, and to make the Spaniards believe him an ordinary soldier.

With their accustomed shouts, and greedy toil,  
 Our furious troops now riot in their spoil ;  
 Through the lone village their quick rapine spread,  
 Nor leave unpillaged e'en a single shed :  
 When from a tent, that placed on safer ground,  
 The neighboring hill's uncultured summit crowned,  
 A woman rushed, who, in her hasty flight,  
 Ran through the roughest paths along the rocky height.  
 A Negro of our train, who marked her way,  
 Soon made the hapless fugitive his prey ;  
 For thwarting crags her doubtful steps impede,  
 And the fair form was ill prepared for speed ;  
 For at her breast she bore her huddled son ;  
 To fifteen months the infant's life had run :  
 From our brave captive sprung the blooming boy,  
 Of both his parents the chief pride and joy.  
 The Negro carelessly his victim brought,  
 Nor knew th' important prize his haste had caught.

Our soldiers now, to catch the cooling tide,  
 Had sallied to the murmuring river's side :  
 When the unhappy Wife beheld her Lord,  
 His strong arms bound with a disgraceful cord,  
 Stript of each ensign of his past command,  
 And led the pris'ner of our shouting band ;  
 Her anguish burst not into vain complaint,  
 No female terrors her firm soul attain ;  
 But, breathing fierce disdain, and anger wild,  
 Thus she exclaimed, advancing with her child : —

“The stronger arm that in this shameful band  
 Has tied thy weak effeminated hand,  
 Had nobler pity to thy state exprest  
 If it had bravely pierced that coward breast.  
 Wert thou the Warrior whose heroic worth  
 So swiftly flew around the spacious earth,



Whose name alone, unaided by thy arm,  
Shook the remotest climes with fear's alarm ?  
Wert thou the Victor whose triumphant strain  
Promised with rapid sword to vanquish Spain ;  
To make new realms Arauco's power revere,  
And spread her empire o'er the Arctic sphere ?  
Wretch that I am ! how was my heart deceived,  
In all the noble pride with which it heaved,  
When through the world my boasted title ran,  
Tresia, the wife of great Caupolican !  
Now, plunged in misery from the heights of fame,  
My glories end in this detested shame,  
To see thee captive in a lonely spot,  
When death and honor might have been thy lot ?

“ What now avail thy scenes of happier strife,  
So dearly bought by many a nobler life ;  
The wondrous feats, that valor scarce believed,  
By thee with hazard and with toil achieved ?  
Where are the vaunted fruits of thy command,  
The laurels gathered by this fettered hand ?  
All sunk ! all turned to this abhorred disgrace,  
To live the slave of this ignoble race !  
Say, had thy soul no strength, thy hand no lance,  
To triumph o'er the fickle power of chance ?  
Dost thou not know that to the Warrior's name,  
A gallant exit gives immortal fame ?

“ Behold the burden which my breast contains,  
Since of thy love no other pledge remains !  
Hadst thou in glory's arms resigned thy breath,  
We both had followed thee in joyous death :  
Take, take thy son ! he was a tie most dear,  
Which spotless love once made my heart revere ;  
Take him ! — by generous pain, and wounded pride,  
The currents of this fruitful breast are dried :  
Rear him thyself, for thy gigantic frame,  
To woman turned, a woman's charge may claim :  
A mother's title I no more desire,  
Or shameful children from a shameful sire ! ”

As thus she spoke, with growing madness stung,  
The tender nursling from her arms she flung,  
With savage fury, hast'ning from our sight,  
While anguish seemed to aid her rapid flight.  
Vain were our efforts, our indignant cries,  
No gentle prayers, nor angry threats, suffice  
To make her breast, where cruel frenzy burned,  
Receive the little innocent she spurned.

## THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE PORTUGUESE.

BY CAMOENS.

(From "The Lusiad.")

[LUIZ DE CAMOENS, the greatest Portuguese epic poet, was born about 1524 at Coimbra, where he studied the ancient classics in the university of that city. In consequence of a love affair with Donna Caterina de Ataide, a lady in attendance on the queen, he was banished to Santarem; joined the army of Africa; and lost his right eye in a naval battle. Subsequently he embarked for India and settled at Goa, whence he was exiled to Macao for a satire exposing the corruption of Portuguese officials. After various adventures in Goa, Macao, and Mozambique, he landed in Lisbon with no other possession than his epic "The Lusiad." He passed his last years in dire poverty, and died obscurely in the hospital at Lisbon, June 10, 1580. His principal work, "The Lusiad" (published in 1572), commemorates the achievements of Portuguese heroism, and is regarded in Portugal as the national epic. His minor works include sonnets, comedies, ballads, and epigrams.]

As THUS in Jove's ethereal domicile,  
Of high debate is prosperous issue won,  
The martial people on the seas the while  
Up from the south, and eastward bearing, run  
Betwixt that Ethiop coast and famous Isle  
Of Madagascar, at what time the sun  
Inflames the starry twain who took the shape  
Of fishes, dread Typhœus to escape.

The wind so gently wafted them along,  
It seemed to know that heaven was now their friend;  
Serene the air, no cloud above them hung,  
Nor sign around that danger might portend.  
On Ethiop's coast — a name when earth was young —  
The Cape of Prassus smoothly cleared, they wend,  
Till now the sea reveals new isles, a group  
Enlinked and fondled in its wavy loop.

No cause perceived for tarriance, even brief,  
On shores that showed no trace of human kind,  
Vasco da Gama, the high-hearted chief —  
A man by nature for command designed,  
True to his aim, alike in joy or grief,  
And loved by Fortune for his constant mind —  
Right onward would have held, but here th' event  
Crossed his surmise, and baffled his intent.



For lo! from yonder islet within hail  
 Of the main land, to which it nearest lies,  
 A sudden fleet of boats with crowded sail  
 Comes skimming the long seas! In glad surprise,  
 As if for joy all other senses fail  
 But sight, the people gaze with asking eyes :  
 "What men are these?" they rather muse than say,  
 "What rites, what laws, what ruler follow they?"

Those skiffs for speed were fashioned long and slight,  
 Sharp-beaked and narrow, delicate to steer,  
 The sails of palm-tree leaves were firm and light,  
 So firmly matted was that simple gear.  
 The strangers' skin was of the hue of night  
 Bequeathed by Phaëton, the charioteer,  
 With more of courage than of wit endued,  
 As Padus knows, and Lampethusa rued.

The cotton down supplies the garb they wear,  
 Of various colors, white and listed, borne  
 Loose from the shoulder with a flaunting air;  
 Or at the girdle tied, succinctly worn,  
 While all above from waist to brow is bare,  
 And this the turban's artful folds adorn :  
 For arms they carried scimitar and shield,  
 And o'er the waves their clamorous trumpets pealed.

Extended arms and fluttered robes invite  
 The Lusitanian people to delay :  
 But these have tacked already, bearing right  
 Toward the Isles, to anchor in the bay ;  
 The joyous seamen toil with all their might  
 As if their labors are to end to-day.  
 They slacken sail : they strike the topsails ; dash  
 The anchors go, the wounded waves upflash.

Ere yet the forkèd iron finds its bed  
 The strangers by the cordage nimbly climb ;  
 Their joyful faces speak them free of dread,  
 And kind their welcome from the Chief sublime ;  
 Who straight commands the tables to be spread,  
 And juice Lyëan of the Lusian clime,  
 In crystal goblets served ; the ruby draught  
 With right good will the scorched of Phaëton quaffed.

Regaling merrily, their hosts they plied  
 In Arab speech with questions whence they came,  
 What seas had traversed and what coasts descried,  
 Their name, their country, and their final aim ?  
 The gallant Lusitanians nothing hide,  
 Yet in a form discreet their answers frame : —  
 “From shores far west, from Portugal our home,  
 In search of Oriental shores we roam.

“And all the length of Afric we have run,  
 Seen many a land and weathered many a sky,  
 The northern star beheld our course begun,  
 Now stars antarctic watch us from on high :  
 And naught that tries our loyalty we shun,  
 To serve a King for whom we live or die ;  
 Content for him to range the billowy vast,  
 Or pass the Lake that can but once be passed.

“By his command our devious way we feel,  
 Seeking the land that Indus irrigates ;  
 For him we wander where till now the seal  
 Has known no voyagers but his uncouth mates.  
 But reason bids that you in turn reveal,  
 If truth among you as a virtue rates,  
 What men ye be, and what the shores around,  
 And whether trace of India here be found ? ”

“Aliens are we ! ” — one from the Isle replied —  
 “Aliens by country, origin, and creed.  
 The natives of these isles, of sense devoid  
 As nature made them, law nor reason heed.  
 But we are true believers ; we confide  
 In that pure Faith, that takes of all the lead ;  
 The Faith by Abram’s famed descendant taught,  
 Whom Pagan sire of Hebrew wife begot.

“This island where we sojourn, though but small,  
 Allures the wandering traffic of the coast ;  
 For every trading town a port of call :  
 Quilóá, Sófala, Mombassa most :  
 So here for lucre — hardly gained withal,  
 But patient thrift endures a churlish host —  
 We dwell with those who call the island theirs,  
 And Mozambique is the name it bears

"But you, who tempt so far the brawling tide,  
 Indus, Hydaspes, and the shores of spice  
 Demanding, here will find a willing guide  
 Your course to regulate with skill precise.  
 'Tis opportune too that we here provide  
 Whatever succors for your store suffice;  
 And that our Regent see you, and give heed  
 How best to aid you to what most you need!"

This said, the Moor and all the swarthy crew  
 Betook them to their slender boats again;  
 With all the courtesies for kindness due,  
 From Gama parting and his gallant men:  
 And Phoebus now beneath the waters blue  
 Had veiled the glory of his crystal wain;  
 Charge to his sister given to watch the night,  
 And while he slumbered soothe the world with light.

In joy unwonted in the weary fleet,  
 Joy quickened by surprise, the night was past;  
 Of that far land for which so long they beat  
 They now had lighted on the trace at last!  
 About these strangers too, perplexed concert  
 Was busy, musing on their manners, cast,  
 And creed, and wondering how a faith so blind  
 Beguiled and led such myriads of mankind.

The moon's clear radiance falls in silver showers  
 Resplendent on the surface of the deep;  
 The firmament is like a field of flowers,  
 The stars to-night so thronged a vigil keep;  
 The winds, disarmed of their unruly powers,  
 Down in their caves profound are locked in sleep,  
 Yet not the less the Armada's people share  
 Alternate watch, their long-accustomed care.

But soon as Morn with kindling blush was seen,  
 Her tresses all dispread and bright with dew,  
 Opening the purple gates of heaven serene  
 To let Hyperion, just awakened, through;  
 Their decks with festal awnings then to screen  
 And dress their masts with flags, began the crew,  
 Preparing for a welcome guest at hand,  
 The coming Regent of the sea-girt land.

Who joyfully advanced, with press of sail,  
 To view the buoyant armament, and brought  
 Fresh fruits, the island produce, to regale  
 These of the race inhuman as he thought  
 That made the nations Asiatic quail,  
 When bursting from their Caspian bounds, they wrought  
 Portentous change, crushing by will Divine,  
 The reverend empery of Constantine.

The Chief received on deck with smiles benign  
 The Moor, and all who served him for escort,  
 And gave him gaudy silks of tissue fine,  
 For such foreseen occasion stored apart;  
 And set before him sweet conserves and wine,  
 The fervor that exhilarates the heart.  
 The silken gift well pleased him, but the zest  
 Of juice forbidden pleased the Moslem best.

Aloft, the Lusitanian people manned  
 The yards, and in the shrouds admiring hung,  
 Noting the manners of the sable band  
 And barbarous jargon of their Caffre tongue.  
 As much perplexed, the subtle Moslem scanned  
 Their garb, their color, their Armada strong,  
 And asked, suspicion in his mind at work,  
 If they were subjects of the Sultan Turk.

Demands he too their sacred books to see;  
 Their code of faith, of precept, or of law,  
 That he may know if it with his agree,  
 Or if—for that way his conjectures draw—  
 They trust in Him who died upon the tree.  
 And not more shrewd in marking all he saw  
 Than keen that nothing should escape his sight,  
 He fain would view the arms they use in fight.

By one well skilled in the dark tongue, the Chief  
 Of steadfast soul replied: "Illustrious sir,  
 Of what I am, suffice relation brief,  
 And what the faith I hold, the arms I bear.  
 Of Hagar's race I share not the belief,  
 Nor mine the spurious blood derived from her:  
 In fair and warlike Europe was I born,  
 I seek the famous kingdoms of the morn.

“I hold the faith prescribed by Him who reigns  
 Over all visible and invisible things;  
 Who made the world, and all that it contains  
 Insensible or sentient; bore the stings  
 Of calumny and scorn, endured the pains  
 Of unjust death by barbarous sufferings;  
 Who, in a word, by Heaven to earth was given  
 To raise the mortals of the earth to heaven.

“Of this Man-God, Most High, and Infinite,  
 The holy books thou hast desired to see  
 I carry not, nor need on paper write  
 The law that graven in the soul should be.  
 But for the arms wherewith our scores we quit  
 With foes, we hide them not from friends; to thee  
 As to a friend we show them, for I know  
 Thou ne’er wouldst test their temper as a foe.”

Thus saying, them who the command await  
 He bids the various gear of war disclose,  
 Trunk harness, habergeons, and coats of plate,  
 Fine mail entwined, or scaled in artful rows,  
 And shields with diverse blazonry ornate;  
 Spingards of seasoned metal, balls, crossbows,  
 Quivers with arrow stored of point minute,  
 Curt-handled pikes, and partisans acute;

And, charged with fiery seed, the hollow spheres,  
 Grenades and shells that burst in ruin blind;  
 But suffers not the Chief his bombardiers  
 To rouse the latent thunder; for the mind  
 Generous as brave solicits not the fears  
 Of men like these, a weak untutored kind,  
 With vain ostent of rage, — the triumph cheap  
 Of power that plays the lion among sheep.

But from the light the Moslem here obtained,  
 And after all he saw with eye attent,  
 A settled hatred in his soul remained,  
 An evil will on evil purpose bent;  
 Which not a gesture nor a look explained,  
 For with a smiling gay allure he meant  
 To treat them blandly, and his hour await  
 To show the force and meaning of his hate.

Pilots to lead him to an Indian port  
 Requests the Lusitanian of the Moor,

Vowing to pay their toil in such a sort  
 They shall not think the recompense is poor.  
 The Sheik in promise grants them, while his heart  
 Teems with such venom, were the means but sure,  
 Death would he send him, nor the blow delay;  
 Instead of pilots, death that very day.

Such was the malice, sudden in its growth,  
 Conceived against the strangers when he knew  
 That they were followers of the blessed truth  
 As taught by Christ, the one preceptor true.  
 O secrets of eternity! — in sooth  
 Too high for human judgment to pursue,  
 There never fails, intent on treacherous ends,  
 Some lurking foe to those whom Heaven befriends.



## SONNETS OF CAMOENS.

(Translated by Richard Garnett.)

THE beauty of this free aerial height,  
 With ancient chestnuts shadowy and green;  
 The gentle course their tranquil banks between  
 Of brooks acquainted solely with delight;  
 Sea's distant beat; land novel to my sight;  
 The Sun's descent where mountains shut the scene;  
 The foldward faring of the flock serene;  
 The clouds' encounter in their harmless fight;  
 All that boon Nature, aiming to befriend,  
 Gives of her infinite variety,  
 The cheated spirit serves but to offend,  
 Beggared of all delight in missing thee;  
 The joy that thy companionship would lend  
 Yields now the measure of her misery.

Tagus, whose streams on Lusitania's plain  
 Fertility and charm at once bestow,  
 Errant in fairest fields with softest flow,  
 Joy to flower, herb, flock, cattle, nymph, and swain;  
 Alas! beloved flood, in vain, in vain,  
 My term of dateless exile would I know;  
 And mournful thus and desolate I go,  
 As deeming never to return again.

My envious fortune, ever wise to tell  
 How best my joy to sorrow may be changed,  
 Willeth implacably that we should part.  
 Thee I bewail, her I upbraid. Farewell!  
 Soon shall these sighs be spent on winds estranged,  
 And alien waters soothe this swelling heart.

Tagus, with countenance how different  
 We saw and see, and are and have been seen!  
 Troubled thy waters now, forlorn my mien;  
 Thee clear have I beheld, thou me content.  
 Thy change is work of tempests, whose descent  
 Robs thy bright current of its silvery sheen;  
 Mine of the brow that, clouded or serene,  
 Apportions me my bliss or discontent.  
 As we are thus participant in woe,  
 Would that we were so in all things, and as pain  
 So simultaneous joy might feel! but no!  
 Flower-fostering Spring shall look and see no stain  
 In thy clear mirror, but I cannot know  
 If what I was I e'er shall be again.

O for a solitude so absolute,  
 Rapt from the spite of Fate so far away,  
 That foot of man hath never entered, nay,  
 Untrodden by the foot of every brute:  
 Some wood of aspect lowering and mute,  
 Or lonely glen not anywhere made gay  
 With plot of pleasant green, or water's play;  
 Such haunt, in fine, as doth my anguish suit!  
 Thus in the entrail of the mountain locked,  
 I, sepulchred in life, alive in death,  
 Freely might breathe my plaint; perceiving there  
 The grief whose magnitude naught measureth  
 Less by the brilliance of the bright day mocked,  
 Soothed by the dark day more than elsewhere.

Country, Life's raft whereby her sea bestows  
 Redemption from her shipwreck and her shoal;  
 Luster shed forth on high when tempest's roll  
 Subsideth, nest of love, nook of repose;  
 To thee I fly; and if indeed for woes  
 Flight cure be found, and change may Fate control,  
 Victory I'll sing, and in the shade extol  
 Honor triumphant o'er Ambition's throes.

Here Spring no flower, no fruit doth Autumn scant;  
 Here crystal waters use with beauty pair;  
 Here the day finds me, here it leaves me blest:  
 Broken but by the nightingale's descant  
 Is slumber, seal of peace, and burdening Care,  
 That buried Joy, himself is laid to rest.

The goodly apple of this goodly tree  
 Nature with blood and milk willed to adorn,  
 That contrast of fair tints together worn  
 Might image virgin shame and purity.  
 Never, when boughs before the tempest flee,  
 Be thou by whirlwind's violence upturn!  
 Never thy fruit, of colored charm forlorn,  
 Wither in blighting air's inclemency!  
 And since for my delight thou yieldest bower  
 Pleasant and meet, and dost for me bestrew  
 Fragrance on air, as on a conqueror's way:  
 Though my weak lyre defraud thee of thy due,  
 Yet am I storing up in sunny hour  
 Sweet thought of thee against the cloudy day.

#### BABYLON AND SION (GOA AND LISBON).

Here, where fecundity of Babel frames  
 Stuff for all ills wherewith the world doth teem;  
 Where loyal Love is slurred with disesteem,  
 For Venus all controls, and all defames;  
 Where vices vaunts are counted, virtues shames;  
 Where Tyranny o'er Honor lords supreme;  
 Where blind and erring sovereignty doth deem  
 That God for deeds will be content with names:  
 Here in this world where whatso is is wrong,  
 Where Birth and Worth and Wisdom begging go  
 To doors of Avarice and Villainy,  
 Trammeled in the foul chaos I prolong  
 My days, because I must. Woe to me! woe!  
 Sion, had I not memory of thee!

#### ON THE DEATH OF A COMRADE IN AFRICA.

Few years and evil to my life were lent,  
 All with hard toil and misery replete:  
 Light did so swiftly from my eyes retreat,  
 That ere five lusters quite were gone, I went.



Ocean I roamed and isle and continent,  
 Seeking some remedy for life unsweet;  
 But he whom Fortune will not frankly meet,  
 Vainly by venture woos her to his bent.  
 First saw I light in Lusitanian land,  
 Where Alemquer the blooming nurtured me;  
 But, feeble foul contagion to withstand,  
 I feed the fish's maw where thou, rude sea,  
 Lashest the churlish Abyssinian strand,  
 Far from my Portugal's felicity.

## COMPOSED IN PRISON.

Brooding in sadness o'er my evil case,  
 As past me Day and Night alternate steal,  
 I to my darksome cell my woe unseal,  
 Summing the number of the wasted days.  
 They pass like shadows on the silent ways,  
 Nor fruit of them doth their slow march reveal,  
 Save this — they are no more: while Fortune's wheel  
 Turns on, and dizzily my spirit sways.  
 Stupid and dazed with dull confinement's clog,  
 My erring sense avails not to decide  
 If I am proffering speech to stander-by,  
 Or seeming converse be but monologue:  
 Nor can I certainly declare if I  
 Am in myself, or am myself beside.

How far accumulating years extend  
 The travel of my weary pilgrimage!  
 How swiftly my allotted span of age  
 Shortens apace, and hastens to its end!  
 Anguish augment; life less and less doth lend;  
 The remedy I had I lost; and, sage  
 By schooling, with mistrustful heart presage  
 Falsehood when Fortune feigneth to befriend.  
 I chase a bliss I may not overtake,  
 Lost to my sight ere half the race be run;  
 Thousand times thrown, I faint upon the slope:  
 In lieu of slackening feet I hurry on  
 My eyes, and by their witness knowledge take  
 That the wide prospect holds nor Bliss nor Hope.

## THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY TASSO.

[From "Aminta."]

[TORQUATO TASSO, an Italian poet, was born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, the son of Bernardo Tasso, a poet of considerable distinction. He received his early education in Naples, Rome, Pesaro, and Venice, and in compliance with his father's wish studied law at Padua, but soon abandoned it after the successful reception of his poem "Rinaldo." He then repaired to Bologna, where he studied philosophy, made the acquaintance of distinguished literary men, and worked upon his great epic "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered). In 1565 he entered the service of Cardinal Luigi d'Este and later that of Alfonso II., reigning duke of Ferrara. During the latter part of his life he suffered from attacks of insanity, and finally became so violent in accusing the duke of a design to poison him that he was placed in a lunatic asylum. Having been released at the intercession of Prince Gonzaga of Mantua, he wandered from city to city, broken in health and spirits. In 1595 he was summoned to Rome by Pope Clement VIII. to receive the honor of a public coronation, but fell ill on his arrival, and died April 22, 1596. His chief production, "Jerusalem Delivered," is a heroic record of the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Bouillon. Other works are: "Aminta," a pastoral drama; "Torrismondo," a tragedy; and several lyric poems.]

O LOVELY age of gold!  
 Not that the rivers rolled  
 With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;  
 Not that the ready ground  
 Produced without a wound,  
 Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew:  
 Not that a cloudless blue  
 Forever was in sight,  
 Or that the heaven, which burns  
 And now is cold by turns,  
 Looked out in glad and everlasting light;  
 No, nor that even the insolent ships from far  
 Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war.

But solely that that vain  
 And breath-invented pain,  
 That idol of mistake, that worshiped cheat,  
 That Honor — since so called  
 By vulgar minds appalled, —  
 Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.  
 It had not come to fret  
 The sweet and happy fold  
 Of gentle human kind;  
 Nor did its hard law bind

Souls nursed in freedom ; but that law of gold,  
 That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,  
 Which Nature's own hand wrote — what pleases is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers,  
 The little winged Powers  
 Went singing carols without torch or bow ;  
 The nymphs and shepherds sat  
 Mingling with innocent chat  
 Sports and low whispers, and with whispers low,  
 Kisses that would not go.  
 The maid, her childhood o'er,  
 Kept not her bloom uneyed,  
 Which now a veil must hide,  
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore ;  
 And oftentimes, in river or in lake,  
 The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honor, first  
 That didst deny our thirst  
 Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set ;  
 Thou badst kind eyes withdraw  
 Into constrainèd awe,  
 And keep the secret for their tears to wet ;  
 Thou gatherdst in a net  
 The tresses from the air,  
 And mad'st the sports and plays  
 Turn all to sullen ways,  
 And putt'st on speech a rein — in steps a care.  
 Thy work it is — thou shade that wilt not move —  
 That what was once the gift, is now the theft, of love.

Our sorrows and our pains,  
 These are thy noble gains.  
 But oh, thou Love's and Nature's masterer,  
 Thou conqueror of the crowned,  
 What dost thou on this ground,  
 Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere ?  
 Go, and make slumber dear  
 To the renowned and high ;  
 We here, a lowly race,  
 Can live without thy grace,  
 After the use of mild antiquity.  
 Go, let us love — since years  
 No truce allow, and life soon disappears.  
 Go let us love : the daylight dies, is born ;  
 But unto us the light  
 Dies once for all, and sleep brings on eternal night.

## VENICE.

BY LORD BYRON.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
 A palace and a prison on each hand :  
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :  
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times when many a subject land  
 Looked to the wing'd Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles !

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :  
 And such she was ; her daughters had their dowers  
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
 Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,  
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;  
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
 And music meets not always now the ear :  
 Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here.  
 States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,  
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
 The pleasant place of all festivity,  
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
 Her name in story, and her long array  
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
 Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway ;  
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
 With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,  
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —  
 The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,  
 For us repleated were the solitary shore.

## THE MEDICI.

By J. A. SYMONDS.

[JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, English man of letters, was born October 5, 1840; graduated at Balliol College, Oxford. He wrote "Introduction to the Study of Dante" (1872); "Studies of the Greek Poets" (1873-1876); "The Renaissance in Italy" (six volumes, 1875-1886); "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama" (1884); "Life of Michelangelo" (1892); several volumes of poetry; translated Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography; etc. He died April 18, 1893, at Rome.]

THE history of the Medicean family during the sixteenth century epitomizes the chief features of social morality upon which I have been dwelling. It will be remembered that Alessandro de' Medici, the first Duke of Florence, poisoned his cousin, Ippolito, and was himself assassinated by his cousin Lorenzino. To the second of these crimes Cosimo, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, owed the throne of Florence, on which, however, he was not secure until he had removed Lorenzino from this world by the poniard of a bravo. Cosimo maintained his authority by a system of espionage, remorseless persecution, and assassination, which gave color even to the most improbable of legends. But it is not of him so much as of his children that I have to speak.

Francesco, who reigned from 1564 till 1587, brought disgrace upon his line by marrying the infamous Bianca Capello, after authorizing the murder of her previous husband. Bianca, though incapable of bearing children, flattered her besotted paramour before this marriage by pretending to have borne a son. In reality, she had secured the coöperation of three women on the point of childbirth; and when one of these was delivered of a boy, she presented this infant to Francesco, who christened him Antonio de' Medici. Of the three mothers who served in this nefarious action, Bianca contrived to assassinate two, but not before one of the victims to her dread of exposure made full confession at the point of death. The third escaped. Another woman, who had superintended the affair, was shot between Florence and Bologna in the valleys of the Apennines. Yet after the manifestation of Bianca's imposture, the Duke continued to recognize Antonio as belonging to the Medicean family; and his successor was obliged to compel this young man to assume the Cross of Malta, in order to exclude his posterity from the line of princes.



**In the Time of the Medicis**  
From the painting by G. Becker







The legend of Francesco's and Bianca's mysterious death is well known. The Duchess had engaged in fresh intrigues for palming off a spurious child upon her husband. These roused the suspicions of his brother, Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici, heir presumptive to the crown. An angry correspondence followed, ending in a reconciliation between the three princes. They met in the autumn of 1587 at the villa of Poggio a Cajano. Then the world was startled by the announcement that the Grand Duke had died of fever after a few days' illness, and that Bianca had almost immediately afterwards followed him to the grave. Ferdinand, on succeeding to the throne, refused her the interment suited to her rank, defaced her arms on public edifices, and for her name and titles in official documents substituted the words "*la pessima Bianca*." What passed at Poggio a Cajano is not known. It was commonly believed in Italy that Bianca, meaning to poison the Cardinal at supper, had been frustrated in her designs by a blunder which made her husband the victim of this plot, and that she ended her own life in despair or fell a victim to the Cardinal's vengeance. This story is rejected both by Botta and Galluzzi; but Litta has given it a partial credence. Two of Cosimo's sons died previously, in the year 1562, under circumstances which gave rise to similar malignant rumors. Don Garzia and the Cardinal Giovanni were hunting together in the Pisan marshes, when the latter expired after a short illness, and the former in a few days met with a like fate. Report ran that Don Garzia had stabbed his brother, and that Cosimo, in a fit of rage, ran him through the body with his own sword. In this case, although Litta attaches weight to the legend, the balance of evidence is strongly in favor of both brothers' having been carried off by a pernicious fever contracted simultaneously during their hunting expedition. Each instance serves, however, to show in what an atmosphere of guilt the Medicean princes were enveloped. No one believed that they could die except by fraternal or paternal hands. And the authentic crimes of the family certainly justified this popular belief. I have already alluded to the murders of Ippolito, Alessandro, and Lorenzino. I have told how the Court of Florence sanctioned the assassination of Bianca's daughter by her husband at Bologna. I must now proceed to relate the tragic tales of the princesses of the house.

Pietro de' Medici, a fifth of Cosimo's sons, had rendered

himself notorious in Spain and Italy by forming a secret society for the most revolting debaucheries. Yet he married the noble lady Eleonora di Toledo, related by blood to Cosimo's first wife. Neglected and outraged by her husband, she proved unfaithful, and Pietro hewed her in pieces with his own hands at Caffaggiolo. Isabella de' Medici, daughter of Cosimo, was married to the Duke of Bracciano. Educated in the poisoned atmosphere of Florence, she, like Eleonora di Toledo, yielded herself to fashionable profligacy, and was strangled by her husband at Ceretto. Both of these murders took place in 1576. Isabella's death, as I have elsewhere related, opened the way for the Duke of Bracciano's marriage with Vittoria Accoramboni, which had been prepared by the assassination of her first husband, and which led to her own murder at Padua. Another of Cosimo's daughters, Lucrezia de' Medici, became Duchess of Ferrara, fell under a suspicion of infidelity, and was possibly removed by poison in 1561. The last of his sons whom I have to mention, Don Giovanni, married a dissolute woman of low birth called Livia, and disgraced the name of Medici by the unprincely follies of his life. Eleonora de' Medici, third of his daughters, introduces a comic element into these funereal records. She was affianced to Vincenzo Gonzaga, heir of the duchy of Mantua. But suspicions arising out of the circumstances of his divorce from a former wife obliged him to prove his marital capacity before the completion of the contract. This he did at Venice, before a witness, upon the person of a virgin selected for the experiment. Maria de' Medici, the only child of Duke Francesco, became Queen of France.

If now we eliminate the deaths of Don Garcia, Cardinal Giovanni, Duke Francesco, Bianca Capello, and Lucrezia de' Medici, as doubtful, there will still remain the murders of Cardinal Ippolito, Duke Alessandro, Lorenzino de' Medici, Pietro Bonaventuri (Bianca's husband), Pellegrina Bentivoglio (Bianca's daughter), Eleonora di Toledo, Francesco Cusi (Eleonora's lover), the Duchess of Bracciani, Troilo Orsini (lover of this Duchess), Felice Peretti (husband of Vittoria Accoramboni), and Vittoria Accoramboni — eleven murders, all occurring between 1535 and 1585, an exact half century, in a single princely family and its immediate connections. The majority of these crimes, that is to say seven, had their origin in lawless passion.

## THE BRINGING UP OF YOUTH.

BY ROGER ASCHAM.

(From "The Schoolmaster.")

[ROGER ASCHAM, an English scholar and writer, was born in Kirby Wiske, near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, 1515. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, with a brilliant record as a Greek scholar, and was appointed tutor to the Princess Elizabeth. In 1544 he published a treatise in defense of archery, entitled "Toxophilus." After three years of diplomatic service at the court of Charles V., he was appointed Latin secretary to Queen Mary, and after her death was retained as secretary and tutor to Queen Elizabeth. His chief work, "The Schoolmaster," appeared in 1570. Ascham died in London, December 30, 1568.]

WHERE the child doth well, let the master praise him, and say, Here ye do well. For I assure you, there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit and encourage a will to learning, as is praise. But if the child miss, I would not have the master either frown or chide with him if the child have done his diligence, and used no truantship therein. For I know by good experience that a child shall take more profit by two faults, gently warned of, than of four things rightly hit. . . .

If the scholar do miss sometimes, chide not hastily: for that shall both dull his wit, and discourage his diligence; but monish him gently: which shall make him both willing to amend, and glad to go forward in love and hope of learning.

I have now wished, twice or thrice, this gentle nature to be in a schoolmaster: and that I have done so neither by chance nor without some reason, I will now declare at large, why, in mine opinion, love is fitter than fear, gentleness better than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning.

With the common use of teaching and beating in common schools of England, I will not greatly contend: which if I did, it were but a small grammatical controversy, neither belonging to heresy nor treason, nor greatly touching God nor the Prince: although in very deed, in the end, the good or ill bringing up of children doth as much serve to the good or ill service of God, our Prince, and our whole country, as any one thing doth beside.

I do gladly agree with all good schoolmasters in these points: to have children brought to good perfectness in learn

ing: to all honesty in manners: to have all faults rightly amended: to have every vice severely corrected: but for the order and way that leadeth rightly to these points, we somewhat differ. For commonly, many schoolmasters, some as I have seen, more as I have heard tell, be of so crooked a nature, as, when they meet with a hard-witted scholar, they rather break him than bow him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some other matter, then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar: and though he himself should be punished for his folly, yet must he beat some scholar for his pleasure: though there be no cause for him to do so, nor yet fault in the scholar to deserve so. These we will say, be fond [foolish] schoolmasters, and few they be, that be found to be such. They be fond indeed, but surely over many such be found everywhere. But this will I say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature, as they do correct faults. Yea, many times, the better nature is sorer punished: For if one, by quickness of wit, take his lesson readily, another, by hardness of wit, taketh it not so speedily: the first is always commended, the other is commonly punished; when a wise schoolmaster should rather discreetly consider the right disposition of both their natures, and not so much weigh what either of them is able to do now, as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For this I know, not only by reading of books in my study, but also by experience of life, abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. The causes why, amongst other, which be many, that move me thus to think, be these few which I will reckon. Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep: soon hot and desirous of this and that: as cold and soon weary of the same again: more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far: even like oversharpe tools, whose edges be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never pass far forward in high and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wits commonly may prove the best poets, but not the wisest orators: ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgment, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also, for manners and life, quick wits commonly be in desire newfangled, in purpose unconstant, light to promise anything, ready to forget everything: both benefit and injury:

and thereby neither fast to friend, nor fearful to foe: inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in greatest affairs: bold with any person: busy in every matter: soothing to such as be present: nipping any that is absent: of nature also, always, flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors: and, by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves.

Moreover, commonly men very quick of wit be also very light of conditions: and thereby, very ready of disposition to be carried over-quickly, by any light company, to any riot and unthriftiness when they be young: and therefore seldom either honest of life, or rich in living, when they be old. For, quick in wit and light in manners be either seldom troubled, or very soon weary in carrying a very heavy purse. Quick wits also be, in most part of all their doings, over-quick, hasty, rash, heady, and brainsick. These two last words, Heady and Brainsick, be fit and proper words, rising naturally of the matter, and termed aptly by the condition of over-much quickness of wit. In youth also they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever over-light and merry. In age, soon testy, very waspish, and always over-miserable: and yet few of them come to any great age, by reason of their disordered life when they were young: but a great deal fewer of them come to show any great countenance, or bear any great authority abroad in the world, but either live obscurely, men know not how, or die obscurely, men mark not when. They be like trees, that show forth fair blossoms and broad leaves in springtime, but bring out small and not long-lasting fruit in harvest time: and that only such as fall and rot before they be ripe, and so never, or seldom, come to any good at all. For this ye shall find most true by experience, that amongst a number of quick wits in youth, few be found, in the end, either very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to serve the commonwealth, but decay and vanish, men know not which way: except a very few, to whom peradventure blood and happy parentage may perchance purchase a long standing upon the stage. The which felicity, because it cometh by others' procuring, not by their own deserving, and stand by other men's feet and not by their own, what outward brag soever is borne by them is indeed, of itself and in wise men's eyes, of no great estimation.

Some wits, moderate enough by nature, be many times marred by over-much study and use of some sciences, — namely,

Music, Arithmetic, and Geometry. These sciences, as they sharpen men's wits over-much, so they change men's manners over-sore, if they be not moderately mingled, and widely applied to some good use of life. Mark all mathematical heads, which be only and wholly bent to those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unfit to live with others, and how unapt to serve in the world. This is not only known now by common experience but uttered long before by wise men's judgment and sentence. Galene saith, Much music marreth men's manners: and Plato hath a notable place of the same thing in his books de Rep. well marked also, and excellently translated by Tully himself. Of this matter, I wrote once more at large, twenty years ago, in my book of shooting: now I thought but to touch it, to prove that over-much quickness of wit, either given by nature or sharpened by study, doth not commonly bring forth either greatest learning, best manners, or happiest life in the end.

Contrariwise, a wit in youth, that is not over-dull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish, but hard, rough, and though somewhat staffish,—as Tully wisheth, "*otium, quietum, non languidum*;" and "*negotium cum labore, non cum periculo*,"—such a wit I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought as it should, not overtwhartly, and against the wood, by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living, proveth always the best. In wood and stone, not the softest, but hardest, be always aptest for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep: painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangelness: bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end, that quick wits seem in hope, but do not in deed, or else very seldom, ever attain unto. Also, for manners and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or else to marvel at every strange thing: and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs: and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart. Not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise. Not rash in uttering, but wary in considering every matter: and thereby, not quick in

speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel, in all weighty affairs. And these be the men that become in the end both most happy for themselves and always best esteemed abroad in the world.

I have been longer in describing the nature, the good or ill success, of the quick and hard wit, than perchance some will think this place and matter doth require. But my purpose was hereby plainly to utter what injury is offered to all learning and to the commonwealth also, first by the fond [foolish] father in choosing, but chiefly by the lewd [churlish] school-master in beating and driving away the best natures from learning. A child that is still, silent, constant, and somewhat hard of wit is either never chosen by the father to be made a scholar, or else, when he cometh to the school he is smally regarded, little looked unto, he lacketh teaching, he lacketh couraging, he lacketh all things, only he never lacketh beating, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from learning to any other kind of living.

And when this sad-natured and hard-witted child is bet [beaten] from his book, and becometh after either student of the common law, or page in the court, or serving man, or bound prentice to a merchant, or to some handicraft, he proveth in the end wiser, happier, and many times honestest, too, than many of these quick wits do by their learning.

Learning is both hindered and injured, too, by the ill choice of them that send young scholars to the universities. Of whom must needs come all our divines, lawyers, and physicians.

These young scholars be chosen commonly, as young apples be chosen by children, in a fair garden about St. James tide: a child will choose a sweeting, because it is presently fair and pleasant, and refuse a runnet, because it is then green, hard, and sour: when the one, if it be eaten, doth breed both worms and ill humors; the other, if it stand his time, be ordered and kept as it should, is wholesome of itself and helpeth to the good digestion of other meats: sweetings will receive worms, rot, and die on the tree, and never or seldom come to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For very grief of heart I will not apply the similitude: but hereby is plainly seen how learning is robbed of her best wits, first by the great beating, and after by the ill choosing of scholars to go to the universities. Whereof cometh partly



that lewd [popular] and spiteful proverb, sounding to the great hurt of learning and shame of learned men, that the greatest clerks be not the wisest men.

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainly to prefer hard and rough wits before quick and light wits, both for learning and manners, yet am I not ignorant that some quickness of wit is a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men, and namely such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness, desirous of good things without newfangledness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well. . . .

But it is notable and true that Socrates saith in Plato to his friend Crito : That that number of men is fewest, which far exceed, either in good or ill, in wisdom or folly, but the mean betwixt both be the greatest number : which he proveth true in diverse other things : as in greyhounds, amongst which few are found, exceeding great or exceeding little, exceeding swift or exceeding slow : And therefore, I speaking of quick and hard wits, I meant the common number of quick and hard wits, amongst the which, for the most part, the hard wit proveth many times the better learned, wiser, and honester man : and therefore do I the more lament, that such wits commonly be either kept from learning by fond [foolish] fathers, or bet from learning by lewd [churlish] schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child, after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skillful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt, that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity, that commonly more care is had, yea and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For, to the one they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by year, and loath to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should : for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children : and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

But concerning the true notes of the best wits for learning

in a child, I will report: not mine own opinion, but the very judgment of him that was counted the best teacher and wisest man that learning maketh mention of, and that is Socrates in Plato, who expresseth orderly these seven plain notes to choose a good wit in a child for learning: 1. *Euphues*, 2. *Mnemon*, 3. *Philomathes*, 4. *Philoponos*, 5. *Philekoös*, 6. *Zetetikos*, 7. *Philepainos*.

And because I write English, and to Englishmen, I will plainly declare in English both what these words of Plato mean, and how aptly they be linked, and how orderly they follow one another.

1. *Euphues* is he that is apt by goodness of wit, and applicable by readiness of will, to learning, having all other qualities of the mind and parts of the body that must another day serve learning, not troubled, mangled, and halved, but sound, whole, and able to do their office: as a tongue not stammering, or overhardly drawing forth words, but plain, and ready to deliver the meaning of the mind: a voice, not soft, weak, piping, womanish, but audible, strong, and manlike: a countenance not werish and crabbed, but fair and comely: a personage, not wretched and deformed, but tall and goodly: for surely a comely countenance, with a goodly stature, giveth credit to learning, and authority to the person; otherwise commonly, either open contempt or privy disfavor doth hurt, or hinder, both person and learning. And even as a fair stone requireth to be set in the finest gold, with the best workmanship, or else it loseth much of the grace and price, even so excellency in learning, and namely divinity, joined with a comely personage, is a marvelous jewel in the world. And how can a comely body be better employed than to serve the fairest exercise of God's greatest gift, and that is learning. But commonly, the fairest bodies are bestowed on the foulest purposes. I would it were not so; and with examples herein I would not meddle: yet I wish that those should both mind it and meddle with it, which have most occasion to look to it, as good and wise fathers should do, and greatest authority to amend it, as good and wise magistrates ought to do; and yet I will not let, openly to lament the unfortunate case of learning herein.

For, if a father have four sons, three fair and well formed both mind and body, the fourth wretched, lame, and deformed, his choice shall be, to put the worst to learning, as one good enough to become a scholar. I have spent the most part of

my life in the university, and therefore I can bear good witness that many fathers commonly do thus: whereof I have heard many wise, learned, and as good men as ever I knew make great and oft complaint: a good horseman will choose no such colt, neither for his own, nor yet for his master's saddle. And thus much of the first note.

2. *Mnemon*. Good of memory, a special part of the first note, and a mere benefit of nature: yet it is so necessary for learning, as Plato maketh it a separate and perfect note of itself, and that so principal a note, as without it, all other gifts of nature do small service to learning. Afranius, that old Latin poet, maketh memory the mother of learning and wisdom, saying thus: "Usus me genuit, mater peperit memoria;" and though it be the mere gift of nature, yet is memory well preserved by use, and much increased by order, as our scholar must learn another day in the university; but in a child, a good memory is well known by three properties: that is, if it be quick in receiving, sure in keeping, and ready in delivering forth again.

3. *Philomathes*. Given to love learning; for though a child have all the gifts of nature at wish, and perfection of memory at will, yet if he have not a special love to learning, he shall never attain to much learning. And therefore Isocrates, one of the noblest schoolmasters that is in memory of learning, who taught kings and princes, as Halicarnassæus writeth, and out of whose school, as Tully saith, came forth more noble captains, more wise councilors, than did out of Epeius' horse at Troy; — this Isocrates, I say, did cause to be written, at the entry of his school, in golden letters, this golden sentence, *ἐὰν ᾗς φιλομαθῆς, ἔσῃ πολυμαθῆς*, which, excellently said in Greek, is thus rudely in English: If thou lovest learning, thou shalt attain to much learning.

4. *Philoponos* is he that hath a lust to labor, and a will to take pains. For if a child have all the benefits of nature, with perfection of memory, love, like, and praise learning never so much, yet if he be not of himself painful [painstaking], he shall never attain unto it. And yet where love is present, labor is seldom absent, and namely in study of learning, and matters of the mind: and therefore did Isocrates rightly judge that if his scholar were Philomathes he cared for no more. Aristotle, varying from Isocrates in private affairs of life, but agreeing with Isocrates in common judgment of learning, for

love and labor in learning, is of the same opinion, uttered in these words, in his "Rhetoric ad Theodecten": Liberty kindleth love; love refuseth no labor; and labor obtaineth whatsoever it seeketh. And yet nevertheless, goodness of nature may do little good; perfection of memory may serve to small use; all love may be employed in vain: any labor may be soon graveled, if a man trust always to his own singular wit and will not be glad sometime to hear, take advice, and learn of another: And therefore doth Socrates very notably add the fifth note.

5. *Philekoös*. He that is glad to hear and learn of another. For otherwise, he shall stick with great trouble, where he might go easily forward; and also catch hardly a very little by his own toil, when he might gather quickly a good deal by another man's teaching. But now there be some that have great love to learning, good lust to labor, be willing to learn of others, yet, either of a fond shamefacedness, or else of a proud folly, they dare not or will not go to learn of another; and therefore doth Socrates wisely add the sixth note of a good wit in a child for learning, and that is—

6. *Zetetikos*. He that is naturally bold to ask any question, desirous to search out any doubt, not ashamed to learn of the meanest, not afraid to go to the greatest, until he be perfectly taught, and fully satisfied.

The seventh and last point is —

7. *Philepainos*. He that loveth to be praised for well-doing, at his father or master's hand. A child of this nature will earnestly love learning, gladly labor for learning, willingly learn of others, boldly ask any doubt. And thus, by Socrates' judgment, a good father and a wise schoolmaster should choose a child to make a scholar of, that hath by nature the foresaid perfect qualities, and comely furniture, both of mind and body, hath memory quick to receive, sure to keep, and ready to deliver: hath love to learning: hath lust to labor: hath desire to learn of others: hath boldness to ask any question: hath mind wholly bent to win praise by well-doing.

The two first points be special benefits of nature: which, nevertheless, be well preserved, and much increased by good order. But as for the five last, love, labor, gladness to learn of others, boldness to ask doubts, and will to win praise, be won and maintained by the only wisdom and discretion of the schoolmaster. Which five points, whether a schoolmaster shall

work sooner in a child, by fearful beating or courteous handling, you that be wise, judge.

Yet some men, wise indeed, but in this matter more by severity of nature than any wisdom at all, do laugh at us, when we thus wish and reason, that young children should rather be allured to learning by gentleness and love, than compelled to learning by beating and fear : They say our reasons serve only to breed forth talk, and pass away time, but we never saw good schoolmaster do so, nor never read of wise man that thought so.

Yes, forsooth : as wise as they be, either in other men's opinion, or in their own conceit, I will bring the contrary judgment of him, who, they themselves shall confess, wax as wise as they are, or else they may be justly thought to have small wit at all : and that is Socrates, whose judgment in Plato is plainly this in these words : . . . in English thus, No learning ought to be learned with bondage : For, bodily labors, wrought by compulsion, hurt not the body : but any learning learned by compulsion, tarrieth not long in the mind : And why ? For whatsoever the mind doth learn unwillingly with fear, the same it doth quickly forget without care. And lest proud wits, that love not to be contraried, but have lust to wrangle or trifle away troth, will say that Socrates meaneth not this of children's teaching, but of some other higher learning, hear what Socrates in the same place doth more plainly say : . . . my dear friend, bring not up your children in learning by compulsion and fear, but by playing and pleasure. And you that do read Plato, as ye should, do well perceive that these be no questions asked by Socrates as doubts, but they be sentences, first affirmed by Socrates as mere truths, and after, given forth by Socrates as right rules, most necessary to be marked, and fit to be followed of all them that would have children taught as they should. And in this counsel, judgment, and authority of Socrates, I will repose myself, until I meet with a man of the contrary mind whom I may justly take to be wiser than I think Socrates was. Fond schoolmasters neither can understand, nor will follow this good counsel of Socrates, but wise riders in their office can and will do both : which is the only cause, that commonly the young gentlemen of England go so unwillingly to school, and run so fast to the stable : For in very deed fond schoolmasters, by fear, do beat into them the hatred of learning, and wise riders, by gentle allurements, do breed up in

them the love of riding. They find fear and bondage in schools. They feel liberty and freedom in stables: which causeth them utterly to abhor the one, and most gladly to haunt the other. And I do not write this that, in exhorting to the one, I would dissuade young gentlemen from the other: yea, I am sorry, with all my heart, that they be given no more to riding than they be: For of all outward qualities, to ride fair is most comely for himself, most necessary for his country; and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth exceed all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises, amongst the noble gentlemen the old Persians, Always to say truth, to ride fair, and shoot well: and so it was engraven upon Darius' tomb, as Strabo beareth witness: —

Darius the king lieth buried here,  
Who in riding and shooting had never peer.

But, to our purpose, young men, by any means, losing the love of learning, when by time they come to their own rule, they carry commonly, from the school with them, a perpetual hatred of their master, and a continual contempt of learning. If ten gentlemen be asked why they forget so soon in court that which they were learning so long in school, eight of them, or let me be blamed, will lay the fault on their ill handling by their schoolmasters. . . .

Yet some will say that children, of nature, love pastime and mislike learning: because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome: which is an opinion not so true as some men ween: For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young, as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old, nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For, beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, ye shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book. Knock him always, when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, ye shall have him very loath to be in the field, and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more, — and not of myself, but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent, — that if ever the nature of man be given at any time, more than other, to receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure clean wit of a sweet young babe is like the newest wax, most able

to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keepe clean any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will 'in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth: This, lewd [vulgar] and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young; and this is not strange, but common in all nature's works. Every man sees (as I said before) new wax is best for printing; new clay fittest for working; new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing; new fresh flesh, for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder house, but out of his schoolhouse, of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. Young grafts grow not only soonest, but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit: young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak: and so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely, children, kept up in God's fear, and governed by his grace, may most easily be brought well to serve God and country both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with willfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but impossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness, the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child, for virtue and learning, I will gladly report ; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park : I found her in her chamber, reading "Phædon Platonis" in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park ? Smiling she answered me : "I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato : alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madame," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it : seeing, not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto." "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world ; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me : and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringing daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me." I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.



I could be over-long, both in showing just causes, and in reciting true examples, why learning should be taught rather by love than fear. He that would see a perfect discourse of it, let him read that learned treatise, which my friend Joan. Sturmius wrote "de Institutione Principis," to the Duke of Cleves.

The godly counsels of Solomon and Jesus the son of Sirach, for sharp keeping in and bridling of youth, are meant rather for fatherly correction than masterly beating, rather for manners than for learning; for other places, than for schools. For God forbid but all evil touches, wantounness, lying, picking, sloth, will, stubbornness, and disobedience should be with sharp chastisement daily cut away.

## THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

By JOHN LYLY.

(From "Euphues and his England.")

[JOHN LYLY, English stylist, was born in Kent, 1553. He graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, 1573; studied also at Cambridge. He was in Lord Burghley's household, vice master of St. Paul's choristers; member of Parliament (1597-1601); buried November 30, 1606. He published "Euphues, or the Anatomie of Wit" (1579), "Euphues and his England" (1580), and several comedies later.]

IS NOT this a glass, fair ladies, for all other countries to behold, where there is not only an agreement in faith, religion, and counsel, but in friendship, brotherhood and living? By whose good endeavors vice is punished, virtue rewarded, peace established, foreign broils repressed, domestical cares appeased? What nation can of counselors desire more? what dominion, that excepted, hath so much? when neither courage can prevail against their chivalry, nor craft take place against their counsel, nor both joined in one be of force to undermine their country.

When you have dazzled your eyes with this glass, behold I've another. It was my fortune to be acquainted with certain English gentlemen, which brought me to the court, where, when I came, I was driven into amaze to behold the lusty and brave gallants, the beautiful and chaste ladies, the rare and godly orders, so as I could not tell whether I should most commend

virtue or bravery. At the last, coming oftener thither than it beseemed one of my degree, yet not so often as they desired my company, I began to pry after their manners, natures, and lives, and that which followeth I saw, whereof whoso doubteth I will swear.

The ladies spend the morning in devout prayer, not resembling the gentlewomen in Greece and Italy, who begin their morning at midnoon and make their evening at midnight, using sonnets for psalms and pastimes for prayers, reading the epistle of a lover when they should peruse the Gospel of our Lord, drawing wanton lines when death is before their face, as Archimedes did triangles and circles when the enemy was at his back. Behold, ladies, in this glass, that the service of God is to be preferred before all things, imitate the English damoselles, who have their books tied to their girdles, not feathers, who are as cunning in the Scriptures as you are in Ariosto or Petrarch, or any book that liketh you best and becometh you most.

For bravery I cannot say that you exceed them, for certain it is the most gorgeous court that ever I have seen, read, or heard of; but yet do they not use their apparel so nicely as you in Italy, who think scorn to kneel at service for fear of wrinkles in your silks, who dare not lift up your head to heaven for fear of rumpling the ruffs in your neck, yet your hands, I conceive, are holden up rather, I think, to show your rings than to manifest your righteousness. The bravery they use is for the honor of their prince, the attire you wear for the alluring of your prey; the rich apparel maketh their beauty more seen, your disguising causeth your faces to be more suspected; they resemble in their raiment the elfrich, who, being gazed on, closeth her wings and hideth her feathers, you in your robes are not unlike the peacock, who, being praised, spreadeth his tail and bewrayeth his pride. Velvets and silks in them are like gold about a pure diamond, in you like a green hedge about a filthy dunghill. Think not, ladies, that because you are decked with gold you are endued with grace; imagine not that shining like the sun in earth ye shall climb the sun in heaven; look diligently into this English glass, and then shall you see that the more costly your apparel is the greater your courtesy should be, that you ought to be as far from pride as you are from poverty, and as near to princes in beauty as you are in brightness. Because you are brave disdain not those

who are base; think with yourselves that russet coats have their christendom, that the sun when he is at his height shineth as well upon coarse kersey as cloth of tissue; though you have pearls in your ears, jewels in your breasts, precious stones on your fingers, yet disclaim not the stones in the street, which, although they are nothing so noble, yet are they much more necessary. Let not your robes hinder your devotion; learn of the English ladies that God is worthy to be worshiped with the most price, to whom you ought to give all praise: then shall you be like stars to the wise, who are now but staring flocks to the foolish, then shall you be praised of most who are now pointed at of all, then shall God bear with your folly who now abhorreth your pride.

As the ladies in this blessed island are devout and brave, so are they chaste and beautiful; insomuch that when I first beheld them I could not tell whether some mist had bleared mine eyes or some strange enchantment my mind: for it may be, thought I, that in this island either some Artimedorus or Lisimandro, or some odd necromancer did inhabit, who would show me fairies, or the body of Helen, or the new shape of Venus; but coming to myself and seeing that my senses were not changed but hindered, that the place where I stood was no enchanted castle but a gallant court, I could scarce restrain my voice from crying, "There is no beauty but in England." There did I behold them of pure complexion, exceeding the lily and the rose, of favor (wherein the chiefest beauty consisteth) surpassing the pictures that were feigned, or the magician that would feign, their eyes piercing like the sunbeams yet chaste, their speech pleasant and sweet yet modest and courteous, their gait comely, their bodies straight, their hands white, all things that man could wish or woman would have, which how much it is none can set down, whenas the one desireth as much as may be, the other more. And to these beautiful molds, chaste minds: to these comely bodies, temperance, modesty, mildness, sobriety, whom I often beheld merry yet wise, conferring with courtiers yet warily; drinking of wine yet moderately, eating of delicacies yet but their ear full, listening to discourses of love but not without reasoning of learning: for there it more delighteth them to talk of Robin Hood than to shoot in his bow, and greater pleasure they take to hear of love than to be in love. Here, ladies, is a glass that will make you blush for shame and look wan for anger; their

beauty cometh by nature, yours by art ; they increase their favors with fair water, you maintain yours with painters' colors ; the hair they lay out groweth upon their own heads, your seemliness hangeth upon others ; theirs is always in their own keeping, yours often in the dyer's ; their beauty is not lost with a sharp blast, yours fadeth with a soft breath ; not unlike unto paper flowers which break as soon as they are touched, resembling the birds in Egypt called ibes, who, being handled, loose their feathers, or the serpent serapie, which, being but touched with a brake, bursteth. They use their beauty because it is commendable, you because you would be common ; they, if they have little, do not seek to make it more, you that have none endeavor to bespeak most ; if theirs wither by age they nothing esteem it, if yours waste by years you go about to keep it ; they know that beauty must fail if life continue, you swear that it shall not fade if colors last.

But to what end, ladies, do you alter the gifts of nature by the shifts of art ? Is there no color good but white, no planet bright but Venus, no linen fair but lawn ? Why go ye about to make the face fair by those means that are most foul ? a thing loathsome to man and therefore not lovely ; horrible before God and therefore not lawful.

Have you not heard that the beauty of the cradle is most bright, that paintings are for pictures without sense, not for persons with true reason ? Follow at the last, ladies, the gentlewomen of England, who, being beautiful, do those things as shall become so amiable faces, if of an indifferent hue, those things as they shall make them lovely, not adding an ounce to beauty that may detract a dram from virtue. Besides this, their chastity and temperance is as rare as their beauty, not going in your footsteps, that drink wine before you rise to increase your color and swill it when you are up to provoke your lust. They use their needle to banish idleness, not the pen to nourish it, not spending their time in answering the letters of those that woo them, but forswearing the company of those that write them, giving no occasion either by wanton looks, unseemly gestures, unadvised speech, or any uncomely behavior of lightness or liking. Contrary to the custom of many countries, where filthy words are accounted to favor of a fine wit, broad speech of a bold courage, wanton glances of a sharp eyesight, wicked deeds of a comely gesture, all vain delights of a right courteous courtesy.

And yet are they not in England precise but wary, not disdainful to confer but fearful to offend, not without remorse where they perceive truth but without replying where they suspect treachery, whenas among other nations there is no tale so loathsome to chaste ears but it is heard with great sport and answered with great speed.

Is it not then a shame, ladies, that that little island should be a mirror to you, to Europe, to the whole world?

Where is the temperance you profess, when wine is more common than water? where the chastity, when lust is thought lawful? where the modesty, when your mirth turneth to uncleanness, uncleanness to shamelessness, shamelessness to all sinfulness? Learn, ladies, though late, yet at length, that the chiefest title of honor in earth is to give all honor to him that is in heaven; that the greatest bravery in this world is to be burning lamps in the world to come; that the clearest beauty in this life is to be amiable to him that shall give life eternal.

Look in the glass of England — too bright, I fear me, for your eyes: what is there in your sex that they have not, and what that you should not have? They are in prayer devout, in bravery humble, in beauty chaste, in feasting temperate, in affection wise, in mirth modest, in all their actions, though courtly because women, yet angels because virtuous.

Ah, good ladies, — good, I say, for that I love you, — I would you could a little abate that pride of your stomachs, that looseness of mind, that licentious behavior, which I have seen in you with no small sorrow, and cannot remedy with continual sighs.

They in England pray when you play, sow when you sleep, fast when you feast, and weep for their sins when you laugh at your sensualities. They frequent the church to serve God, you to see gallants; they deck themselves for cleanliness, you for pride; they maintain their beauty for their own liking, you for others' lust; they refrain wine because they fear to take too much, you because you can take no more. Come, ladies, with tears I call you, look in this glass, repent your sins past, refrain your present vices, abhor vanities to come, say thus with one voice, "We can see our faults only in the English glass;" a glass of grace to them, of grief to you; to them in the stead of righteousness, to you in place of repentance.

The lords and gentlemen in that court are also an example for all others to follow. . . .

This is a glass for our youth in Greece, for your young ones in Italy, the English glass: behold it, lords and ladies, and all that either mean to have piety, use bravery, increase beauty, or that desire temperance, chastity, wit, wisdom, valor, or anything that may delight yourselves or deserve praise of others.

But another sight there is in my glass, which maketh me sigh for grief I cannot show it, and yet had I rather offend in derogating from my glass than my good will.

Blessed is that land that hath all commodities to increase the common wealth; happy is that island that hath wise counselors to maintain it, virtuous courtiers to beautify it, noble gentlemen to advance it, but to have such a prince to govern it as is their sovereign queen, I know not whether I should think the people to be more fortunate, or the prince famous; whether their felicity be more to be had in admiration that have such a ruler, or his virtues to be honored that hath such royalty; for such is their estate there that I am enforced to think that every day is as lucky to the Englishmen as the sixth day of February hath been to the Grecians.

But I see you gaze until I show this glass, which, you having once seen, will make you giddy. O ladies! I know not when to begin nor where to end; for the more I go about to express the brightness, the more I find mine eyes bleared, the nearer I desire to come to it, the farther I seem from it; not unlike unto Simonides, who, being curious to set down what God was, the more leisure he took, the more loath he was to meddle, saying that in things above reach it was easy to catch a strain but impossible to touch a star; and therefore, scarce tolerable to point at that which one can never pull at. When Alexander had commanded that none should paint him but Apelles, none carve him but Lysippus, none engrave him but Pergoteles, Parrhasius framed a table squared every way two hundred feet, which in the borders he trimmed with fresh colors and limned with fine gold, leaving all the other room without knot or line, which table he presented to Alexander, who, no less marveling at the bigness than at the bareness, demanded to what end he gave him a frame without face, being so naked, and without fashion, being so great. Parrhasius answered him, "Let it be lawful for Parrhasius, O Alexander, to show a table wherein he would paint Alexander, if it were not unlawful, and for others to square timber though Lysippus carve it, and for all to cast brass though Pergoteles engrave it." Alexander,

perceiving the good mind of Parrhasius, pardoned his boldness and preferred his art, yet inquiring why he framed the table so big. He answered that he thought that frame to be but little enough for his picture, when the whole world was too little for his person, saying that Alexander must as well be praised as painted, and that all his victories and virtues were not to be drawn in the compass of a signet but in a field.

This answer Alexander both liked and rewarded, insomuch that it was lawful ever after for Parrhasius both to praise that noble king and to paint him.

In like manner I hope, and though it be not requisite that any should paint their prince in England that cannot sufficiently perfect her, yet it shall not be thought rashness or rudeness for Euphues to frame a table for Elizabeth, though he presume not to paint her. Let Apelles show his fine art, Euphues will manifest his faithful heart; the one can but prove his conceit to blaze his cunning, the other his good will to grind his colors.

He that wetteth the tools is not to be disliked though he cannot carve the image; the worm that spinneth the silk is to be esteemed though she cannot work the sampler; they that fell timber for ships are not to be blamed because they cannot build ships. He that carrieth mortar furthereth the building, though he be no expert mason; he that diggeth the garden is to be considered, though he cannot tread the knots; the goldsmith's boy must have his wages for blowing the fire, though he cannot fashion the jewel.

Then, ladies, I hope poor Euphues shall not be reviled though he deserve not to be rewarded. I will set down this Elizabeth as near as I can, and it may be that as the Venus of Apelles, not finished; the Tindarides of Nipomachus, not ended; the Medea of Timomachus, not perfected; the table of Parrhasius, not colored, brought greater desire to consummate them and to others to see them; so the Elizabeth of Euphues, being but shadowed for others to varnish, but begun for others to end, but drawn with a black coal for others to blaze with a bright color, may work either a desire in Euphues hereafter, if he live, to end it, or a mind in those that are better able to amend it, or in all (if none can work it) a will to wish it. In the mean season I say, as Zeuxis did when he had drawn the picture of Atlanta, more will envy me than imitate me, and not commend it though they cannot amend it.

## MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

[MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE, French essayist, was born of a distinguished family at the Château Montaigne in Périgord, February 28, 1533. In accordance with his father's eccentric ideas on education, he was taught and allowed to speak no language but Latin till the age of six, and was then sent to the Collège de Guienne at Bordeaux, among his instructors being George Buchanan, the Scottish poet and historian. He was afterwards a judge in the Parliament of Bordeaux, twice mayor of that city, and when at Blois, in 1588, was chosen to negotiate a treaty between the Duke of Guise and Henry of Navarre. The greater part of his life, however, was spent in peaceful study and meditation at his ancestral château, where he died September 13, 1592. Montaigne's "Essays" (published 1580 and 1588) had an immense influence on French authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and have been widely read outside of France. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson possessed English translations.]

## VIRTUES OF THE LOWER ANIMALS.

WHAT is there in us that we do not see in the operations of animals? The swallows that we see at the return of the spring, searching all the corners of our houses for the most commodious places wherein to build their nest; do they seek without judgment, and amongst a thousand choose out the most proper for their purpose, without discretion? And in that elegant and admirable contexture of their buildings, can birds rather make choice of a square figure than a round, of an obtuse than of a right angle, without knowing their properties and effects? Do they bring water, and then clay, without knowing that the hardness of the latter grows softer by being wet? Do they mat their palace with moss or down without foreseeing that their tender young will lie more safe and easy? Do they secure themselves from the wet and rainy winds, and place their lodgings against the east, without knowing the different qualities of the winds, and considering that one is more wholesome than another? Why does the spider make her web tighter in one place, and slacker in another; why now make one sort of knot and then another, if she has not deliberation, thought, and conclusion? We sufficiently discover in most of their works how much animals excel us, and how unable our art is to imitate them. We see, nevertheless, in our rougher performances, that we employ all our faculties, and apply the utmost power of our souls; why do we not conclude the same



of them? Why should we attribute to I know not what natural and servile inclination the works that excel all we can do by nature and art? wherein, without being aware, we give them a mighty advantage over us in making nature, with maternal gentleness and love, accompany and lead them, as it were, by the hand to all the actions and commodities of their life, whilst she leaves us to chance and fortune, and to seek out by art the things that are necessary to our conservation, at the same time denying us the means of being able, by any instruction or effort of understanding, to arrive at the natural sufficiency of beasts; so that their brutish stupidity surpasses, in all conveniences, all that our divine intelligence can do. Really, at this rate, we might with great reason call her an unjust step-mother; but it is nothing so, our polity is not so irregular and unformed.

For instance, take the fox, the people of Thrace make use of when they wish to pass over the ice of some frozen river, and turn him out before them to that purpose; when we see him lay his ear upon the bank of the river, down to the ice, to listen if from a more remote or nearer distance he can hear the noise of the waters' current, and, according as he finds by that the ice to be of a less or greater thickness, to retire or advance, — have we not reason to believe thence that the same rational thoughts passed through his head that we should have upon the like occasions; and that it is a ratiocination and consequence, drawn from natural sense, that that which makes a noise runs, that which runs is not frozen, what is not frozen is liquid, and that which is liquid yields to impression?

I must not omit what Plutarch says he saw of a dog at Rome with the Emperor Vespasian, the father, at the theater of Marcellus. This dog served a player, that played a farce of several parts and personages, and had therein his part. He had, amongst other things, to counterfeit himself for some time dead, by reason of a certain drug he was supposed to eat. After he had swallowed a piece of bread, which passed for the drug, he began after a while to tremble and stagger, as if he was taken giddy; at last, stretching himself out stiff, as if dead, he suffered himself to be drawn and dragged from place to place, as it was his part to do; and afterward, when he knew it to be time, he began first gently to stir, as if awaking out of a profound sleep, and lifting up his head

looked about him after such a manner as astonished all the spectators.

The oxen that served in the royal gardens of Susa, to water them, and turn certain great wheels to draw water for that purpose, to which buckets were fastened (such as there are many in Languedoc), being ordered every one to draw a hundred turns a day, they were so accustomed to this number that it was impossible by any force to make them draw one turn more ; but, their task being performed, they would suddenly stop and stand still. We are almost men before we can count a hundred, and have lately discovered nations that have no knowledge of numbers at all.

"I have formerly seen," says Arrian, "an elephant having a cymbal hung at each leg, and another fastened to his trunk, at the sound of which all the others danced round about him, rising and bending at certain cadences, as they were guided by the instrument ; and 'twas delightful to hear this harmony." In the spectacles of Rome there were ordinarily seen elephants taught to move and dance, to the sound of the voice, dances wherein were several changes and cadences very hard to learn. And some have been known so intent upon their lesson as privately to practice it by themselves, that they might not be chidden or beaten by their masters.

But this other story of the pie, of which we have Plutarch himself for a warrant, is very strange. She lived in a barber's shop at Rome, and did wonders in imitating with her voice whatever she heard. It happened one day that certain trumpeters stood a good while sounding before the shop. After that, and all the next day, the pie was pensive, dumb, and melancholic ; which everybody wondered at, and thought the noise of the trumpets had so stupefied and astonished her that her voice was gone with her hearing. But they found at last that it was a profound meditation and a retiring into herself, her thoughts exercising and preparing her voice to imitate the sound of those trumpets, so that the first voice she uttered was perfectly to imitate their strains, stops, and changes, — having by this new lesson quitted and taken in disdain all she had learned before.

I will not omit this other example of a dog, also, which the same Plutarch (I am sadly confounding all order, but I do not propose arrangement here any more than elsewhere throughout my book) which Plutarch says he saw on board a ship. This

dog, being puzzled how to get the oil that was in the bottom of a jar, which he could not reach with his tongue by reason of the narrow mouth of the vessel, went and fetched stones and let them fall into the jar till he made the oil rise so high that he could reach it. What is this but an effect of a very subtle capacity? 'Tis said that the ravens of Barbary do the same, when the water they would drink is too low. This action is somewhat akin to what Juba, a king of their nation, relates of the elephants: "That when, by the craft of the hunter, one of them is trapped in certain deep pits prepared for them and covered over with brush to deceive them, all the rest, in great diligence, bring a great many stones and logs of wood to raise the bottom so that he may get out." But this animal, in several other effects, comes so near to human capacity that, should I particularly relate all that experience hath delivered to us, I should easily have what I usually maintain granted; namely, that there is more difference betwixt such and such a man than betwixt such a beast and such a man. The keeper of an elephant in a private house of Syria robbed him every meal of the half of his allowance. One day his master would himself feed him, and poured the full measure of barley he had ordered for his allowance into his manger; at which the elephant, casting an angry look at his keeper, with his trunk separated the one half from the other, and thrust it aside, by that declaring the wrong was done him. And another, having a keeper that mixed stones with his corn to make up the measure, came to the pot where he was boiling meat for his own dinner and filled it with ashes. Of fresh memory, the Portuguese having besieged the city of Tamly, in the territory of Xiatine, the inhabitants of the place brought a great many hives, of which are great plenty in that place, upon the wall; and with fire drove the bees so furiously upon the enemy that they gave over the enterprise, not being able to stand their attacks and endure their stings; and so the citizens, by this new sort of relief, gained liberty and the victory with so wonderful a fortune, that at the return of their defenders from the battle they found they had not lost so much as one.

As to fidelity, there is no animal in the world so treacherous as man. Our histories have recorded the violent pursuits that dogs have made after the murderers of their masters. King Pyrrhus observing a dog that watched a dead man's body, and understanding that he had for three days together performed

that office, commanded that the body should be buried, and took the dog along with him. One day, as he was at a general muster of his army, this dog, seeing his master's murderers, with great barking and extreme signs of anger flew upon them, and by this first accusation awakened the revenge of this murder, which was soon after perfected by form of justice. As much was done by the dog of the wise Hesiod, who convicted the sons of Ganietor of Naupactus of the murder committed on the person of his master. Another dog being to guard a temple at Athens, having spied a sacrilegious thief carrying away the finest jewels, fell to barking at him with all his force, but the warders not awaking at the noise, he followed him, and day being broke, kept off at a little distance, without losing sight of him ; if he offered him anything to eat he would not take it, but would wag his tail at all the passengers he met, and took whatever they gave him ; and if the thief lay down to sleep, he likewise stayed upon the same place. The news of this dog being come to the warders of the temple, they put themselves upon the pursuit, inquiring of the color of the dog, and at last found him in the city of Cromyon, and the thief also, whom they brought back to Athens, where he got his reward ; and the judges, in consideration of this good office, ordered a certain measure of corn for the dog's daily sustenance, at the public charge, and the priests to take care of it. Plutarch delivers this story for a certain truth, and that it happened in the age wherein he lived.

As to gratitude (for I think we need bring this word into a little repute), this one example, which Apion reports himself to have been an eyewitness of, shall suffice. "One day," says he, "at Rome, they entertained the people with the sight of the fighting of several strange beasts, and principally of lions of an unusual size ; there was one amongst the rest who, by his furious deportment, by the strength and largeness of his limbs, and by his loud and dreadful roaring, attracted the eyes of all the spectators. Amongst other slaves that were presented to the people in this combat of beasts there was one Androclus, of Dacia, belonging to a Roman lord of consular dignity. This lion, having seen him at a distance, first made a sudden stop, as it were in a wondering posture, and then softly approached nearer in a gentle and peaceable manner, as if it were to enter into acquaintance with him. This being done, and being now assured of what he sought for, he began to wag

his tail, as dogs do when they flatter their masters, and to kiss and lick the hands and thighs of the poor wretch, who was beside himself, and almost dead with fear. Androclus being by this kindness of the lion a little come to himself, and having taken so much heart as to consider and know him, it was a singular pleasure to see the joy and caresses that passed betwixt them. At which the people breaking into loud acclamations of joy, the emperor caused the slave to be called, to know from him the cause of so strange an event; who thereupon told him a new and a very strange story: "My master," said he, "being proconsul in Africa, I was constrained, by his severity and cruel usage, being daily beaten, to steal from him and run away; and, to hide myself secretly from a person of so great authority in the province, I thought it my best way to fly to the solitudes, sands, and uninhabitable parts of that country, resolving that in case the means of supporting life should chance to fail me, to make some shift or other to kill myself. The sun being excessively hot at noon, and the heat intolerable, I lit upon a private and almost inaccessible cave, and went into it. Soon after there came in to me this lion, with one foot wounded and bloody, complaining and groaning with the pain he endured. At his coming I was exceeding afraid; but he, having spied me hidden in the corner of his den, came gently to me, holding out and showing me his wounded foot, as if he demanded my assistance in his distress. I then drew out a great splinter he had got there, and, growing a little more familiar with him, squeezing the wound thrust out the matter, dirt, and gravel which was got into it, and wiped and cleansed it the best I could. He, finding himself something better, and much eased of his pain, laid him down to rest, and presently fell asleep with his foot in my hand. From that time forward he and I lived together in this cave three whole years upon one and the same diet; for of the beasts that he killed in hunting he always brought me the best pieces, which I roasted in the sun for want of fire, and so ate it. At last, growing weary of this wild and brutish life, the lion being one day gone abroad to hunt for our ordinary provision, I departed thence, and the third day after was taken by the soldiers, who brought me from Africa to this city to my master, who presently condemned me to die, and to be thus exposed to the wild beasts. Now, by what I see, this lion was also taken soon after, who has now sought to recompense me

for the benefit and cure that he received at my hands." This is the story that Androclus told the emperor, which he also conveyed from hand to hand to the people; wherefore, at the general request, he was absolved from his sentence and set at liberty, and the lion was, by order of the people, presented to him. "We afterwards saw," says Apion, "Androclus leading this lion, in nothing but a small leash, from tavern to tavern at Rome, and receiving what money everybody would give him, the lion being so gentle as to suffer himself to be covered with the flowers that the people threw upon him, every one that met him saying, 'There goes the lion that entertained the man; there goes the man that cured the lion.'"

As to magnanimity, it will be hard to exhibit a better instance of it than in the example of the great dog sent to Alexander the Great from the Indies. They first brought him a stag to encounter, next a boar, and after that a bear, all which he slighted, and disdained to stir from his place; but when he saw a lion he then immediately roused himself, evidently manifesting that he declared that alone worthy to enter the lists with him. Touching repentance and the acknowledgment of faults, 'tis reported of an elephant that, having in the impetuosity of his rage killed his keeper, he fell into so extreme a sorrow that he would never after eat, but starved himself to death. And as to clemency, 'tis said of a tiger, the most cruel of all beasts, that a kid having been put in to him, he suffered a two days' hunger rather than hurt it, and the third broke the grate he was shut up in, to seek elsewhere for prey; so unwilling he was to fall upon the kid, his familiar and his guest. And as to the laws of familiarity and agreement, formed by conversation, it ordinarily happens that we bring up cats, dogs, and hares, tame together.

#### NOT TO COUNTERFEIT BEING SICK.

There is an epigram in Martial of very good sense, for he has of all sorts, where he pleasantly tells the story of Cælius, who to avoid making his court to some great men of Rome, to wait their rising, and to attend them abroad, pretended to have the gout; and, the better to color this pretense, anointed his legs, and had them wrapped up in a great many clouts and swathings, and perfectly counterfeited both the gesture and

countenance of a gouty person, till in the end fortune did him the kindness to make him gouty indeed.

*Tantum cura potest, et ars doloris !  
Desit fingere Cælius podagram.*

So much has counterfeiting brought about,  
Cælius has ceased to counterfeit the gout.

I think I have read somewhere in Appian a story like this, of one who, to escape the proscriptions of the Triumviri of Rome, and the better to be concealed from the discovery of those who pursued him, having shaded himself in a disguise, would yet add this invention, to counterfeit having but one eye ; but when he came to have a little more liberty, and went to take off the plaster he had a great while worn over his eye, he found he had totally lost the sight of it indeed, and that it was absolutely gone. 'Tis possible that the action of sight was dulled for having been so long without exercise, and that the optic power was wholly retired into the other eye ; for we evidently perceive that the eye we keep shut sends some part of its virtue to its fellow, so that the remaining eye will swell and grow bigger ; as also idleness, with the heat of ligatures and plasters, might very well have brought some gouty humor upon this dissembler in Martial.

Reading in Froissard the vow of a troop of young English gallants, to carry their left eyes bound up till they were arrived in France, and had performed some notable exploit upon us, I have oft been tickled with the conceit of its befalling them as it did the before-named Roman, and that they had returned with but an eye apiece to their mistresses, for whose sakes they had entered into this vow.

Mothers have reason to rebuke their children when they counterfeit having but one eye, squinting, lameness, or any other personal defect ; for, besides that their bodies being then so tender may be subject to take an ill bent, fortune, I know not how, sometimes seems to take a delight to take us at our word ; and I have heard several examples related of people who have become really sick by only feigning to be so. I have always used, whether on horseback or on foot, to carry a stick in my hand, and so as to affect doing it with a grace ; many have threatened that this trick would one day be turned

into necessity ; that is, that I should be the first of my family that should have the gout.

But let us a little lengthen this chapter, and vary it with a piece of another color, concerning blindness. Pliny reports of one that, once dreaming he was blind, found himself in the morning so indeed, without any preceding infirmity in his eyes. The force of imagination might assist in this case, as I have said elsewhere, and Pliny seems to be of the same opinion ; but it is more likely that the motions which the body felt within (of which physicians, if they please, may find out the cause), which took away his sight, were the occasion of his dream.

#### AGAINST IDLENESS.

The Emperor Vespasian, being sick with the disease whereof he died, did not for all that neglect to inquire after the state of the empire, and even in bed continually dispatched very many affairs of great consequence ; for which, being reproved by his physician, as a thing prejudicial to his health, "An emperor," said he, "should die standing." A fine saying, in my opinion, and worthy of a great prince. The Emperor Adrian since made use of words to the same purpose ; and kings should be often put in mind of it, to make them know that the great office conferred upon them, of the command of so many men, is not an employment of ease ; and that there is nothing can so justly disgust a subject, and make him unwilling to expose himself to labor and danger for the service of his prince, as to see him in the mean time devoted to his ease and unmanly delights ; or to be solicitous of his preservation, who so much neglects that of his people.

Whoever will take upon him to maintain that 'tis better for a prince to carry on his wars by others than in his own person, fortune will furnish him with examples enough of those whose lieutenants have brought great enterprises to a happy issue, and of those also whose presence had done more hurt than good. But no virtuous and valiant prince can with patience endure such dishonorable advice. Under color of saving his head, like the statue of a saint, for the happiness of his kingdom, they degrade him from, and declare him incapable of, his office, which is military throughout. I know one who would much rather be beaten, than to sleep whilst another fights for him ; and who never without jealousy heard of any brave thing done,



even by his own officers in his absence. And Selim I. said, with very good reason, in my opinion, "That victories obtained without the master were never complete;" much more would he have said that that master ought to blush for shame to pretend to any share in the honor, having contributed nothing to the work but his voice and thought; nor even so much as those, considering that, in such works as that, the direction and command that deserve honor are only such as are given upon the place, and in the heat of the business. No pilot performs his office by standing still. The princes of the Ottoman family, the first in the world in military fortune, have warmly embraced this opinion; and Bajazet the Second, with his son, that swerved from it, spending their time in sciences and other indoor employments, gave great blows to their empire; and Amurath the Third, now reigning, following their example, begins to find the same. Was it not Edward the Third, king of England, who said this of our Charles the Fifth? "There never was king who so seldom put on his armor, and yet never king who cut me out so much work." He had reason to think it strange, as an effect of chance more than of reason. And let those seek out some other to join with them than me, who will reckon the kings of Castile and Portugal amongst warlike and magnanimous conquerors, because, at the distance of twelve hundred leagues from their lazy abode, by the conduct of their captains, they made themselves masters of both Indies; of which it remains to be seen if they have but the courage to go in person to enjoy them.

The Emperor Julian said yet further, that "a philosopher and a brave man ought not so much as to breathe;" that is to say, not to allow any more to bodily necessities than what we cannot refuse, keeping the soul and body still intent and busy about honorable, great, and virtuous things. He was ashamed if any one in public saw him spit or sweat (which is said also of the Lacedemonian young men, and by Xenophon of the Persians), forasmuch as he conceived that exercise, continual labor, and sobriety ought to have dried up all those superfluities. What Seneca says will not be inapt for this place, that the ancient Romans kept their youth always standing. They taught them nothing, says he, that they were to learn sitting.

'Tis a generous desire to wish to die usefully and like a man, but the effect lies not so much in our resolution as in good fortune. A thousand have proposed to themselves in battle, either

to overcome or die, who have failed both in the one and the other,—wounds and imprisonment crossing their design, and compelling them to live against their will. There are diseases that overthrow even our desires and our knowledge. Fortune was not bound to second the vanity of the Roman legions, who bound themselves by oath either to overcome or die. "I will return, Marcus Fabius, a conqueror from the army. If I fail, I invoke the indignation of Father Jove, Mars, and the other offended gods, upon me." The Portuguese say that, in a certain place of their conquest of the Indies, they met with soldiers who had condemned themselves with horrible execrations to enter into no composition, but either to cause themselves to be slain, or to remain victorious; and had their heads and beards shaved in token of this vow. 'Tis to much purpose to hazard ourselves and to be obstinate; it seems as if blows avoided those that present themselves too briskly to danger, and do not willingly fall upon those who too willingly seek them, but defeat them of their design. Such there have been who, after having tried all ways, not having been able, with all their endeavor, to obtain the favor of dying by the hand of the enemy, have been constrained, to make good their resolution of bringing home the honor of victory, or of losing their lives, to kill themselves even in the heat of battle. Of which there are other examples; but this is one: Philistus, general of the naval army of Dionysius the Younger against those of Syracuse, gave them battle, which was sharply disputed, their forces being equal; in which engagement he had the better at first, through his own valor; but, the Syracusans drawing about his galley to environ him, after having done great things in his own person to disengage himself, hoping for no relief, with his own hand he took away that life he had so liberally and in vain exposed to the fury of the enemy.

Muley Moluch, king of Fez, who had just won, against Sebastian, king of Portugal, that battle so famous for the death of three kings, and by the transmission of that great kingdom to the crown of Castile, was extremely sick when the Portuguese entered in a hostile manner into his dominions; and from that day forward grew worse and worse, still drawing nearer to and foreseeing his end. Yet never did man employ himself more vigorously and bravely than he did upon this occasion. He found himself too weak to undergo the pomp and ceremony of entering into his camp, which after their manner is very magnificent, and full of action, and therefore resigned that

honor to his brother ; but that was also all of the office of a general that he resigned ; all the rest useful and necessary he most exactly and laboriously performed in his own person, his body lying upon a couch, but his judgment and courage upright and firm to his last gasp, and in some sort beyond it. He might have worn out his enemy, indiscreetly advanced into his dominions, without striking a blow ; and it was a very unhappy occurrence that, for want of a little life, or somebody to substitute in the conduct of this war, and in the affairs of a troubled state, he was compelled to seek a doubtful and bloody victory, having another, by a better and surer way, already in his hands ; notwithstanding, he wonderfully managed the continuance of his sickness in consuming the enemy, and in drawing them a long way from the naval army and the maritime places they had on the coast of Africa, even till the last day of his life, which he designedly reserved for this great contest. He ordered his battle in a circular form, environing the Portuguese army on every side, which circle coming to close in the wings, and to draw up close together, did not only hinder them in the conflict (which was very sharp, through the valor of the young invading king), considering they were every way to make a front ; but prevented their flight after the defeat, so that finding all passages possessed and shut up by the enemy, they were constrained to close up together again ; *coacervanturque non solum cæde, sed etiam fuga*, and there they were slain in heaps upon one another, leaving to the conqueror a very bloody and entire victory. Dying, he caused himself to be carried and hurried from place to place where most need was ; and passing through the files encouraged the captains and soldiers one after another ; but, a corner of his battle being broken, he was not to be held from mounting on horseback sword in hand ; he did his utmost to break from those about him and rush into the thickest of the battle, they all the while withholding him, some by the bridle, some by his robe, and others by his stirrups. This last effort totally overwhelmed the little life he had left ; they again lay him upon his bed. Coming to himself again, and starting out of his swoon, all other faculties failing, to give his people notice that they were to conceal his death (the most necessary command he had then to give, that his soldiers might not be discouraged with the news), he expired with his finger upon his mouth, the ordinary sign of keeping silence.

The extreme degree of courageously treating death, and the most natural, is to look upon it not only without astonishment,

but without care, continuing the wonted course of life even into it, as Cato did, who entertained himself in study, and went to sleep, having a violent and bloody one in his head and heart, and the weapon in his hand.

## MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

BY SIR EDWARD DYER.

[EDWARD DYER was born near Glastonbury, England, about 1550 ; educated at Balliol College, Oxford ; was ambassador to Denmark in 1589 ; was knighted in 1596, and died in 1607.]

MY MIND to me a kingdom is ;  
Such present joys therein I find,  
That it excels all other bliss  
That earth affords or grows by kind :  
Though much I want which most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,  
No force to win the victory,  
No wily wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to feed a loving eye ;  
To none of these I yield as thrall :  
For why ? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
And hasty climbers soon do fall ;  
I see that those which are aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all ;  
They get with toil, they keep with fear ;  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay ;  
I seek no more than may suffice ;  
I press to bear no haughty sway ;  
Look, what I lack my mind supplies :  
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;  
I little have, and seek no more.  
They are but poor, though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store ;

## APELLES' SONG.

They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;  
I grudge not at another's pain ;  
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;  
My state at one doth still remain :  
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;  
I leathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,  
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;  
Their treasure is their only trust ;  
A cloaked craft their store of skill :  
But all the pleasure that I find  
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease :  
My conscience clear my chief defense ;  
I neither seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by deceit to breed offense :  
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;  
Would all did so as well as I !



## APELLES' SONG.

By JOHN LYLY.

(From " Alexander and Campaspe.")

CUPID and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses — Cupid paid.  
He stakes his quiver, bows, and arrows,  
His mother's doves and team of sparrows :  
Loses them too ; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how) ;  
With these the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin —  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes. —  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love, has she done this to thee ?  
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

## THE ARMADA: RESULTS OF ITS DEFEAT.

By LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

(From the "History of England.")

[LEOPOLD VON RANKE, one of the foremost of modern historians, was born at Wieke, in Saxony, December 21, 1795; studied at the University of Leipzig; in 1817 became professor of history in the "Gymnasium" at Frankfort-on-the-Oder; in 1824 published a "Critique on Modern Historians" and "History of the Roman and Teutonic Nations between 1494 and 1535," which gained him a professorship in the University of Berlin. The archives in the royal library there gave him materials for his voluminous "History of the Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," the first volume published in 1827. Obtaining a long leave of absence, he spent four years in studying the archives at Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Florence; and in 1834-1837 published the "History of the Popes" (mainly of the late mediæval period), and "History of the Servian Revolution." In 1839-1847 came the "History of Germany during the Reformation," his best work; in 1841 he became royal historiographer, and published "Nine Books [afterwards twelve] of Russian History"; in 1852-1861, "History of France, Principally in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries"; 1859-1874, "History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century"; 1868, "History of Germany between the Religious Peace and the Thirty Years' War"; 1869, "History of Wallenstein"; 1870, "The Origin and Beginning of the Revolutionary War"; 1872, "The German Powers and the League of Princes"; 1873, "Correspondence of Frederick William IV. with Baron Bunsen"; 1875, "Contributions to the History of Austria and Russia, between the Treaties of Aachen and Hubertsburg"; 1877, "Memoirs of Hardenberg"; and in 1880 the first volume of a great "Universal History," of which he issued a volume each year till his death, May 23, 1886. He also wrote many monographs and essays; and he taught and trained nearly all the best recent German historians.]

AT THIS moment the war with the Spaniards—the resistance which the English auxiliaries offered to them in the Netherlands, as well as the attack now being made on their coasts—occupied men's minds all the more, as the success of both the one and the other was very doubtful, and a most dangerous counterstroke was to be expected. The lion they wished to bind had only become more exasperated. The naval war in particular provoked the extreme of peril.

Hostilities had been going on a long while, arising at first from the privateering which filled the whole of the Western Ocean. The English traders held it to be their right to avenge every injustice done them on their neighbors' coasts—for man has, they said, a natural desire of procuring himself satisfaction—and so turned themselves into freebooters. Through the

counter operations of the Spaniards this private naval war became more and more extensive, and then also gradually developed more glorious impulses, as we see in Francis Drake, who at first only took part in the mere privateering of injured traders, and afterwards rose to the idea of a maritime rivalry between the nations. It was an important moment in the history of the world when Drake on the isthmus of Panama first caught sight of the Pacific, and prayed God for His grace that he might be sent over this sea some day in an English ship — a grace since granted not merely to himself, but also in the richest measure to his nation. Many companies were formed to resume the voyages of discovery, already once begun and then again discontinued. And as the Spaniards based their exclusive right to the possession of the other hemisphere on the Pope's decision, Protestant ideas, which mocked at this supremacy of the Romish See over the world, now contributed also to impel men to occupy land in these regions. . . .

. Francis Drake was commissioned to open the war. When, in October 1585, he reached the *Islas de Bayona* on the Gallician coast, he informed the governor, Don Pedro Bermudez, that he came in his Queen's name to put an end to the grievances which the English had had to suffer from the Spaniards. Don Pedro answered that he knew nothing of any such grievances; but if Drake wished to begin war, he was ready to meet him.

Francis Drake then directed his course at once to the West Indies. He surprised St. Domingo and Carthagena, occupied both one and the other for a short time, and levied heavy contributions on them. Then he brought back to England the colonists from Virginia, who were not yet able to hold their own against the natives. The next year he inflicted still more damage on the Spaniards. He made his way into the harbor of Cadiz, which was full of vessels that had either come from both the Indies or were proceeding thither; he sank or burnt them all. His privateers covered the sea.

Often already had the Spaniards planned an invasion of England. The most pressing motive of all lay in these maritime enterprises. The Spaniards remarked that the stability and power of their monarchy did not rest so much on the strong places they possessed in all parts of the world as on the movable instruments of dominion by which the connection with them was kept up; the interruption of the communica-

tion, caused by Francis Drake and his privateers, between just the most important points on the Spanish and the Netherlandish coasts, seemed to them unendurable; they desired to rid themselves of it at any price. And to this was now added the general cry of vengeance for the execution of the Queen of Scots, which was heard from the pulpit in the presence of the King himself. But this was not the only result of that event. The life of Queen Mary and her claim to the succession had always stood in the way of Spanish ambition: now Philip II. could think of taking possession of the English throne himself. He concluded a treaty with Pope Sixtus V., under which he was to hold the crown of England as a fief of the Holy See, which would thus, and by the reëstablishment of the Church's authority, have also attained to the revival of its old feudal supremacy over England.

Once more the Spanish monarchy and the Papacy were closely united in their spiritual and political claims. Sixtus V. excommunicated the Queen afresh, declared her deposed, and not merely released her subjects from their oath of allegiance, but called on every man to aid the King of Spain and his general, the Duke of Parma, against her.

Negotiations for peace, however, were still being carried on in 1587 between Spanish and English plenipotentiaries. It was mainly the merchants of London and Antwerp that urged it; and as the Spaniards at that time had manifestly the best of the struggle, were masters of the lower Rhine and the Meuse, had invaded Friesland, had besieged and at last taken Sluys in despite of all resistance, we can understand how the English plenipotentiaries were moved to unexpected concessions. They would have consented to the restoration of the Spanish supremacy over the northern Netherlands, if Philip would have granted the inhabitants freedom of conscience. Alexander of Parma brought forward a proposal to make, it is true, their return to Catholicism obligatory, but with the assurance that no Inquisition should be set over them, nor any one punished for his deviation from the faith. Even if the negotiation was not meant to be completely in earnest, it is worth remarking on what rock it was wrecked. Philip II. would neither grant such an assurance, which in its essence involved freedom of conscience, nor grant this itself completely in a better form. His strength lay precisely in his maintaining the Catholic system with unrelenting energy: by this he secured the attachment



of the priests and the zealous laity. And how could he, at a moment when he was so closely united with the Pope, and could reckon on the millions heaped up in the castle of St. Angelo for his enterprise, so completely deviate from the strictness of exclusive belief? He thought he was within his right when he refused any religious concession, seeing that every other sovereign issued laws prescribing the religion of his own territories.

If the war was to be continued, Alexander of Parma would have wished that all his efforts should be first directed against Vliessingen, where there was an English garrison; from the harbor there England itself could be attacked far more easily and safely. But it was replied in Spain that this enterprise was likewise very extensive and costly, while it would bring about no decisive result. And yet Alexander himself too held an invasion of England to be absolutely necessary; his reports largely contributed to strengthen the King in this idea; Philip decided to proceed without further delay to the enterprise that was needful at the moment and opened world-wide prospects for the future.

He took into consideration that the monarchy at this moment had nothing to fear from the Ottomans, who were fully occupied with a Persian war, and above all that France was prevented from interfering by the civil strife that had broken out. This has been designated as the chief aim of Philip's alliance with the Guises, and it certainly may have formed one reason for it. Left alone, with only herself to rely on (so the Spaniards further judged), the Queen of England would no longer be an object of fear: she had no more than forty ships; once in an engagement off the Azores, in the Portuguese war, the English had been seen to give way for the first time; if it came to a sea fight, the vastly superior Spanish Armada would without doubt prove victorious. But for a war on land also she was not prepared; she had no more than six thousand real soldiers in the country, with whom she could neither meet nor resist the veteran troops of Spain in the open field. They had only to march straight on London; seldom was a great city, which had remained long free from attack, able to hold out against a sudden attack, able to hold out against a sudden assault; the Queen would either be forced to make a peace honorable to Spain, or would by a long resistance give the King an opportunity of forming out of the Spanish nobility, which would otherwise degenerate in in-

dolence at home, a young troop of brave warriors. He would have the Catholics for him and with their help gain the upper hand ; he would make himself master of the strong places, above all of the harbors ; all the nations of the world could not take them from him again ; he would become lord of the ocean, and thus lord and master of the continent.

Philip II. would have preferred to begin the work as early as the autumn of 1587. He hoped at that time that Scotland, where the Catholic lords and the people showed a lively sympathy with Queen Mary's fate, would be thrown open to him by her son, who was supposed to wish to avenge her death. But to others this seemed not so certain ; in especial the experienced Admiral Santa Cruz called the King's attention to the perils the fleet might incur in those seas ; they would have to contend with contrary winds, and the disadvantage of short days and thick mists. Santa Cruz did not wish to endanger his fame, the only thing he had earned during a long life, by an ill-timed or very venturous undertaking. He held an invasion of England to be more difficult than most other enterprises, and demanded such preparations as would make the victory certain. While they were being made he died, after having lost his sovereign's favor. His successor, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, whom the King chose because he had distinguished himself at the last defense of Cadiz, did not make such very extensive demands ; but the fleet, which was fitted out under him and by him, was nevertheless, though not in number of ships (about 130), yet in tonnage, size, and number of men on board (about 22,000), the most important that had ever been sent to sea by any European power. All the provinces of the Pyrenean peninsula had emulously contributed to it ; the fleet was divided into a corresponding number of squadrons ; the first was the Portuguese, then followed the squadrons of Castille, Andalusia, Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and then the Italian — for ships and men had come also in good number from Italy. The troops were divided like the squadrons ; there was a Mass in time of war for each province.

With not less zeal did men arm in the Netherlands ; the drum beat everywhere in the Flemish and Walloon provinces, all roads were covered with military trains. In the Netherlands too there were a great number of Italians, Corsicans, and inhabitants of the States of the Church and Neapolitans, in splendid accouterments ; there were the brothers of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Savoy : King Philip had

even allowed the son of a Moorish prince to take part in the Catholic expedition. Infantry and cavalry also had come from Catholic Germany.

It was a joint enterprise of the Spanish monarchy and a great part of the Catholic world, headed by the Pope and the King, to overthrow the Queen who was regarded as the Head, and the State which was regarded as the main support, of Protestantism and the anti-Spanish policy.

We do not find any detailed and at the same time authentic information as to the plan of the invasion; a Spanish soldier and diplomatist however, much employed in the military and political affairs of the time, and favored with the confidence of the highest persons, J. Baptista de Tassis, gives us an outline, which we may accept as quite trustworthy. We know that in Antwerp, Nieuport, and Dunkirk, with the advice of Hanseatic and Genoese master builders, transports had been got ready for the whole force: from Nieuport (to which place also were brought the vessels built at Antwerp) 14,000 men were to be conveyed across to England, and from Dunkirk 12,000. But where were they to effect a junction with each other and with the Spaniards? Tassis assures us that they had selected for this purpose the roadstead of Margate on the coast of Kent, a safe and convenient harbor; there, immediately after the Spanish Armada had arrived, or as nearly as possible at the same time with it, the fleet of transports from the Netherlands also was to make the shore, and Alexander of Parma was then to assume the command in chief of the whole force and march straight on London.

All that Philip II. had ever thought or planned was thus concentrated as it were into one focus. The moment was come when he could subdue England, become master of the European world, and reëstablish the Catholic faith in the form in which he professed it. When the fleet (on the 22d July, 1588) sailed out of Corunna, and the long-meditated, long-prepared, enterprise was now set in action, the King and the nation displayed deep religious emotion: in all the churches of the land prayers were offered up for forty days; in Madrid solemn processions were arranged to our Lady of Atocha, the patroness of Spain: Philip II. spent two hours each day in prayer. He was in the state of silent excitement which an immense design and the expectation of a great turn in a man's fortune call forth. Scarcely any one dared to address a word to him.

It was in these very days that people in England first really became conscious of the danger that threatened them. A division of the fleet under Henry Seymour was watching, with Dutch assistance, the two harbors held by the Prince of Parma; the other and larger division, just returned from Spain and on the point of being broken up, made ready at Plymouth, under the admiral, Howard of Effingham, to receive the enemy. Meanwhile the land forces assembled, on Leicester's advice, in the neighborhood of London. The old feudal organization of the national force was once more called into full activity to face this danger. Men saw the gentry take the field at the head of their tenants and copyholders, and rejoiced at their holding together so well. It was without doubt an advantage that the threatened attack could no longer be connected with a right of succession recognized in the country; it appeared in its true character, as a great invasion by a foreign power for the subjugation of England. Even the Catholic lords came forward, among them Viscount Montague (who had once, alone in the Upper House, opposed the Supremacy, and had also since not reconciled himself to the religious position of the Queen), with his sons and grandsons, and even his heir presumptive, who, though still a child, bestrode a war horse; Lord Montague said he would defend his Queen with his life, whoever might attack her, king or pope. No doubt that these armings left much to be desired, but they were animated by national and religious enthusiasm. Some days later the Queen visited the camp at Tilbury; with slight escort she rode from battalion to battalion. A tyrant, she said, might be afraid of his subjects: she had always sought her chief strength in their good will; with them she would live and die. She was everywhere received with shouts of joy; psalms were sung, and prayers offered up in which the Queen joined.

For, whatever may be men's belief, in great wars and dangers they naturally turn their eyes to the Eternal Power which guides our destiny, and on which all equally feel themselves dependent. The two nations and their two chiefs alike called on God to decide in their religious and political conflict. The fortune of mankind hung in the balance.

On the 31st of July, a Sunday, the Armada, covering a wide extent of sea, came in sight of the English coast off the heights of Plymouth. On board the fleet itself it was thought most expedient to attempt a landing on the spot, since there were

no preparations made there for defense and the English squadron was not fully manned. But this was not in the plan, and would, especially if it failed, have incurred a heavy responsibility. Medina Sidonia was only empowered and prepared to accept battle by sea if the English should offer it. His galleys, improved after the Venetian pattern, and especially his galleons (immense sailing ships which carried cannon on their different decks on all sides), were without doubt superior to the vessels of the English. When the latter, some sixty sail strong, came out of the harbor, he hung out the great standard from the foremast of his ship as a signal for all to prepare for battle. But the English admiral did not intend to let matters come to a regular naval fight. He was perfectly aware of the superiority of the Spanish equipment and had even forbidden boarding the enemies' vessels. His plan was to gain the weather gauge of the Armada, and inflict damage on them in their course, and throw them into disorder. The English followed the track of the Armada in four squadrons, and left no advantage unimproved that might offer. They were thoroughly acquainted with this sea, and steered their handy vessels with perfect certainty and mastery; the Spaniards remarked with dissatisfaction that they could at pleasure advance, attack, and again break off the engagement. Medina Sidonia was anxious above all things to keep his Armada together: after a council of war he let a great ship which lagged behind fall into the hands of the enemy, as her loss would be less damaging than the breaking up of the line which would result from the attempt to save her; he sent round his sargentos mayores to the captains to tell them not to quit the line on pain of death.

On the whole the Spaniards were not discontented with their voyage, when, after a week of continuous skirmishing, they, without having sustained any very considerable losses, had traversed the English Channel, and on Saturday, the 6th August, passed Boulogne and arrived off Calais; it was the first point at which they had wished to touch. But now to cross to the neighboring coast of England, as seems to have been the original plan, became exceedingly difficult, because the English fleet guarded it, and the Spanish galleons were less able in the straits than elsewhere to compete with those swift vessels. It was also being strengthened every moment; the young nobility emulously hastened on board. But neither could the admiral proceed to Dunkirk, as the harbor was then far too narrow

to receive his large ships, and his pilots were afraid of being carried to the northward by the currents. He anchored in the roadstead east of Calais in the direction of Dunkirk.

He had already previously informed the Duke of Parma that he was on the way, and had then, immediately before his arrival at Calais, dispatched a pilot to Dunkirk, to request that he would join him with a number of small vessels, that they might better encounter the English, and bring with him cannon balls of a certain caliber, of which he began to fall short. It is clear that he still wished to undertake from thence, if supported according to his views, the great attempt at a disembarkation which he was commissioned to effect. But Alexander of Parma, whom the first message had found some days before at Bruges, had not yet arrived at Dunkirk when the second came: the preparations for embarking were only then just begun for the first time; and they could scarcely venture actually to embark, as English and Dutch ships of war were still ever cruising before the harbor.

Alexander Farnese's failure to effect a junction with Medina Sidonia has been always traced to personal motives: it was even said in England, at a later time, that Queen Elizabeth had offered him the hand of Lady Arabella Stuart, which might open the way to the English throne for himself. It is true that his enterprises in the Netherlands appeared to lie closest to his heart; even Tassis, who was about his person, remarks that he carried on his preparations more out of obedience than with any zeal of his own. But the chief cause why the two operations were not better combined lay in their very nature. The geographical relation of the Spanish monarchy to England would have required two separate invasions, the one from the Pyrenean peninsula, the other from the Netherlands. The wish to combine the forces of such distant countries in a single invasion made the enterprise, especially when the means of communication of the period were so inadequate, overpoweringly helpless. Wind and weather had been little considered in the scheme. In both those countries immense materials of war had been collected with extreme effort; they had been brought within a few miles of sea of each other, but combine they could not. Now for the first time came to light the full superiority which the English gained from their corsairlike and bold method of war, and their alliance with the Dutch. It was seen that a sudden attack would suffice to break the whole combi-

nation in pieces: Queen Elizabeth was said to have herself devised the plan and its arrangement.

The Armada was still lying at anchor in line of battle, waiting for news from Alexander Farnese, when in the night between Sunday and Monday (7th to 8th August) the English sent some fire ships, about eight in number, against it. They were his worst vessels which Lord Howard gave up for this purpose, but their mere appearance produced a decisive result. Medina Sidonia could not refuse his ships permission to slip their anchors, that each might avoid the threatening danger; only he commanded them to afterwards resume their previous order. But things wore a completely different appearance the following morning. The tide had carried the vessels towards the land, a direction they did not want to take; now for the first time the attacks of the English proved destructive to them; part of the ships had become disabled; it was completely impossible to obey the admiral's orders that they should return to their old position. Instead of this, unfavorable winds drove the Armada against its will along the coast; in a short time the English too gave up the pursuit of the enemy, who without being quite beaten was yet in flight, and abandoned him to his fate. The wind drove the Spaniards on the shoals of Zealand; once they were in such shallow water that they were afraid of running aground: some of their galleons in fact fell into the hands of the Dutch. Fortunately for them the wind veered round first to the N.S.W., then to the S.S.W., but they could not even then regain the Channel, nor would they have wished it; only by the longest circuit, round the Orkney Islands, could they return to Spain. . . .

Philip II. saw the Armada, which he had hoped would give the dominion of the world into his hand, return home again in fragments without having, we do not say accomplished, but even attempted anything worth the trouble. He did not, therefore, renounce his design. He spoke of his wish to fit out lighter vessels, and intrust the whole conduct of the expedition to the Prince of Parma. The Cortes of Castille requested him not to put up with the disgrace incurred, but to chastise this woman; they offered him their whole property and all the children of the land for this purpose. But the very possibility of great enterprises belongs only to one moment; in the next it is already gone by.

First the Spanish forces were drawn into the complications existing in France. The great Catholic agitation, which had been long fermenting there, at last gained the upper hand, and was quite ready to prepare the way for Philip II.'s supremacy. But Queen Elizabeth thought that the day on which France fell into his hands would be the eve of her own ruin. She too, therefore, devoted her best resources to France, to uphold Philip II.'s opponent. When Henry IV., driven back to the verge of the coast of Normandy, was all but lost, he was by her help put in a position to maintain his cause. At the sieges of the great towns, in which he was still often threatened with failure, the English troops in several instances did excellent service. The Queen did not swerve from her policy even when Henry IV. saw himself compelled, and found it compatible with his conscience, to go over to Catholicism. For he was clearly thus all the better enabled to reëstablish a France that should be politically independent, in opposition to Spain and at war with it; and it was exactly on this opposition that the political freedom and independence of England herself rested. Yet as this change of religion had been disagreeable to the Queen, so was also the peace which he proceeded to make; she exerted her influence against its conclusion. But as, by it the Spaniards gave up the places they occupied on the French coasts, which in their possession had menaced England as well, she could not in reality be fundamentally opposed to it.

These great conflicts on land were seconded by repeated attacks of the English and Dutch naval power, by which it sometimes seemed as if the Spanish monarchy would be shaken to its foundations. Elizabeth made an attempt to restore Don Antonio to the throne from which Philip II. had driven him. But the minds of the Portuguese themselves were very far from being as yet sufficiently prepared for a revolt: the enterprise failed, in an attack on the suburbs of Lisbon. The war interested the English most deeply. Parliament agreed to larger and larger grants: from two fifteenths and a single subsidy (about £30,000), which was its usual vote, it rose in 1593 to three subsidies and six fifteenths; the towns gladly armed ships at their own expense, and sailors enough were found to man them; the national energy turned towards the sea. And they obtained some successes. In the harbor of Corunna they destroyed the collected stores, which were probably to have



served for renewing the expedition. Once they took the harbor of Cadiz and occupied the city itself : more than once they alarmed and endangered the West Indies. But with all this nothing decisive was effected ; the Spanish monarchy maintained an undoubted ascendancy in Europe, and the exclusive possession of the other hemisphere : it was the Great Power of the age. But over against it England also now took up a strong and formidable position.

Events in France exercised a strong counteraction on the Netherlands ; under their influence the reconquest of the United Provinces became impossible for Spain. Elizabeth also contributed largely to the victories by which Prince Maurice of Orange secured a strong frontier. But these could not prevent a powerful Catholic government arising on the other side in the Belgian provinces : and though they were at first kept apart from Spain, yet it did not escape the Queen that this would not last forever : she seems to have had a foreboding that these countries would become the battle ground of a later age. However this might be, the antagonism of principle between the Catholic Netherlands (which were still ruled by the Austro-Spanish house) and the Protestant Netherlands (in which the Republic maintained itself), and the continued war between them, insured the security of England, for the sake of which the Queen had broken with Spain. Burleigh's objects were in the main attained.

## TRUE LIBERTY.

By DIRK COORNHERT.

[Prolific Dutch poet, moralist, and agitator, 1522-90 ; a chief founder of the Dutch literary language.]

(Translated by Sir John Bowring.)

WHAT's the world's liberty to him whose soul is firmly bound  
 With numberless and deadly sins that fetter it around ?  
 What's the world's thralldom to the soul which in itself is free ? —  
 Naught ! with his master's bonds he stands more privileged, more  
     great,  
 Than many a golden-fettered fool with outward pomp elate ;  
 For chains grace virtue, while they bring deep shame on tyranny.

## THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

(From "Westward Ho!")

[CHARLES KINGSLEY, English clergyman, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Dartmoor, June 12, 1819. He took B.A. at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1842, with honors in classics and mathematics, and two years later became rector of Eversley in Hampshire, where he resided through life. He was professor of modern history at Cambridge from 1860 until 1869, when he became canon of Chester, and subsequently (1873) of Westminster. He made his mark with "The Saint's Tragedy," a metrical drama; and added to his reputation with "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," novels dealing with social problems, and the historical romances "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" and "Hereward the Wake." Other works are: "Glaucus," "The Heroes," "The Water Babies," "Two Years Ago," "Prose Idylls." In company with Dr. Maurice and others Kingsley devoted much attention to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and to their efforts may be traced the formation of coöperative associations. Kingsley died at Eversley, January 23, 1875.]

"DRAKE, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde." The Spaniards soon discover the superior "nimbleness of the English ships"; and Recalde's squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give in spite of his endeavors, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain. These are no wolves, but cunning hunters, swiftly horsed and keenly armed, and who will "shamefully shuffle" (to use Drake's own expression) that vast herd from the Lizard to Portland, from Portland to Calais Roads; and who, even in this short two hours' fight, have made many a Spaniard question the boasted invincibleness of this Armada.

One of the four great galleasses is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her "pulpits, chapels," and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which maneuver, the "principal galleon of Seville," in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbor, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry,

left to her fate. This does not look like victory, certainly. But courage! though Valdez be left behind, "our Lady," and the saints, and the Bull *Cœna Domini* (dictated by one whom I dare not name here) are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt. But in the mean while, if they have fared no better than this against a third of the Plymouth fleet, how will they fare when those forty belated ships, which are already whitening the blue between them and the Mewstone, enter the scene to play their part?

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed forever, in English minds, the prestige of boastful Spain. It has justified utterly the policy which the good Lord Howard had adopted by Raleigh's and Drake's advice, of keeping up a running fight, instead of "clapping ships together without consideration," in which case, says Raleigh, "he had been lost, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, who found fault with his demeanor."

Be that as it may, so ends the first day, in which Amyas and the other Bideford ships have been right busy for two hours, knocking holes in a huge galleon, which carries on her poop a maiden with a wheel, and bears the name of "*Sta. Catharina*." She had a coat of arms on the flag at her sprit, probably those of the commandant of soldiers; but they were shot away early in the fight, so Amyas cannot tell whether they were De Soto's or not. Nevertheless, there is plenty of time for private revenge; and Amyas, called off at last by the Admiral's signal, goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

But ere he has been in his hammock an hour, he is awakened by Cary's coming down to ask for orders.

"We were to follow Drake's lantern, Amyas; but where it is, I can't see, unless he has been taken up aloft there among the stars for a new *Drakium Sidus*."

Amyas turned out grumbling: but no lantern is to be seen; only a sudden explosion and a great fire on board some Spaniard, which is gradually got under, while they have to lie to the whole night long, with nearly the whole fleet.

The next morning finds them off Torbay; and Amyas is hailed by a pinnace, bringing a letter from Drake, which (saving the spelling, which was somewhat arbitrary, like most men's in those days) ran somewhat thus: —

DEAR LAD,—I have been woolgathering all night after five great hulks, which the Pixies transfigured overnight into galleons, and this morning again into German merchantmen. I let them go with my blessing; and coming back, fell in (God be thanked!) with Valdez' great galleon; and in it good booty, which the Dons his fellows had left behind, like faithful and valiant comrades, and the Lord Howard had let slip past him, thinking her deserted by her crew. I have sent to Dartmouth a sight of noblemen and gentlemen, maybe a half-hundred; and Valdez himself, who when I sent my pinnace aboard must needs stand on his punctilios, and propound conditions. I answered him, I had no time to tell with him; if he would needs die, then I was the very man for him; if he would live, then, buena quera. He sends again, boasting that he was Don Pedro Valdez, and that it stood not with his honor, and that of the Dons in his company. I replied, that for my part, I was Francis Drake, and my matches burning. Whereon he finds in my name salve for the wounds of his own, and comes aboard kissing my fist, with Spanish lies of holding himself fortunate that he had fallen into the hands of fortunate Drake, and much more, which he might have kept to cool his porridge. But I have much news from him (for he is a leaky tub); and among others, this, that your Don Guzman is aboard of the "Sta. Catharina," commandant of her soldiery, and has his arms flying at her sprit, beside "Sta. Catharina" at the poop, which is a maiden with a wheel, and is a lofty built ship of 3 tier of ordnance, from which God preserve you, and send you like luck with

Your deare Friend and Admirall.

F. DRAKE.

She sails in the squadron of Recalde. The Armada was minded to smoke us out of Plymouth; and God's grace it was they tried it not: but their orders from home are too strait, and so the slaves fight like a bull in a tether, no farther than their rope, finding thus the devil a hard master, as do most in the end. They cannot compass our quick handling and tacking, and take us for very witches. So far so good, and better to come. You and I know the length of their foot of old. Time and light will kill any hare, and they will find it a long way from Start to Dunkirk.

"The Admiral is in a gracious humor, Leigh, to have vouchsafed you so long a letter."

"'St. Catharine!' why, that was the galleon we hammered all yesterday!" said Amyas, stamping on the deck.

"Of course it was. Well, we shall find her again, doubt not. That cunning old Drake! how he has contrived to line his own

pockets, even though he had to keep the whole fleet waiting for him."

"He has given the Lord High Admiral the dor, at all events."

"Lord Howard is too high-hearted to stop and plunder, Papist though he is, Amyas."

Amyas answered by a growl, for he worshiped Drake, and was not too just to Papists.

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till nightfall ; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns, with two ships only. At least there was no doubt now of the loyalty of English Roman Catholics, and, indeed, throughout the fight, the Howards showed (as if to wipe out the slurs which had been cast on their loyalty by fanatics) a desperate courage, which might have thrust less prudent men into destruction, but led them only to victory. Soon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt. Some of the men are for leaving their places to board her ; but Amyas stoutly refuses. He has "come out to fight, and not to plunder ; so let the nearest ship to her have her luck without grudging." They pass on, and the men pull long faces when they see the galleon snapped up by their next neighbor, and towed off to Weymouth, where she proves to be the ship of Miguel d'Oquenda, the Vice Admiral, which they saw last night, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, who, being "misused," was minded to pay off old scores on his tyrants.

And so ends the second day ; while the Portland rises higher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them off the island. Will they try Portsmouth, though they have spared Plymouth ? The wind has shifted to the north, and blowed clear and cool off the white-walled downs of Weymouth Bay. The Spaniards turn and face the English. They must mean to stand off and on until the wind shall change, and then to try for the Needles. At least, they shall have some work to do before they round Purbeck Isle.

The English go to the westward again ; but it is only to return on the opposite tack ; and now begin a series of maneuvers, each fleet trying to get the wind of the other ; but the struggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have slipped close-hauled between the Armada and the land, and are coming down upon them right before the wind.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes ; while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Spaniards ; and, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered Recalde being in danger." "Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm. Only Cock, an Englishman" (whom Prince claims, I hope rightfully, as a worthy of Devon), "died with honor in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvelous agility ; and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and leveled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships." "This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all" (though ending only, it seems, in the capture of a great Venetian and some small craft), "in which the Lord Admiral, fighting amidst his enemies' fleet, and seeing one of his captains afar off (Fenner by name, he who fought the seven Portugals at the Azores), cried, 'O George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?' With which words he, being enflamed, approached, and did the part of a most valiant captain ;" as, indeed, did all the rest.

Night falls upon the floating volcano ; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead ; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all havens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the chivalry of England ; the Lords Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Pallavicin, Brooke, Carew, Raleigh and Blunt, and many another honorable name, "as to a set field, where immortal fame and honor was to be attained." Spain has staked her chivalry in that mighty cast ; not a noble house of Arragon or Castile but has lent a brother or a son — and shall mourn the loss of one ; and England's gentlemen will measure their strength once for all against the cavaliers of Spain. Lord Howard has sent forward light craft into Portsmouth for ammunition : but they will scarce return to-night, for the wind falls dead, and all the evening the two fleets drift helpless with the tide, and shout idle defiance at each other with trumpet, fife, and drum.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a glassy

sea again. But what day is this? The twenty-fifth, St. James' day, sacred to the patron saint of Spain. Shall nothing be attempted in his honor by those whose forefathers have so often seen him with their bodily eyes, charging in their van upon his snow-white steed, and scattering Paynimis with celestial lance? He might have sent them, certainly, a favoring breeze; perhaps he only means to try their faith; at least the galleys shall attack; and in their van three of the great galleasses (the fourth lies half crippled among the fleet) thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece; and see, not St. James leading them to victory, but Lord Howard's "Triumph," his brother's "Lion," Southwell's "Elizabeth Jones," Lord Sheffield's "Bear," Barker's "Victory," and George Fenner's "Leicester," towed stoutly out, to meet them with such salvos of chain shot, smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the Biscayan. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish Admiral's mainmast; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued by Lord Howard; who, himself endangered in his turn, is rescued in his turn; "while after that day" (so sickened were they of the English gunnery), "no galleass would adventure to fight."

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the livelong afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea fowl rise screaming up from every ledge, and spot with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurries down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgets the wheatear fluttering in his snare, while he gazes trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur smoke which welters far below.

So fares St. James' day, as Baal's did on Carmel in old time; "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." At least the only fire by which he has answered his votaries has been that of English cannon; and the Armada, "gathering itself into a roundel," will fight no more, but make the best of its way to Calais, where perhaps the Guises' faction may have a French force ready to assist them, and then to Dunkirk, to join with Parma and the great flotilla of the Netherlands.

So on, before "a fair Etesian gale," which follows clear and

bright out of the south-southwest, glide forward the two great fleets, past Brighton Cliffs and Beachy Head, Hastings, and Dungeness. Is it a battle or a triumph? For by sea Lord Howard, instead of fighting, is rewarding; and after Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, and Frobisher have received at his hands that knighthood which was then more honorable than a peerage, old Admiral Hawkins kneels and rises up Sir John, and shaking his shoulders after the accolade, observes to the representative of majesty, that his "old woman will hardly know herself again, when folks call her My Lady."

And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pikemen and musketeers, and by every countryman and groom who can bear arms, led by their squires and sheriffs, marching eastward as fast as their weapons let them, towards the Dover shore. And not with them alone. From many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in wagons, to join their feeble shouts, and prayers which are not feeble, to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God from the spectators of Britain's Salamis.

Let them pray on. The danger is not over yet, though Lord Howard has had news from Newhaven that the Guises will not stir against England, and Seymour and Winter have left their post of observation on the Flemish shores, to make up the number of the fleet to a hundred and forty sail—larger, slightly, than that of the Spanish fleet, but of not more than half the tonnage, or one third the number of men. The Spaniards are dispirited and battered, but unbroken still; and as they slide to their anchorage in Calais Roads on the Saturday evening of that most memorable week, all prudent men know well that England's hour is come, and that the bells which will call all Christendom to church upon the morrow morn will be either the death knell or the triumphal peal of the Reformed faith throughout the world.

A solemn day that Sabbath must have been in country and in town. And many a light-hearted coward, doubtless, who had scoffed (as many did) at the notion of the Armada's coming, because he dare not face the thought, gave himself up to abject fear, "as he now plainly saw and heard that of which before he would not be persuaded." A many a brave man, too, as he knelt beside his wife and daughters, felt his heart sink to the very pavement, at the thought of what those be-



loved ones might be enduring a few short days hence, from a profligate and fanatical soldiery, or from the more deliberate fiendishness of the Inquisition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield, the immolation of the Moors, the extermination of the West Indians, the fantastic horrors of the Piedmontese persecution, which make unreadable the too truthful pages of Morland, — these were the specters, which, not as now, dim and distant through the mist of centuries, but recent, bleeding from still gaping wounds, flitted before the eyes of every Englishman, and filled his brain and heart with fire.

He knew full well the fate in store for him and his. One false step, and the unspeakable doom which, not two generations afterwards, befell the Lutherans of Magdeburg, would have befallen every town from London to Carlisle. All knew the hazard, as they prayed that day, and many a day before and after, throughout England and the Netherlands. And none knew it better than She who was the guiding spirit of that devoted land, and the especial mark of the invader's fury; and who, by some Divine inspiration (as men then not unwisely held), devised herself the daring stroke which was to anticipate the coming blow.

But where is Amyas Leigh all this while? Day after day he has been seeking the "Sta. Catharina" in the thickest of the press, and cannot come at her, cannot even hear of her; one moment he dreads that she has sunk by night, and balked him of his prey; the next, that she has repaired her damages, and will escape him after all. He is moody, discontented, restless, even (for the first time in his life) peevish with his men. He can talk of nothing but Don Guzman; he can find no better employment, at every spare moment, than taking his sword out of the sheath, and handling it, fondling it, talking to it even, bidding it not to fail him in the day of vengeance. At last, he has sent to Squire, the Armorer, for a whetstone, and, half ashamed of his own folly, whets and polishes it in by-corners, muttering to himself. That one fixed thought of selfish vengeance has possessed his whole mind; he forgets England's present need, her past triumph, his own safety, everything but his brother's blood. And yet this is the day for which he has been longing ever since he brought home that magic horn as a fifteen-years boy; the day when he should find himself face to face with an invader, and that invader Antichrist himself. He has believed for years with Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, and

Raleigh, that he was called and sent into the world only to fight the Spaniard : and he is fighting him now, in such a cause, for such a stake, within such battle lists as he will never see again : and yet he is not content ; and while throughout that gallant fleet, whole crews are receiving the Communion side by side, and rising with cheerful faces to shake hands, and to rejoice that they are sharers in Britain's Salamis, Amyas turns away from the holy elements.

"I cannot communicate, Sir John. Charity with all men? I hate, if ever man hated on earth."

"You hate the Lord's foes only, Captain Leigh."

"No, Jack, I hate my own as well."

"But no one in the fleet, sir?"

"Don't try to put me off with the same Jesuit's quibble which that false knave Parson Fletcher invented for one of Doughty's men, to drug his conscience withal when he was plotting against his own admiral. No, Jack, I hate one of whom you know ; and somehow that hatred of him keeps me from loving any human being. I am in love and charity with no man, Sir John Brimblecombe—not even with you ! Go your ways in God's name, sir ! and leave me and the devil alone together, or you'll find my words are true."

Jack departed with a sigh, and while the crew were receiving the Communion on deck, Amyas sat below in the cabin sharpening his sword, and after it called for a boat and went on board Drake's ship to ask news of the "Sta. Catharina," and listened scowling to the loud chants and tinkling bells which came across the water from the Spanish fleet. At last Drake was summoned by the Lord Admiral, and returned with a secret commission which ought to bear fruit that night ; and Amyas, who had gone with him, helped him till nightfall, and then returned to his own ship as Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, to the joy and glory of every soul on board except his moody self.

So there, the livelong summer Sabbath day before the little high-walled town and the long range of yellow sand hills, lie those two mighty armaments, scowling at each other, hardly out of gunshot. Messenger after messenger is hurrying towards Bruges to the Duke of Parma, for light craft which can follow these nimble English somewhat better than their own floating castles ; and above all, entreating him to put to sea at once with all his force. The duke is not with his forces at Dunkirk, but on the future field of Waterloo, paying his devo-

tions to St. Mary of Halle in Hainault, in order to make all sure in his Pantheon, and already sees in visions of the night that gentle-souled and pure-lipped saint, Cardinal Allen, placing the crown of England on his head. He returns for answer first, that his victual is not ready; next, that his Dutch sailors, who have been kept at their post for many a week at the sword's point, have run away like water; and thirdly, that over and above all he cannot come, so "strangely provided of great ordnance and musketeers" are those five and thirty Dutch ships, in which round-sterned and stubborn-hearted heretics watch, like terriers at a rat's hole, the entrance of Nieuport and Dunkirk. Having insured the private patronage of St. Mary of Halle, he will return to-morrow to make experience of its effects: but only here across the flats of Dixmude the thunder of the fleets, and at Dunkirk the open curses of his officers. For while he has been praying and nothing more, the English have been praying, and something more; and all that is left for the Prince of Parma is, to hang a few purveyors, as peace offerings to his sulking army, and then "chafe," as Drake says of him, "like a bear robbed of her whelps."

For Lord Henry Seymour has brought Lord Howard a letter of command from Elizabeth's self; and Drake has been carrying it out so busily all that Sunday long, that by two o'clock on the Monday morning, eight fire ships "besmeared with wildfire, brimstone, pitch, and resin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones," are stealing down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by two valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. (Let their names live long in the land!) The ships are fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more the heaven is red with glare from Dover Cliffs to Gravelines Tower; and weary-hearted Belgian boors far away inland, plundered and dragooned for many a hideous year, leap from their beds, and fancy (and not so far wrongly either) that the day of judgment is come at last, to end their woes, and hurl down vengeance on their tyrants.

And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics which so often follow overweening presumption; and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches make night hideous. There are those too on board who recollect well enough Jenebelli's fire ships at Antwerp three years before, and the wreck which they made of Parma's bridge across the Scheldt. If these should be like them! And cutting all cables, hoisting any

sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbor.

The largest of the four galleasses loses her rudder, and drifts helpless to and fro, hindering and confusing. The Duke, having (so the Spaniards say) weighed his anchor deliberately instead of leaving it behind him, runs in again after a while, and fires a signal for return; but his truant sheep are deaf to the shepherd's pipe, and swearing and praying by turns, he runs up Channel towards Gravelines, picking up stragglers on his way, who are struggling as they best can among the flats and shallows; but Drake and Fenner have arrived as soon as he. When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and muddy dikes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it, none can fight more fiercely, among the foremost; and there is need now, if ever. That Armada must never be allowed to reform. If it does, its left wing may yet keep the English at bay, while its right drives off the blockading Hollanders from Dunkirk port and sets Parma and his flotilla free to join them, and to sail in doubled strength across to the mouth of Thames.

So Drake has weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron, the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up; and with him Fenner burning to redeem the honor which, indeed, he had never lost; and ere Fenton, Beeston, Crosse, Ryman, and Lord Southwell can join them, the Devon ships have been worrying the Spaniards for two full hours into confusion worse confounded.

But what is that heavy firing behind them? Alas for the great galleass! She lies, like a huge stranded whale, upon the sands where now stands Calais pier; and Amyas Preston, the future hero of La Guayra, is pounding her into submission, while a fleet of hoys and drumblers look on and help, as jackals might the lion.

Soon, on the southwest horizon, loom up larger and larger two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near a shout greets the "Triumph" and the "Bear"; and on and in the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight.

True, we have still but some three and twenty ships which can cope at all with some ninety of the Spaniards; but we have

dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland; we must rend them in pieces now; and in rushes ship after ship, to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles, "sometimes not a pike's length asunder," and then out again to reload, and give place meanwhile to another. The smaller are fighting with all sails set; the few larger, who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with topsails loose, and their main and fore yards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded. The Duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to seaward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymour and Winter have battered the great "San Philip" into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the "San Matthew" comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fasten on him instead; but the "Evangelist," though smaller, is stouter than the "Deacon," and of all the shot poured into him, not twenty "lackt him thorough." His masts are tottering; but sink or strike he will not.

"Go ahead, and pound his tough hide, Leigh," roars Drake off the poop of his ship, while he hammers away at one of the great galleasses. "What right has he to keep us all waiting?"

Amyas slips in as best he can between Drake and Winter; as he passes he shouts to his ancient enemy:—

"We are with you, sir; all friends to-day!" and slipping round Winter's bows, he pours his broadside into those of the "San Matthew," and then glides on to reload: but not to return. For not a pistol shot to leeward, worried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop—can he believe his eyes for joy?—the maiden and the wheel which he has sought so long!

"There he is!" shouts Amyas, springing to the starboard side of the ship. The men, too, have already caught sight of that hated sign; a cheer of fury bursts from every throat.

"Steady, men!" says Amyas, in a suppressed voice. "Not a shot! Reload, and be ready; I must speak with him first;" and silent as the grave, amid the infernal din, the "Vengeance" glides up to the Spaniard's quarter.

"Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto!" shouts Amyas from the mizzen rigging, loud and clear amid the roar.

He has not called in vain. Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop railing, twenty feet above Amyas' head, and shouts through his visor : —

“At your service, sir ! whosoever you may be.”

A dozen muskets and arrows are leveled at him ; but Amyas frowns them down. “No man strikes him but I. Spare him, if you kill every other soul on board. Don Guzman ! I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh ; I proclaim you a traitor and a ravisher, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will.”

“You are welcome to come on board me, sir,” answers the Spaniard, in a clear, quiet tone ; “bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat ;” and lingering a moment out of bravado, to arrange his scarf, he steps slowly down again behind the bulwarks.

“Coward !” shouts Amyas at the top of his voice.

The Spaniard reappears instantly. “Why that name, Señor, of all others ?” asks he, in a cool, stern voice.

“Because we call men cowards in England who leave their wives to be burnt alive by priests.”

The moment the words had passed Amyas' lips, he felt that they were cruel and unjust. But it was too late to recall them. The Spaniard started, clutched his sword hilt, and then hissed back through his closed visor : —

“For that word, sirrah, you hang at my yardarm, if St. Mary gives me grace.”

“See that your halter be a silken one, then,” laughed Amyas, “for I am just dubbed knight.” And he stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head ; the Spaniards are not as punctilious as he.

“Fire !” His ordnance crash through the stern-works of the Spaniard : and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Half an hour has passed of wild noise and fury ; three times has the “Vengeance,” as a dolphin might, sailed clean round and round the “Sta. Catharina,” pouring in broadside after broadside, till the guns are leaping to the deck beams with their own heat, and the Spaniard's sides are slit and spotted in a hundred places. And yet, so high has been his fire in return, and so strong the deck defenses of the “Vengeance,” that a few spars broken, and two or three men wounded

by musketry, are all her loss. But still the Spaniard endures, magnificent as ever; it is the battle of the thrasher and the whale; the end is certain, but the work is long.

"Can I help you, Captain Leigh?" asked Lord Henry Seymour, as he passes within oar's length of him, to attack a ship ahead. "The 'San Matthew' has had his dinner, and is gone on to Medina to ask for a digestive to it."

"I thank your Lordship: but this is my private quarrel, of which I spoke. But if your Lordship could lend me powder——"

"Would that I could! But so, I fear, says every other gentleman in the fleet."

A puff of wind clears away the sulphurous veil for a moment; the sea is clear of ships towards the land; the Spanish fleet are moving again up Channel, Medina bringing up the rear; only some two miles to their right hand, the vast hull of the "San Philip" is drifting up the shore with the tide, and somewhat nearer the "San Matthew" is hard at work at her pumps. They can see the white stream of water pouring down her side.

"Go in, my Lord, and have the pair," shouts Amyas.

"No, sir! Forward is a Seymour's cry. We will leave them to pay the Flushingers' expenses," and on went Lord Henry, and, on shore went the "San Philip" at Ostend, to be plundered by the Flushingers; while the "San Matthew," whose captain, "on a hault courage," had refused to save himself and his gentlemen on board Medina's ship, went blundering miserably into the hungry mouths of Captain Peter Vanderduess and four other valiant Dutchmen, who, like prudent men of Holland, contrived to keep the galleon afloat till they had emptied her, and then "hung up her banner in the great church of Leyden, being of such a length, that being fastened to the roof, it reached unto the very ground."

But in the mean while, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunderstorm, attracted, as to a volcano's mouth, to that vast mass of sulphur smoke which cloaks the sea for many a mile; and heaven's artillery above makes answer to man's below. But still through smoke and rain, Amyas clings to his prey. She too has seen the northward movement of the Spanish fleet, and sets her topsails; Amyas calls to the men to fire high and cripple her rigging; but in vain, for three or four belated galleys, having forced

their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and sputtering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon. Amyas grinds his teeth, and would fain hustle into the thick of the press once more, in spite of the galleys' beaks.

"Most heroical captain," says Cary, pulling a long face, "if we do, we are stove and sunk in five minutes; not to mention that Yeo says he has not twenty rounds of great cartridge left."

So, surely and silently, the "Vengeance" sheers off, but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and thunder which follows. Next morning the sun rises on a clear sky, with a strong west-northwest breeze, and all hearts are asking what the day will bring forth.

They are long past Dunkirk now; the German Ocean is opening before them. The Spaniards, sorely battered, and lessened in numbers, have, during the night, regained some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas' great disgust, the "Sta. Catharina" has rejoined her fellows during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "she can neither dive nor fly, and as long as she is above water, we — What is the Admiral about?"

He is signaling Lord Henry Seymour and his squadron. Soon they tack, and come down the wind for the coast of Flanders. Parma must be blockaded still; and the Hollanders are likely to be too busy with their plunder to do it effectually. Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rearmost ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more? If so, it were best to get out of their way, for we have nothing wherewith to fight them. So the English lie close to the wind. They will let them pass, and return to their old tactic of following and harassing.

"Good-by to Seymour," says Cary, "if he is caught between them and Parma's flotilla. They are going to Dunkirk."

"Impossible! They will not have water enough to reach his light craft. Here comes a big ship right upon us! Give him all you have left, lads; and if he will fight us, lay him alongside, and die boarding."

They gave him what they had, and hulled him with every shot; but his huge side stood silent as the grave. He had not wherewithal to return the compliment.



"As I live, he is cutting loose the foot of his mainsail! the villain means to run."

"There go the rest of them! Victoria!" shouted Cary, as one after another, every Spaniard set all the sail he could.

There was silence for a few minutes throughout the English fleet, and then cheer upon cheer of triumph rent the skies. It was over. The Spaniard had refused battle, and thinking only of safety, was pressing downward toward the Straits again. The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved.

"But he will never get there, sir," said old Yeo, who had come upon deck to murmur his *Nunc Domine*, and gaze upon that sight beyond all human faith or hope: "Never, never will he weather the Flanders shore against such a breeze as is coming up. Look to the eye of the wind, sir, and see how the Lord is fighting for His people."

Yes, down it came, fresher and stiffer every minute out of the gray northwest, as it does so often after a thunderstorm; and the sea began to rise high and white under the "Claro Aquilone," till the Spaniards were fain to take in all spare canvas, and lie-to as best they could; while the English fleet, lying-to also, awaited an event which was in God's hands, and not in theirs.

"They will be all ashore on Zealand before the afternoon," murmured Amyas; "and I have lost my labor! Oh, for powder, powder, powder! to go in and finish it at once!"

"Oh, sir," said Yeo, "don't murmur against the Lord in the very day of His mercies. It is hard, to be sure; but His will be done."

"Could we not borrow powder from Drake there?"

"Look at the sea, sir!"

And, indeed, the sea was far too rough for any such attempt. The Spaniards neared and neared the fatal dunes, which fringed the shore for many a dreary mile; and Amyas had to wait weary hours, growling like a dog who has had the bone snatched out of his mouth, till the day wore on; when, behold, the wind began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. A savage joy rose in Amyas' heart.

"They are safe! safe for us! Who will go and beg us powder? A cartridge here and a cartridge there?—anything to set to work again!"

Cary volunteered, and returned in a couple of hours with

some quantity : but he was on board again only just in time, for the southwester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and Spaniards and English were moving away ; but this time northward. Whither now ? To Scotland ? Anyas knew not, and cared not, provided he was in the company of Don Guzman de Soto.

The Armada was defeated, and England saved. But such great undertakings seldom end in one grand melodramatic explosion of fireworks, through which the devil rises in full roar to drag Dr. Faustus forever into the flaming pit. On the contrary, the devil stands by his servants to the last, and tries to bring off his shattered forces with drums beating and colors flying ; and, if possible, to lull his enemies into supposing that the fight is ended, long before it really is half over. All which the good Lord Howard of Effingham knew well, and knew, too, that Medina had one last card to play, and that was the filial affection of that dutiful and chivalrous son, James of Scotland. True, he had promised faith to Elizabeth : but that was no reason why he should keep it. He had been hankering and dabbling after Spain for years past, for its absolutism was dear to his inmost soul : and Queen Elizabeth had had to warn him, scold him, call him a liar, for so doing ; so the Armada might still find shelter and provision in the Firth of Forth. But whether Lord Howard knew or not, Medina did not know, that Elizabeth had played her cards cunningly, in the shape of one of those appeals to the purse, which, to James' dying day, overweighed all others save appeals to his vanity. "The title of a dukedom in England, a yearly pension of £5000, a guard at the queen's charge, and other matters" (probably more hounds and deer), had steeled the heart of the King of Scots, and sealed the Firth of Forth. Nevertheless, as I say, Lord Howard, like the rest of Elizabeth's heroes, trusted James just as much as James trusted others ; and therefore thought good to escort the Armada until it was safely past the domains of that most chivalrous and truthful Solomon. But on the 4th of August, his fears, such as they were, were laid to rest. The Spaniards left the Scottish coast and sailed away for Norway ; and the game was played out, and the end was come, as the end of such matters generally come, by gradual decay, petty disaster, and mistake ; till the snow mountain, instead of being blown tragically and heroically to atoms, melts helplessly and pitifully away.

# A FAREWELL TO SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

By GEORGE PERLE.

[GEORGE PERLE was born in 1558(?), educated at Oxford, and became a London playwright, one of the group best remembered for rivalry with Shakespeare and brawling Bohemian lives. Among his plays are "The Arraignment of Paris" (his first, 1584), "Edward I.," "Battle of Alcazar," and "David and Bethsabe." He died before 1598.]

HAVE done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,  
 With stretching sails to plow the swelling waves;  
 Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs  
 Farewell; bid stately Troynovant adieu,  
 Where pleasant Thames from Isis' silver head  
 Begins her quiet glide, and runs along  
 To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,  
 Near neighbor to the ancient stony tower,  
 The glorious hold that Julius Caesar built.  
 Change love for arms; girt to your blades, my boys!  
 Your rests and muskets take, take helm and targe,  
 And let God Mars his consort make you mirth —  
 The roaring cannon, and the brazen trump,  
 The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,  
 The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.  
 Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home;  
 Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,  
 That under many a standard well-advanced  
 Have hid the sweet alarms and braves of love;  
 Bid theaters and proud tragedians,  
 Bid Mahomet, Scipio, and mighty Tamburlaine,  
 King Charlemagne, Tom Stukely, and the rest,  
 Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!  
 With noble Norris, and victorious Drake,  
 Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,  
 To propagate religious piety  
 And hew a passage with your conquering swords  
 By land and sea, wherever Phœbus' eye,  
 Th' eternal lamp of Heaven, lends us light;  
 By golden Tagus, or the western Ind,  
 Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,  
 The wealthy ocean-main, the Tyrrhene sea,  
 From great Alcides' pillars branching forth,  
 Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;

There to deface the pride of Antichrist,  
 And pull his paper walls and popery down —  
 A famous enterprise for England's strength,  
 To steel your swords on Avarice' triple crown,  
 And cleanse Augeas' stalls in Italy.  
 To arms, my fellow-soldiers! Sea and land  
 Lie open to the voyage you intend;  
 And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,  
 Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,  
 Whether to Europe's bounds or Asian plains,  
 To Afric's shore, or rich America,  
 Down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags,  
 Sail on, pursue your honors to your graves.  
 Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,  
 And every climate virtue's tabernacle.  
 To arms, to arms, to honorable arms!  
 Hoist sails, weigh anchors up, plow up the seas  
 With flying keels, plow up the land with swords.  
 In God's name venture on; and let me say  
 To you, my mates, as Cæsar said to his,  
 Striving with Neptune's hills: "You bear," quoth he,  
 "Cæsar and Cæsar's fortune in your ships."  
 You follow them, whose swords successful are;  
 You follow Drake, by sea the scourge of Spain,  
 The dreadful dragon, terror to your foes,  
 Victorious in his return from Ind,  
 In all his high attempts unvanquishèd.  
 You follow noble Norris, whose renown,  
 Won in the fertile fields of Belgia,  
 Spreads by the gates of Europe to the courts  
 Of Christian kings and heathen potentates.  
 You fight for Christ, and England's peerless Queen,  
 Elizabeth, the wonder of the world,  
 Over whose throne the enemies of God  
 Have thundered erst their vain successful braves.  
 O ten times treble happy men, that fight  
 Under the cross of Christ and England's Queen,  
 And follow such as Drake and Norris are!  
 All honors do this cause accompany,  
 All glory on these endless honors waits.  
 These honors and this glory shall He send  
 Whose honor and whose glory you defend.

## A REPORT OF THE TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AZORES,

THE LAST OF AUGUST, 1591, BETWIXT THE "REVENGE," ONE OF HER  
MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN;  
PENNEED BY THE HONORABLE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

(From "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Trafficks, and Discoveries of the  
English Nation." Collected by Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime  
Student of Christ Church in Oxford.)

[For biographical sketch of Raleigh, see page 267.]

BECAUSE the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the Low Countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards, according to their usual manner, fill the world with their vainglorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories when, on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonored; it is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth, that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville and other her Majesty's Captains with the Armada of Spain should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniard should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisoes, and letters, to cover their own loss, and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight performed far off; seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages in print great victories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When, shortly after, it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred and forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal caracks, Florentines, and huge hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, high Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together, even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdes with his mighty ship; from Portland

to Calais, where they lost Hugo de Moncado with the galleys of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathy of their religion hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England. Where her Majesty, of her princely disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, sent them all back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy: of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all their magazines of provisions, were put in print as an army and navy irresistible, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink, or take, one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or ever burnt so much as one sheepcote of this land. Whenas, on the contrary, Sir Francis Drake with only eight hundred soldiers not long before landed in their Indies and forced Sant-Iago, Santo Domingo, Carthagená, and the forts of Florida. And after that, Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugal with a handful of soldiers to the gates of Lisbon, being above forty English miles. Where the Earl of Essex himself and other valiant gentlemen braved the city of Lisbon, encamped at the very gates; from whence, after many days' abode, they made retreat by land, in despite of all their garrisons, both of horse and foot.

In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose only by the necessary comparison of their and our actions: the one covetous of honor without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedily to purchase the opinion of their own affairs, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors, that they will not only not blush to spread all manner of untruths, but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonfires in every town — always spending more in fagots than the purchase was worth they obtained. Whenas we never thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian ships at one time, and twenty

of the Brazil fleet. Such is the difference between true valor and ostentation, and between honorable actions and frivolous, vainglorious vaunts. But now to return to my purpose.

The Lord Thomas Howard with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark "Raleigh," and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news than the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships were all pestered, and rummaging everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable: for in the "Revenge" there were ninety diseased; in the "Bonaventure" not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the "Defiance," which was admiral; the "Revenge," vice admiral; the "Bonaventure," commanded by Captain Crosse; the "Lion," by George Fenner; the "Foresight," by M. Thomas Vavasour; and the "Crane," by Duffield. The "Foresight" and the "Crane" being but small ships: only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark "Raleigh," commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand that our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors; but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed — to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas, with the rest, very hardly recovered the wind: which Sir Richard Grenville, not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship; for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to

turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff and fell under the lee of the "Revenge." But the other course had been the better, and might right well have answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the mean while, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great "San Philip" being in the wind of him and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort that the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm—so huge and high was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the "Revenge" aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard. The said "Philip" carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the "Revenge" was entangled with this "Philip," four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great "San Philip" having received the lower tier of the "Revenge," discharged with crossbar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth unless we are assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the "Revenge," and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers, but were repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the "George Noble" of London having received some shot through her from the Armada, fell under the lee of the "Revenge," and asked Sir Richard what he would command her, being one of the victualers and of



small force. Sir Richard bade her save herself and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain or hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the admiral of the hulks both sank : and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the "Revenge's" own company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the islands (examined by some of the lords and others), affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight : and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a dressing, he was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon was wounded to death. 'Tis agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the "Revenge," as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places (she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her), so that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her ; and all so ill approved their entertainment, that they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased : and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the "Pilgrim," commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success ; but in the morning, bearing with the "Revenge," was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the "Revenge," to the last barrel, was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army ! By those hundred all was sustained — the volleys, boardings, and

enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons: — the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defense.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several armadas (all by turns aboard him) and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and finding himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the "Revenge" not able to move one way or the other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards — seeing in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal — and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniards would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six feet of water in hold, three shot under water (which were so weakly stopped that with the first working of the sea she must needs sink), and was besides so crushed

and bruised that she could never be removed out of the place.

While the matter was thus in dispute and Sir Richard was refusing to hearken to any of their reasons, the master of the "Revenge" (for the captain had won unto himself the greater party) was convoyed aboard the "General" of Don Alphonso Baçan, who, finding none overhasty to enter the "Revenge" again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the "Revenge" his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent to England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear; and in the mean season they were to be free from galleys or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned — that safety of life was promised — the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner. It was no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the "General" sent many boats aboard the "Revenge," and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the "General" and other ships. Sir Richard thus overmatched was sent unto by Alphonso Baçan to remove out of the "Revenge," the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughterhouse. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned: and, reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The "General" used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many, huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries

of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the "Lion" of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the Armada was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscayan squadron was Britandona; of the squadron of Seville, the Marquis of Arumburch. The hulks and flyboats were commanded by Luis Continho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near one thousand of the enemies and two special commanders, Don Luis de St. John, and Don George de Prunaria de Malaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The "Admiral" of the hulks and the "Ascension" of Seville were both sunk by the side of the "Revenge"; one other recovered the road of Saint Michael and sank also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the "General," and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea or on the land, we know not. The comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.

For the rest of her Majesty's ships that entered not so far into the fight as the "Revenge," the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all, whereof two but small ships; the "Revenge" engaged past recovery; the island of Flores was on the one side, fifty-three sail of the Spanish, divided into squadrons, on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could contain. Almost the one half of our men sick and not able to serve; the ships grown foul, unrummaged, and scarcely able to bear any sail for want of ballast, having been six months at the sea before. If all the rest had entered, all had been lost, for the very hugeness of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offered, would have crushed them between them into shivers. Of which the dishonor and loss to the Queen had been far greater than the spoil or harm that the enemy could any way have received. Notwithstanding, it is very true that the Lord Thomas would

have entered between the squadrons, but the rest would not condescend; and the master of his own ship offered to leap into the sea rather than to conduct that her Majesty's ship and the rest, to be a prey to the enemy where there was no hope nor possibility either of defense or victory. Which also in my opinion had ill sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a general—to commit himself and his charge to an assured destruction without hope or any likelihood of prevailing, thereby to diminish the strength of her Majesty's navy, and to enrich the pride and glory of the enemy. The "Foresight," of the Queen's, commanded by M. Thomas Vavasour, performed a very great fight and stayed two hours as near the "Revenge" as the weather would permit him, not forsaking the fight till he was likely to be encompassed by the squadrons, and with great difficulty cleared himself. The rest gave divers volleys of shot and entered as far as the place permitted, and their own necessities to keep the weather gauge of the enemy, until they were parted by night. A few days after the fight was ended and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indian ships, there arose so great a storm from the west and northwest that all the fleet was dispersed, as well as the Indian fleet which was then come unto them, as the rest of the Armada that attended their arrival, of which fourteen sail, together with the "Revenge," and in her two hundred Spaniards, were cast away upon the island of Saint Michael. So it pleased them to honor the burial of that renowned ship, the "Revenge," not suffering her to perish alone for the great honor she had achieved in her lifetime. . . .

To conclude: it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of forsworn traitors, and of unjust practices and invasions. She hath ever been honored of the worthiest kings, served by faithful subjects, and shall, by the favor of God, resist, repel, and confound all attempts whatsoever against her sacred person or kingdom. In the mean time let the Spaniard and traitor vaunt of their success, and we, her true and obedient vassals, guided by the shining light of her virtues, shall always love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.

## THE "REVENGE."

## A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Cup," 1884; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of Ænone," 1892.]

## I.

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:  
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"  
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;  
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,  
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.  
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

## II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;  
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.  
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.  
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

## III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;  
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land  
Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down below;  
For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

## IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
"Shall we fight or shall we fly ?  
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
For to fight is but to die !  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."  
And Sir Richard said again : " We be all good English men.  
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,  
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

## V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so  
The little " Revenge " ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below ;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,  
And the little " Revenge " ran on thro' the long sea lane between.

## VI.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and  
laughed,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft  
Running on and on, till delayed  
By their mountainlike " San Philip," that, of fifteen hundred tons;  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

## VII.

And while now the great " San Philip " hung above us like a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud,  
Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,  
And the battle thunder broke from them all.

## VIII.

But anon the great " San Philip," she bethought herself and went  
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musketeers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land.

## IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder and flame;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more —

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

## X.

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,

And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

## XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;

But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could sting,

So they watched what the end would be.

And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight were we,

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,

And half of the rest of us maimed for life

In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;

And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again!

We have won great glory, my men!

And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die — does it matter when?



Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

## XII.

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seame. made reply:—  
"We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
We will make the Spániard promise, if we yield, to let us go;  
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."  
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

## XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:  
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:  
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;  
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,  
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,  
And they manned the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,  
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;  
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their  
flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of  
Spain,  
And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

## THE LIE.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

[SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born near Sidmouth, Devonshire, 1552; entered Oriel College, Oxford; left it to volunteer for the Huguenot cause in France, and fought at Jarnac and Monecontour; was later in various expeditions, and became noted as a dashing adventurer; was patronized by Leicester, and became a favorite of Elizabeth and high in office; 1584-1587 fitted out three expeditions to colonize America, and in 1587 colonized a large grant in Ireland; in 1592 was sent to the Tower for a love affair; in 1595 explored the northeastern coast of South America, and in 1596 published "The Discovery of Guiana"; in 1596 helped win the great naval action at Cadiz; in 1597 stormed Fayal; 1600-1603 was governor of Jersey; after James's accession was imprisoned in the Tower for conspiracy (1603-1616); released to go on an exploring expedition, he violated his parole by making war on the Spanish settlements, and was beheaded October 29, 1618. While in the Tower he wrote one volume of a "History of the World" (1614), suppressed by James; "The Prerogative of Parliaments" (1615); "The Cabinet Council" (1658); and "a Discourse of War."]

Go, SOUL, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless arrant:  
 Fear not to touch the best;  
 The truth shall be thy warrant:  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows  
 And shines like rotten wood;  
 Say to the church, it shows  
 What 's good, and doth no good:  
 If court and church reply,  
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live  
 Acting by others' action;  
 Not loved unless they give,  
 Not strong but by a faction:  
 If potentates reply,  
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
 That manage the estate,  
 Their purpose is ambition,  
 Their practice only hate:  
 And if they once reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who, in their greatest cost,  
Seek nothing but commending:  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;  
Tell love it is but lust;  
Tell time it is but motion;  
Tell flesh it is but dust:  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;  
Tell honor how it alters;  
Tell beauty how she blasteth;  
Tell favor how it falters:  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness;  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness:  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;  
Tell skill it is pretension;  
Tell charity of coldness;  
Tell law it is contention:  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness  
Tell nature of decay;  
Tell friendship of unkindness;  
Tell justice of delay:  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming:

If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;  
Tell how the country erreth;  
Tell manhood shakes off pity;  
Tell virtue least preferreth:  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing, —  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing, —  
Stab at thee he that will,  
No stab the soul can kill.



## THE BATTLE OF IVRY, 1590.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary of War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!  
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!  
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of  
France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy  
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating when, at the dawn of day,  
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.  
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:  
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,  
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"  
"And if my standard bearer fall, — as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!  
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies, — upon them with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;  
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.  
D'Aumâle hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.  
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.  
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:  
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."  
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;  
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey,

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;  
 And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.  
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.  
 Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know  
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church  
 such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,  
 Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;  
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.  
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.  
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;  
 Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.  
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,  
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave:  
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;  
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

## AN EPISTLE OF MARTIN MARPRELATE.

[“MARTIN MARPRELATE” was the name signed to a number of pamphlets, issued chiefly 1588–90, in the interest of the Puritan party against the upholders of the Anglican discipline—a part of the warfare which drew out Hooker's famous book on ecclesiastical polity. Their contents ranged all the way from serious proofs that the Anglican doctrines contained the purest Roman-Catholicism, and that the Puritan preachers were being hounded to death and their works suppressed only for combating the essence of the anti-Protestant system, down to the savagest personal lampoons and degrading stories of the bishops. The authorship was never certainly known; but after chasing the press from place to place, the government threw one Udall into prison to die, put two others, Penry and Barrowe, to death in 1593, and the Marprelate tracts thereafter ceased.]

MAY it please your honorable worships to let worthy Martin understand / why your Canterburnesse and the rest of the L. Bb.<sup>1</sup> favor papists and recusants / rather than puritans. For if a puritane preacher / having a recusant in his parrish / and shall go about to deale with the recusant for not comming to church. Sir, will the recusant say / you and I will answere the matter before his grace / (or other the high commissioners / as L. Bb.

<sup>1</sup> Lords Bishops.

Seevillaines (I meane) popish doctors of the bawdie courts.) And assoone as the matter is made knowne unto my Lorde / the preacher is sure to go by the worst / and the recusant to carie all the honestie : Yea the preacher shalbe a busie envious fellow / one that doth not observe the booke / and conforme himself according unto order / and perhaps go home by beggers bush / for any benefice he hath to live upon. For it may be the Bb. will be so good unto him / as to deprive him for not subscribing. As for the recusant / he is known to be a man that must have the libertie of his conscience. Is this good dealing brethren. And is it good dealing / that poore men should be so troubled to the chauncellors courte / that they are even wearie of their lives / for such horrible oppression as there raignes. I tell you D. Stannop<sup>1</sup> (for all you are so proude) a premunire will take you by the backe one day / for oppressing and tyrannizing over her Majesties subjects as you doe.

Doth your grace remember / what the Jesuit at Newgate sayde of you / namely / that my Lorde of Canterbury<sup>2</sup> should surely be a Cardinall / if ever poperie did come againe into England : (yea and that a brave Cardinall to) what a knave was this Jesuit ? beleeve me I would not say thus much of my Lord of Canterburie / for a thousand pound / lest a *Scandalum magnum* should be had against me : But well fare him that sayd thought is free.

Pitifully complayning / is there any reason (my Lords grace) why knave Thackwell the printer / which printed popishe and trayterous welshe bookes in wales / shoulde have more favour at your gracelesse handes / then poore Walde-graue / who never printed booke against you / that contayneth eyther treason or impietie. Thackwell is at libertie to walke where he will / and permitted to make the most he could of his presse and letters : whereas Robert Walde-grave dares not shew his face for the bloodthirstie desire you have for his life / onely for printing of bookes which toucheth the bishops Myters. You know that Walde-graves printing presse and Letters were takken away : his presse being timber / was sawen and hewed in pieces / the yron work battered and made unserviceable / his Letters melted / with cases and other tooles defaced (by John Woolfe / alias Machiuill / Beadle of the Stationers / and most tormenting executioner of Walde-graves goods) and he himselfe utterly deprived for ever printing againe / having a wife and sixe small

<sup>1</sup> Richard Stanhope, D.D.<sup>2</sup> Archbishop Whitgift.

children. Will this monstrous crueltie never bee revenged thinke you? When Walde-graves goods was to be spoiled and defaced / there were some printers / that rather then all the goods should be spoyled / offered money for it / towards the reliefe of the mans wife and children / but this coulde not be obtayned / and yet popishe Thackwell / though hee printed popish and trayterous bookes / may have the favour to make money of his presse and letters. And reason to. For Walde-grave's profession overthroweth the popedome of Lambeth / but Thackwells popery maintayneth the same. And now that Walde-grave hath neither presse nor letters / his grace may dine and sup the quieter. But looke to it brother Canterburie / certainly without your repentance / I feare me / youshal be Hildebrand A fyrebrand in deed. Walde-grave hath left house and home / by indeed. reason of your unnaturall tyrannie: having left behinde him a poore wife and sixe Orphanes / without any thing to relieve them. (For the husband you have bereaved both of his trade and goods.) Be you assured that the crie of these will one day prevaile against you / unlesse you desist from persecuting. And good your grace / I do now remember my selfe of More another printer / that had presse and letter in a place knavery. called Charterhouse in London (in Anno 1587. neere about the time of the Scottish Queens death) intelligence was given unto your good grace of the same / by some of the Stacioners of London / it was made knowen unto you what worke was in hand / what letter the booke was on / what volume / vz. in 80 in halfe sheetes / what workemen wrought on the same: namely / I.C. the Earle of Arundels man and three of his servants / with their severall names / what liberallitie was bestowed Is not he a on those workemen / and by whom / &c. Your grace very Pope gave the Stationers the hearing of this matter / but indeed that to this daye the parties were never calde in Coram thus hideth for it: but yet by your leave my Lord / upon this poperie and information unto your honorable worship / the stacioners had knavery. newes / that it was made knowne unto the printers / what was done unto your good grace / and presently in steed It may be of the work which was in hand / there was another you hindred appointed / as they saye / authorized by your Lordship. her Majestie I will not saye it was your owne doing / but by your of many sleeve / thought is free. And my good L. (nay you thousands of shalbe none of my L. but M. Whitgift and you will) are you pounds. partiall or no in all your actions tell me? yes you are? I will



stand to it? did you get a decree in the high court of Star-chamber onely for Walde-grave? if it bee in generall (and you partiall) why set you not that printing presse and letters out of Charterhouse / and destroye them as you did Walde-graves? Why did you not apprehend the parties / why? Because it was poperie at the least / that was printed in Charterhouse: and that maintayneth the crowne of Canterburye? And what is more tollerable then popery? Did not your grace of late erecte a new printer contrary to the foresayd decree? One Thomas Orwine (who sometimes wrought popish bookes in corners: namely Jesus Psalter / our Ladies Psalter / &c.) with condition he should print no such seditious bookes as Walde-grave hath done? Why my Lorde? Walde-grave never printed any thing against the state / but onely against the usurped state of your Paultripolitanship / and your pope holy brethren / the Lorde B. and your Antichristian swinish rable / being intollerable withstanders of reformation / enemies of the Gospell / and most covetous wretched / and popish priests.

Nowe most pitifully complayning / Martin Marprelate: That the papistes will needs make us beleewe / that our good John of Canterbury and they / are at no great jarre in religion. For Reignolds the papist at Rheimes / in his booke against M. Whitakers / commendeth the works written by his grace / for the defence of the corruption of our Church / against T. Cartwright. And sayth that the said John Cant. hath many things in him / which evidently shew a catholike perswasion. Alas my masters shall we loose our metropolitan in this sort. Yet the note is a good note / that we may take heed the Spaniards steale him not away / it were not amisse if her Maiestie knew of it. Wee need not fear (if we can keep him) the Spaniards and our other popish enemies / because our metropolitans religion and theirs differ not much. In the article of Christes descending into hell / they jumpe in one right pat: and in the mayntenaunce of the hierarchie of Bb. and ascribing the name of priest / unto them that are ministers of the gospel. I know not whether my next tale will be acceptable unto his grace or not. But have it among you my masters: M. Wiggington the pastor of Sidborough / is a man not altogether unknown unto you. And I think his worshipfull grace got little or nothing by medling with him / although he hath deprived him: My tale is of his deprivation / which was after this sort. The

good quiet people of Sydborough / being troubled for certaine yeares with the sayde Wiggington / and many of them being infected by him with the true knowledge of the gospell / by the worde preached (which is an heresie / that his grace doth mortally abhorre and persecute) at length grew in disliking with their pastor / because the severe man did urge nothing but obedience unto the gospell. Well / they came to his grace to finde a remedie hereof: desiring him that Wiggington might be deprived. His grace could find no law to deprive him / no although the pastor defied the Archb. to his face / and would give him no better title then John Whitgift / such buggs words / being in these daies accounted no lesse then high treason against a Paltripolitan: Though since that time / I think his grace hath bin well enured to beare the name of Pope of Lambeth / John Cant. the prelate of Lambeth / with divers other titles agreeable to his function. Well Sidborough men proceeded against their pastor / his grace woulde not deprive him / because he could finde no law to warrant him therein / and he will do little contrary to law / for feare of a premunire / unles it be at a dead lift / to deprive a puritan preacher. Then in deed he will do against lawe / against God / and against his owne conscience / rather then the heresie of preaching should prevail. One man of Sidborough / whose name is Atkinson / was very eger among the rest / to have his pastor deprived; and because his grace woulde not heare them but departed away / this Atkinson desired his grace to resolve him and his neighbours of one poynt which something troubled them: and that was / whether his grace or Wiggington were of the devil. For quoth he / you are so contrary the one from the other / that both of you cannot possibly be of God. If he be of God / it is certaine you are of the devill / and so cannot long stand; for he will be your overthrowe. Amen. If you are of God / then he is of the divell as wee thinke him to be / and so he being of the devill / will you not deprive him? why shoulde you suffer such a one to trouble the Church. Now if he be of God / why is your course so contrary to his? and rather / why do not you follow him / that we may do so to? Truely / if you do not deprive him / we will thinke him to be of God / and go home with him / with gentler good will towards him / then we came hyther with hatred / and looke you for a fall. His grace hearing this northen logicke / was mooved on the sodaine you must thinke / promised to deprive Wiggington and so he did. This

Atkinson this winter 1587 [i.e. 1587–8] came up to London / being as it seemed afflicted in conscience for this fact / desired Wiggington to pardone him and offred to kneel before her Majestie / that Wiggington might bee restored againe to his place / and to stande to the trueth hereof / to his graces teeth. The man is yet alive / he may be sent for / if you thinke that M. Martin hath reported an untrueth. No I warrant you / you shall not take mee to have fraught my booke with lyes and slaunders / as John Whitgift / and the Deane of Sarum did theirs. I speak not of things by heresay as of reports / but I bring my witnesses to proove my matters.

May it please you to yeeld unto a suite that I have to your worships. I pray you send Wiggington home unto his charge againe / I can tell you it was a foule oversight in his grace / to send for him out of the North to London / that he might outface him at his owne doore. He woulde do his Canterburines lesse hurt if he were at his charge / then now he doth. Let the Templars have M. Travers their preacher restored againe unto them / hee is now at leysure to worke your priesthood a woe I hope. If suche another booke as the Ecclesiast. Discipline was / drop[t] out of his budget / it were as good for the Bb. to lie a day and a night in little case in the Counter. He is an od fellowe in folowing an argument / and you know he hath a smooth tong / either in Latine or English. And if my L. of Winchester understood / cyther greeke or Hebrew / as they say he hath no great skill in neyther : I woulde praye your priestdomes to tell me which is the better scholler / Walter Travers / or Thomas Cooper. Will you not send M. Wyborne to Northampton / that he may see some fruits of the seed he sowed there 16. or 18. yeares ago. That old man Wiborne / hath more good learning in him / and more fit gifts for the ministry in his little toe / then many braces of our Lord Bb.

Except  
persecuting  
Greenefelde Restore him to preaching againe for shame. M. Paget shallbe welcome to Devonshire / he is more fit to teach men then boyes. I marveile with what face a man that had done so much good in the Church as he did among a rude people / could be deprived.

Briefely / may it please you to let the Gospell have a free course / and restore unto their former libertie in preaching / all the preachers that you have put to silence : and this far is my first suit. . . .

Our Bb. are afraid that any thing should be published

abrod / whereby the common people should learne / that the only way to salvation / is by the worde preached. There was the last sommer a little catechisme / made by M. Davison and printed by Waldegrave : but before he could print it / it must be authorized by the Bb. either Cante. or London / he went to Cant. to have it licensed / his grace committed it to doctor Neverbegood [Wood], he read it over in half a yeare / the booke is a great one of two sheets of paper. In one place of the booke the meanes of salvation was attributed to the worde preached : and what did he thinke you ? he blotted out so the word [preached] and would not have that word printed / ascribing the way to work mens salvation to the worde read. Thus they doe to suppress the truth / and to keep men in ignorance. John Cant. was the first father of this horrible error in our Church / for he hath defended it in print / and now as you have heard / accounteth the contrary to be heresie. . . .

May it please your Priestdomes to understand / that doctor Cottington Archdeacon of Surrey / being belike bankerout in his owne countrie / cometh to Kingstone upon Thames of meere good will that he beareth to the towne (I should say / to userer Harvies good chear and money bags) being out at the heeles with all other userers / and knowing him to be a professed adversary to M. Udall / (a notable preacher of the Gospell / and vehement reprover of sinne) taketh the advantage of their controversie / and hoping to borow some of the userers money : setteth himself most vehemently against M. Udall / to do whatsoever Harvie the userer will have him : and taketh the helpe of his journiman doctor Hone / the veriest coxcombe that ever wore velvet cap / and an ancient foe to M. Udall / because (indeed) he is a popish dolt / and (to make up a messe) Steven Chatfield / the vicker of kingston / as very a bankerout and duns as Doc. Cottington (although he have consumed all the money he gathered to build a Colledge at Kingstone) must come and be resident there / that M. Udall may have his mouth stopped / and why ? forsooth because your friend M. Harvie woulde have it so ; for sayth Harvie / he rayleth in his sermons / is that true ? Doth he rail / when he reproveth thee (and such notorious varlets as thou art) for thy usury / for thy oppressing of the poore / for buying the houses over their heads that love the gospell / and the Lord his faythfull minister ? (M. Udall) And art not thou a monstrous atheist / a belly God / a carnall wicked wretch / and what not. M. Chatfield you thinke I see not your knavery ? is us [iwis ?] do I / you can-

not daunce so cunningly in a net but I can spie you out? Shal I tel you why you sow pillowes under Harvies elbowes? Why man / it is because you would borow an 100. pound of him? Go to you Asse / and take in M. Udall againe (for Harvie I can tell / is as craftie a knave as you / he will not lend his money to such bankerouts / as Duns Cottington and you are) and you do not restore M. Udall againe to preach / I will so lay open your vilenes / yat I wil make the very stoonies in Kingstone streets shall smell of your knaveries. Nowe if a man aske M. Cottington why M. Udall is put to silence? forsoth saith he / for not favoring the Church government present. Doc. Hone (Cottingtons journiman / a popish D. of the baudy court) saith by his troth / for making such variance in the town. M. Chatfield seemeth to be sorie for it / &c. But what cause was alleaged why M. Udall must preach no longer? surely this onely? that he had not my L. of Winchesters licence under seale to shew: and because this was thought not to be sufficient to satisfie the people: Hone the baudie Doctor / charged him to be a sectarie / a schismatike / yea he affirmed plainly / that the gospell out of his mouth was blasphemie. Popish Hone / do you say so? do ye? you are a knave I tel you? by ye same token your friend Chatfield spent thirteene score pounds in distributing briefes / for a gathering towards the erecting of a Colledge at kingstone upon Thames.

Wohohow / brother London / do you remember Thomas Allen and Richard Alworth / marchants of London / being executors to George Allen somtimes your grocer / but now deceased; who came unto you on easter wednesday last being at your masterdoms pallace in London / having bene often to speake with you before and could not / yet now they met with you: who tolde you they were executors vnto one George Allen (somtimes) your grocer / and among other his debts / we finde you indebted unto him / in the some of 19. pound and upward / desiring to let them have the money / for that they were to dispose of it according to that trust he reposed in them. You answered them sweetly (after you had pawsed a while) in this maner: You are raskals / you are villaines / you are arraunt knaves / I owe you nought / I have a generall quittance to shew. Sir (sayd they) shew us your discharge / and wee are satisfied. No (quoth-he) I will shew you none / go sue me / go sue me. Then sayd one of the merchants / doe you thus use us for asking our due?

Can B. face  
cog lie and  
cozen or no  
thinke you?

Wee would you should know / we are no suche vile persons. Don John of London (hearing their answer) cried out / saying: Hence away / Citizens? nay you are raskkals / you are worse then wicked mammon (so lifting up both his hands / and flinging them downe againe / said) You are theeves / you are Coseners: take that for a bishops blessing. Dumbe John  
of Londons  
blessing. blessing / and so get you hence. But when they would have answered / his men thrust them out of the dores. But shortly after / he perceived they went about to bring the matter to farther tryal: he sent a messenger unto them confessing the debt / but they cannot get their money to this day. What reason is it they should have their mony? hath he not bestowed his liberallitie already on them? Can they not be satisfied with the blessing of this brave bousing priest? But brethren bishops / I pray you tell me? hath not you brother London / a notable brazen face to use these men so for their owne? I told you / Martin will be proved no lyar / in that he saith that Bb. are cogging and cosening knaves. This priest went to buffets with his sonne in law / for a bloodie nose / well fare all good tokens. The last lent there came a commaundement from his grace into Paules Churchyard / that no Byble should be bounde without the Apocripha. Monstrous and ungodly wretches / that to maintaine their owne outrageous proceedings / thus mingle heaven and earth together / and woulde make the spirite of God / to be the author of prophane bookes. I am hardly drawn to a merie vaine from such waightie matters.

But you see my worshipfull priestes of this crue to whom I write / what a perilous fellow M. Marprelate is: he understands of all your knaverie / and it may be he keepes a register of them: unlesse you amend / they shall al come into the light one day. And you brethren bishops / take this warning from me. If you doe not leave your persecuting of godly christians and good subjectes / that seeke to live uprightly in the feare of God / and the obedience of her Majestie / all your dealing shalbe made knowne unto the world. And ise be sure to make you an example to all posterities. You see I have taken some paynes with you already / and I will owe you a better turne / and pay it you with advauntage / at the least thirteene to the dozen / unles you observe these conditions of peace which I drawe betweene me and you. For I assure you I make not your doings known for anie mallice that I beare unto you / but the hurt that you doe unto Gods Church / leave you your wickednesse / and ile leave the revealing of your knaveries.

## RICHARD HOOKER'S EARLY YEARS.

By IZAAK WALTON.

[IZAAK WALTON, the "Father of Angling," was born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, and for twenty years kept a linen-draper's shop in Fleet Street, London. In 1644 he retired on a competency and passed a large part of the remainder of his life at Winchester, where he died in 1683, in the house of his son-in-law, a prebendary of Winchester cathedral. His masterpiece is "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" (1653), a discourse on angling, interspersed with reflections, dialogue, verses, etc. He also wrote lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Sanderson, and other friends and contemporaries.]

MR. HOOKER was now in the nineteenth year of his age; had spent five in the University; and had, by a constant unwearied diligence, attained unto a perfection in all the learned languages; by the help of which, an excellent tutor, and his unintermitted studies, he had made the subtilty of all the arts easy and familiar to him, and useful for the discovery of such learning as lay hid from common searchers. So that by these, added to his great reason, and his restless industry added to both, he did not only know more of causes and effects; but what he knew, he knew better than other men. And with this knowledge he had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of all his pupils, — which in time were many, — but especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys, and his as dear George Crammer.

This for Mr. Hooker's learning. And for his behavior, amongst other testimonies, this still remains of him, that in four years he was but twice absent from the Chapel prayers; and that his behavior there was such, as showed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshiped and prayed to; giving all outward testimonies that his affections were set on heavenly things. This was his behavior towards God; and for that to man, it is observable that he was never known to be angry, or passionate, or extreme in any of his desires; never heard to repine or dispute with Providence, but, by a quiet gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of his Creator, bore the burthen of the day with patience; never heard to utter an uncomely word: and by this, and a grave behavior, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence unto his person, even from those that at other times and in other companies, took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behavior

and discourse that is required in a collegiate life. And when he took any liberty to be pleasant, his wit was never blemished with scoffing, or the utterance of any conceit that bordered upon, or might beget a thought of looseness in his hearers. Thus mild, thus innocent and exemplary was his behavior in his College; and thus this good man continued till his death, still increasing in learning, in patience, and piety.

I return to Mr. Hooker in his College, where he continued his studies with all quietness, for the space of three years; about which time he entered into Sacred Orders, being then made Deacon and Priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which Sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's House; which is a House so called for that, besides the stipend paid the Preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his Sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a Draper of good note in Watling Street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavor; for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the Reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weatherbeaten, that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier an horse, — supposing the horse trotted when he did not; — and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's Sermon: but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his Sermon; which was, "That in God there were two wills; an antecedent and a consequent will: his first will, That all mankind should be saved; but his second will was, That those only should be saved, that did live answerable to that degree of grace which he had offered or afforded them."



This seemed to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it, as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hammond, and others of great learning, who believe that a contrary opinion intrenches upon the honor and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this, I will not undertake to declare; but it was not excepted against — as Mr. Hooker declares in his rational Answer to Mr. Travers — by John Elmer, then Bishop of London; at this time one of his auditors, and at last one of his advocates too, when Mr. Hooker was accused for it.

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence, as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, "that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry." And he, not considering that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light"; but, like a true Nathanael, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with, — you may read it in the book of Genesis, — when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that, or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's, which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house: so that the good man had no reason to "rejoice in the wife of his youth"; but too just cause to say with the holy Prophet, "Wo is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!"

This choice of Mr. Hooker's — if it were his choice — may be wondered at: but let us consider that the Prophet Ezekiel says, "There is a wheel within a wheel;" a secret sacred wheel of Providence, — most visible in marriages, — guided by His hand that "allows not the race to the swift," nor "bread to the wise," nor good wives to good men: and He that can bring

good out of evil — for mortals are blind to this reason — only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was: and let the Reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a divine diet; which though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter, physic to those children whose souls are dearest to him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his College; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married Priest, and a country Parsonage: which was Drayton-Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the Diocese of Lincoln; to which he was presented by John Cheney, Esq. — then Patron of it — the 9th of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God — “in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty and no doubt in long-suffering;” yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year; in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor: where they found him with a book in his hand, — it was the Odes of Horace, — he being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field; which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them; for Richard was called to rock the cradle: and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they staid but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, “Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in

no better ground, as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man replied, "My dear George, if Saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labor — as indeed I do daily — to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

At their return to London, Edwin Sandys acquaints his father, who was then Archbishop of York, with his Tutor's sad condition, and solicits for his removal to some benefice that might give him a more quiet and a more comfortable subsistence; which his father did most willingly grant him when it should next fall into his power.



## THE UNPOPULARITY OF CONSERVATISM.

By RICHARD HOOKER.

[RICHARD HOOKER, one of the greatest of English divines and theologians, "the judicious Hooker," was born at or near Exeter about 1563; died 1600. A precocious boy, he attracted the notice of Jewel, bishop of Salisbury, and was sent to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1574. Taking orders, he became Master of the Temple at a little over thirty, as a zealous Anglican, but with a popular Puritan orator for a colleague, who drew all the audiences to his afternoon services; and Hooker resigned in disgust for a country rectory, where he wrote the first four books of his still famous work, the "Ecclesiastical Polity" (1594); transferred to another living, a fifth appeared in 1597, and the other three posthumously. He died about 1600.]

HE THAT goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favorable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind, under this fair and plausible color whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas, on the other side, if

we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men,—who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favor of the present state because thereby we either hold or seek preferment,—but also to bear such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take against that which they are loath should be poured into them.

Albeit, therefore, much of that we are to speak in this present cause may seem to a number perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark, and intricate; (for many talk of the truth, which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth; and therefore when they are led thereunto they are soon weary, as men drawn from these beaten paths wherewith they have been inured;) yet this may not so far prevail as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humor of some be therewith pleased or no. They unto whom we shall seem tedious are in nowise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider that in these matters it cometh not otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers-on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality it behooveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain, of them to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

## THE FREE-WILL OF MAN.

BY RICHARD HOOKER.

MAN in perfection of nature being made according to the likeness of his Maker, resembleth Him also in the manner of working; so that whatsoever we work as men, the same we do wittingly work and freely; neither are we, according to the manner of natural agents, any way so tied but that it is in our power to leave the things we do undone. The good which either is gotten by doing, or which consisteth in the very doing itself, causeth not action, unless apprehending it as good we so like and desire it; that we do unto any such end, the same we choose and prefer before the leaving of it undone. Choice there is not, unless the thing which we take be so in our power that we might have refused and left it. If fire consume the stubble, it chooseth not so to do, because the nature thereof is such that it can do no other. To choose is to will one thing before another. And to will is to bend our souls to the having or doing of that which they see to be good. Goodness is seen with the eye of the understanding. And the light of that eye is reason. So that two principal fountains there are of human action, Knowledge and Will; which Will, in things tending towards any end, is termed Choice. Concerning Knowledge, "Behold [saith Moses], I have set before you this day good and evil, life and death." Concerning Will, he addeth immediately, "Choose life;" that is to say, the things that tend unto life, them choose.

But of one thing we must have special care, as being a matter of no small moment; and that is, how the Will, properly and strictly taken, as it is of things which are referred unto the end that man desireth, differeth greatly from that inferior natural desire which we call Appetite. The object of Appetite is whatsoever sensible good may be wished for; the object of Will is that good which Reason doth lead us to seek. Affections, as joy and grief and fear and anger, with such like, being, as it were, the sundry fashions and forms of Appetite, can neither rise at the conceit of a thing indifferent, nor yet choose but rise at the sight of some things. Wherefore it is not altogether in our power whether we will be stirred by affections or no; whereas actions which issue from the disposition of the Will are in the power thereof to be performed or

stayed. Finally, Appetite is the Will's solicitor, and the Will is Appetite's controller; what we covet according to the one by the other we often reject; neither is any other desire termed properly Will, but there where Reason and Understanding, or the show of reason, prescribeth the thing desired.

It may be therefore a question, whether those operations of men are to be counted voluntary, wherein that good which is sensible provoketh Appetite, and Appetite causeth action, Reason being never called to counsel; as when we eat or drink, and betake ourselves unto rest, and such like. The truth is, that such actions in men having attained to the use of Reason are voluntary. For as the authority of higher powers hath force even in those things which are done without their privity, and are of so mean reckoning that to acquaint them therewith it needeth not; in like sort, voluntarily we are said to do that also, which the Will if it listed might hinder from being done, although about the doing thereof we do not expressly use our reason or understanding, and so immediately apply our wills thereunto. In cases therefore of such facility, the Will doth yield her assent as it were with a kind of silence, by not dissenting; in which respect her force is not so apparent as in express mandates or prohibitions, especially upon advice and consultation going before.

Where understanding therefore needeth, in those things Reason is the director of man's Will by discovering in action what is good. For the Laws of well-doing are the dictates of right Reason. Children, which are not as yet come unto those years whereat they may have; again, innocents, which are excluded by natural defect from ever having; thirdly, madmen, which for the present cannot possibly have the use of right Reason to guide themselves, have for their guide the Reason that guideth other men, which are tutors over them to seek and to procure their good for them. In the rest there is that light of Reason, whereby good may be known from evil, and which discovering the same rightly is termed right.

The Will notwithstanding doth not incline to have or do that which Reason teacheth to be good, unless the same do also teach it to be possible. For albeit the Appetite, being more general, may wish anything which seemeth good, be it never so impossible; yet for such things the reasonable Will of man doth never seek. Let Reason teach impossibility in any thing, and the Will of man doth let it go.

There is in the Will of man naturally that freedom, whereby it is apt to take or refuse any particular object whatsoever being presented unto it. Whereupon it followeth, that there is no particular object so good, but it may have the show of some difficulty or unpleasant quality annexed to it, in respect whereof the Will may shrink and decline it; contrariwise (for so things are blended) there is no particular evil which hath not some appearance of goodness whereby to insinuate itself. For evil as evil cannot be desired: if that be desired which is evil, the cause is the goodness which is or seemeth to be joined with it. Goodness doth not move by being, but by being apparent; and therefore many things are neglected which are most precious, only because the value of them lieth hid. Sensible Goodness is most apparent, near, present; which causeth the Appetite to be therewith strongly provoked. Now pursuit and refusal in the Will do follow, the one the affirmation, the other the negation of goodness, which the understanding apprehendeth, grounding itself upon sense, unless some higher Reason do chance to teach the contrary. And if Reason have taught it rightly to be good, yet not so apparently that the mind receiveth it with utter impossibility of being otherwise, still there is place left for the Will to take or leave. Whereas therefore amongst so many things as are to be done, there are so few the goodness whereof Reason in such sort doth or easily can discover, we are not to marvel at the choice of evil even then when the contrary is probably known. Hereby it cometh to pass that custom inuring the mind by long practice, and so leaving there a sensible impression, prevaieth more than reasonable persuasion what way soever. Reason therefore may rightly discern the thing which is good, and yet the Will of man not incline itself thereunto, as oft as the prejudice of sensible experience doth oversway.

Nor let any man think that this doth make anything for the just excuse of iniquity. For there was never sin committed, wherein a less good was not preferred before a greater, and that wilfully; which cannot be done without the singular disgrace of Nature, and the utter disturbance of that divine order, whereby the preëminence of chiefest acceptation is by the best things worthily challenged. There is not that good which concerneth us, but it hath evidence enough for itself, if Reason were diligent to search it out. Through neglect thereof, abused we are with the show of that which is not; sometimes

the subtilty of Satan inveigling us as it did Eve, sometimes the hastiness of our Wills preventing the more considerate advice of sound Reason, as in the Apostles, when they no sooner saw what they liked not, but they forthwith were desirous of fire from heaven; sometimes the very custom of evil making the heart obdurate against whatsoever instructions to the contrary, as in them over whom our Saviour spake weeping, "O Jerusalem, how often, and thou wouldst not!" Still therefore that wherewith we stand blamable, and can no way excuse it, is, in doing evil, we prefer a less good before a greater, the greatness whereof is by reason investigable and may be known. The search of knowledge is a thing painful; and the painfulness of knowledge is that which maketh the Will so hardly inclinable thereunto. The root hereof, divine malediction; whereby the instruments being weakened wherewithal the soul (especially in reasoning) doth work, it preferreth rest in ignorance before wearisome labor to know. For a spur of diligence therefore we have a natural thirst after knowledge ingrafted in us. But by reason of that original weakness in the instruments, without which the understanding part is not able in this world by discourse to work, the very conceit of painfulness is as a bridle to stay us. For which cause the Apostle, who knew right well that the weariness of the flesh is an heavy clog to the Will, striketh mightily upon this key, "Awake thou that sleepest; Cast off all which presseth down; Watch; Labor; Strive to go forward, and to grow in knowledge."

## VERSES FROM "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA."

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!  
 How silently, and with how wan a face!  
 What, may it be that even in heavenly place  
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,  
 I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace,  
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.  
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?



Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?  
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

• Morpheus, the lively son of deadly Sleep,  
Witness of life to them that living die,  
A prophet oft, and oft an history,  
A poet eke, as humors fly or creep;  
Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,  
That never I with closed-up sense do lie,  
But by thy work my Stella I descry,  
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep;  
Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,  
Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl, and gold,  
To show her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well ?  
Fool ! answers he ; no Indies such treasures hold ;  
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,  
Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me.

I never drank of Aganippe well,

Nor ever did in shade of Temple sit,  
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell ;

Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.  
Some do I hear of poets' fury tell,

But, God wot, wot not what they mean by it ;  
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,

I am no pick-purse of another's wit.

How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease

My thoughts I speak ; and what I speak doth flow  
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please ?

Guess we the cause ! What, is it thus ? Fie, no.  
Or so ? Much less. How then ? Sure thus it is,  
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

Stella, think not that I by verse seek fame,

Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee ;

Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history :

If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.

Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame

A nest for my young praise in laurel tree :

In truth, I swear I wish not there should be  
Graved in my epitaph a Poet's name.

Nor, if I would, could I just title make,

That any laud thereof to me should grow,

Without my plumes from others' wings I take:  
 For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,  
 Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,  
 And Love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

Stella, since thou so right a princess art  
 Of all the powers which life bestows on me,  
 That ere by them ought undertaken be,  
 They first resort unto that sovereign part;  
 Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart,  
 Which pants as though it still should leap to thee:  
 And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy  
 To this great cause, which needs both use and art.  
 And as a queen, who from her presence sends  
 Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit,  
 Till it have wrought what thy own will attends,  
 On servants' shame oft masters' blame doth sit:  
 O let not fools in me thy works reprove,  
 And scorning say, "See what it is to love!"

*Song.*

Whose senses in so ill consort their step-dame Nature lays,  
 That ravishing delight in them most sweet tunes do not raise;  
 Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closed with wit,  
 As with sententious lips to set a title vain on it;  
 O let them hear these sacred tunes, and learn in Wonder's schools  
 To be, in things past bounds of wit, fools — if they be not fools!

Who have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet Beauty's show,  
 Or, seeing, have so wooden wits, as not that worth to know,  
 Or, knowing, have so muddy minds, as not to be in love,  
 Or, loving, have so frothy thoughts, as eas'ly thence to move;  
 O let them see these heavenly beams, and in fair letters read  
 A lesson fit, both sight and skill, love and firm love to breed.  
 Hear them, but then with wonder hear, see, but adoring, see,  
 No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits, now here descended be:  
 See, do you see this face? a face, nay, image of the skies,  
 Of which, the two life-giving lights are figured in her eyes:  
 Hear you this soul-invading voice, and count it but a voice?  
 The very essence of their tunes, when angels do rejoice!

## APOLOGIE FOR POETRIE.

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

[SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, the model chevalier of mediæval England, valorous knight and romancist and poet, was born at Penshurst in Kent, 1554. Educated at Shrewsbury, at Christ Church, Oxford, and at Cambridge, he traveled all through Europe, narrowly escaped murder in the massacre of St. Bartholomew (1572), and returned in 1575, becoming a speedy favorite of Elizabeth, with whom his uncle the Earl of Leicester was then in the ascendant; in 1576 was made envoy to the Emperor Rudolf at Vienna; retiring from court on account of a quarrel, he wrote his romance "Arcadia"; married Walsingham's daughter in 1583. In 1585 he took part in Leicester's expedition to the Low Countries; was made governor of Flushing; and at Zutphen, October 1586, he was mortally wounded. (The famous story, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," will be recalled.) England went into a passion of mourning for him. His "Astrophel and Stella" and the "Defence of Poesie" were published posthumously.]

TRUELY I imagine, it falleth out with these Poet-whypers, as with some good women, who often are sicke, but in fayth they cannot tel where. So the name of Poetrie is odious to them, but neither his cause, nor effects, neither the sum that containes him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Sith then Poetrie is of all humane learning the most auncient, and of most fatherly antiquitie, as from whence other learnings have taken theyr beginnings: sith it is so universall, that no learned Nation dooth despise it, nor no barbarous Nation is without it: sith both Roman and Greek gave divine names unto it: the one of prophecyng, the other of making. And that indeede, that name of making is fit for him; considering, that where as other Arts retaine themselves within their subject, and receive as it were, their beeing from it: the Poet onely, bringeth his owne stuffe, and dooth not learn a conceite out of a matter, but maketh matter for a conceite: Sith neither his description, nor his ende, contayneth any evill, the thing described cannot be evill: Sith his effects be so good as to teach goodnes and to delight the learners: Sith therein, (namely in morrall doctrine, the chiefe of all knowledges,) hee dooth not onely farre passe the Historian, but for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the Philosopher: and for moving, leaves him behind him: Sith the holy scripture (wherein there is no uncleannes) hath whole parts in it poetically. And that even our Saviour Christ, vouchsafed to use the flowers of it: Sith all his kinde are not onlie in their united formes, but in their severed dissections

fully commendable, I think, (and think I thinke rightly) the Lawrell crowne appointed for tryumphing Captaines, doth worthilie (of al other learnings) honor the Poets tryumph. But because wee have eares aswell as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be, will seeme to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counter-ballance: let us heare, and aswell as wee can ponder, what objections may bee made against this Arte, which may be worthy, eyther of yeelding, or answering. . . .

First, that there beeing many other more fruitefull knowledges, a man might better spend his tyme in them, then in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lyes. Thirdly, that it is the Nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent desires: with a Syrens sweetnes, drawing the mind to the Serpents tayle of sinfull fancy. And heerein especially, Comedies give the largest field to erre, as *Chaucer* sayth: howe both in other nations and in ours, before Poets did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martiall exercises; the pillars of manlyke liberty, and not lulled asleepe in shady idlenes with Poets pastimes. And lastly, and chiefly, they cry out with an open mouth, as if they out shot *Robin Hood*, that *Plato* banished them out of hys common-wealth. Truely, this is much, if there be much truth in it.

First to the first: that a man might better spend his tyme, is a reason indeede: but it doth (as they say) but *Petere principium*: for if it be as I affirme, that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth and mooveth to vertue; and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as Poetry: then is the conclusion manifest, that Incke and Paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should graunt their first assumption, it shoulde followe (me thinkes) very unwillingly, that good is not good, because better is better. But I still and utterly denye, that there is sprong out of earth a more fruitefull knowledge.

To the second therefore, that they should be the principall lyars; I aunswere paradoxically, but truely, I thinke truely; that of all Writers under the sunne, the Poet is the least lier: and though he would, as a Poet can scarcely be a lyer, the Astronomer, with his cosen the Geometrician, can hardly escape, when they take upon them to measure the height of the starres. How often, thinke you, doe the Phisitians lye, when they aver things, good for sicknesses, which afterwards send

*Charon* a great number of soules drownd in a potion before they come to his Ferry. And no lesse of the rest, which take upon them to affirme. Now, for the Poet, he nothing affirms, and therefore never lyeth. For, as I take it, to lye, is to affirme that to be true what is false. So as the other Artists, and especially the Historian, affirming many things, can in the cloudy knowledge of mankinde, hardly escape from many lyes. But the Poet (as I sayd before) never affirmeth. The Poet never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to beleeve for true what he writes. Hee citeth not authorities of other Histories, but even for hys entry, calleth the sweete Muses to inspire into him a good invention: in troth, not labouring to tell you what is, or is not, but what should or should not be: and therefore, though he recount things not true, yet because hee telleth them not for true, he lyeth not, without we will say, that *Nathan*, lyed in his speech, before alledged to David. Which as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I, none so simple would say, that *Esop* lyed in the tales of his beasts: for who thinks that *Esop* writ it for actually true, were well worthy to have his name cronicled among the beastes hee writeth of.

What childe is there, that comming to a Play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great Letters upon an olde doore, doth beleeve that it is *Thebes*? If then, a man can arive, at that childes age, to know that the Poets persons and dooings, are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lye, to things not affirmatively, but allegoricallie and figurativelie written. And therefore, as in Historie, looking for trueth, they goe away full fraught with falshood: so in Poesie, looking for fiction, they shal use the narration, but as an imaginative groundplot of a profitable invention.

But heereto is replied, that the Poets gyve names to men they write of, which argueth a conceite of an actuall truth, and so, not being true, prooves a falshood. And doth the Lawyer lye then, when under the names of *John a stile* and *John a noakes*, hee puts his case? But that is easily answered. Theyr naming of men, is but to make theyr picture the more lively, and not to builde any historie: paynting men, they cannot leave men namelesse. We see we cannot play at Chesse, but that wee must give names to our Chesse-men; and yet mee thinks, hee were a very partiall Champion of truth,

that would say we lyed for giving a peece of wood, the reverend title of a Bishop. The Poet nameth *Cyrus* or *Aeneas*, no other way, then to shewe, what men of theyr fames, fortunes, and estates, should doe.

Their third is, how much it abuseth mens wit, trayning it to wanton sinfulness, and lustfull love: for indeed that is the principall, if not the onely abuse I can heare alledged. They say, the Comedies rather teach, then reprehend, amorous conceits. They say, the Lirick, is larded with passionate Sonnets. The Elegiack, weepes the want of his mistresse. And that even to the Heroical, *Cupid* hath ambitiously climed. Alas Love, I would thou couldest as well defende thy selfe, as thou canst offende others. I would those, on whom thou doost attend, could eyther put thee away, or yeelde good reason, why they keepe thee. But grant love of beautie, to be a beastlie fault, (although it be very hard, sith onely man, and no beast, hath that gyft, to discerne beauty). Grant, that lovely name of Love, to deserve all hatefull reproches: (although even some of my Maisters the Phylosophers, spent a good deale of theyr Lamp-oyle, in setting foorth the excellencie of it.) Grant, I say, what soever they wil have granted; that not onely love, but lust, but vanitie, but, (if they list) scurrilitie, possesseth many leaves of the Poets bookes: yet thinke I, when this is granted, they will finde, theyr sentence may with good manners, put the last words foreniost: and not say, that Poetrie abuseth mans wit, but that, mans wit abuseth Poetrie.

For I will not denie, but that mans wit may make Poesie, (which should be *Eikastike*, which some learned have defined, figuring foorth good things,) to be Phantastike: which doth contrariwise, infect the fancie with unworthy objects. As the Painter, that shoulde give to the eye, eyther some excellent perspective, or some fine picture, fit for building or fortification: or contayning in it some notable example, as *Abraham* sacrificing his sonne *Isaack*, *Judith* killing *Holofernes*, *David* fighting with *Goliah*, may leave those, and please an ill-pleased eye with wanton shewes of better hidden matters. But what, shall the abuse of a thing, make the right use odious? Nay truely, though I yield, that Poesie may not onely be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweete charming force, it can doe more hurt than any other Armie of words: yet shall it be so far from concluding, that the abuse should give reproch to the abused, that contrariwise it is a good reason, that whatsoever

being abused, dooth most harme, beeing rightly used: (and upon the right use each thing conceiveth his title) doth most good.

Doe wee not see the skill of Phisick, (the best rampire to our often-assaulted bodies) beeing abused, teach poyson the most violent destroyer? Dooth not knowledge of law, whose end is, to even and right all things being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Dooth not (to goe to the highest) Gods word abused, breed heresie? and his Name abused, become blasphemie? . . .

They alledge heere with, that before Poets beganne to be in price, our Nation, hath set their harts delight upon action, and not upon imagination: rather doing things worthy to bee written, then writing things fitte to be done. What that before tyme was, I thinke scarcely *Sphinx* can tell: Sith no memory is so auncient, that hath the precedence of Poetrie. And certaine it is, that in our plainest homelines, yet never was the *Albion* Nation without poetrie. Mary, thys argument, though it bee leaveld against Poetrie, yet is it indeede a chaine-shot against all learning, or bookishnes, as they commonly tearme it. Of such minde were certain *Gothes*, of whom it is written, that having in the spoile of a famous Citle, taken a fayre librarie: one hangman (bee like fitte to execute the frutes of their wits) who had murthered a great number of bodies, would have set fire on it: no, sayde another, very gravely, take heede what you doe, for whyle they are busie about these toyes, wee shall with more leysure conquer their Countries.

This indeede is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many wordes sometymes I have heard spent in it: but because this reason is generally againstall learning, aswell as Poetrie; or rather, all learning but Poetry: because it were too large a digression, to handle, or at least, to superfluous: (sith it is manifest, that all government of action, is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges, which is, reading,) I onely [say] with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion.

*Jubeo stultum esse libenter:*

for as for Poetrie it selfe, it is the freest from thys objection. For Poetrie is the companion of the Campos.

I dare undertake, *Orlando Furioso*, or honest King *Arthur*, will never displease a Souldier: but the quiddity of *Ens*, and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corslet: and therefore, as I said in the beginning, even Turks and Tartares are

delighted with Poets. *Homer* a Greek, florished, before Greece florished. And if to a slight conjecture, a conjecture may be opposed: truly it may seem, that as by him, their learned men, tooke almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men, received their first motions of courage. Onlie *Alexanders* example may serve, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of such vertue, that Fortune was not his guide, but his foote-stoole: whose acts speake for him, though *Plutarch* did not: indeede, the Phoenix of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schoolemaister, living *Aristotle*, behinde him, but tooke deade *Homer* with him: he put the Philosopher *Calisthenes* to death, for his seeming philosophicall, indeed mutinous stubburnnes. But the chiefe thing he ever was heard to wish for, was, that *Homer* had been alive. He well found, he received more braverie of minde, bye the patterne of *Achilles*, then by hearing the definition of Fortitude: and therefore, if *Cato* misliked *Fulvius*, for carying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may be aunswered, that if *Cato* misliked it, the noble *Fulvius* liked it, or els he had not doone it: for it was not the excellent *Cato Uticensis*, (whose authority I would much more have revered,) but it was the former: in truth, a bitter punisher of faults, but else, a man that had never wel sacrificed to the Graces. Hee misliked and cryed out upon all Greeke learning, and yet being 80. years olde, began to learne it. Be-like, fearing that *Pluto* understood not Latine. Indeeede, the Romaine laws allowed, no person to be carried to the warres, but hee that was in the Souldiers role: and therefore, though *Cato* misliked his unmustered person, hee misliked not his worke. And if hee had, *Scipio Nasica* judged by common consent, the best Romaine, loved him. Both the other *Scipio* Brothers . . . so loved him, that they caused his body to be buried in theiſ Sepulcher. So as *Cato*, his authoritie being but against his person, and that aunswered, with so farre greater then himselfe, is heerin of no validitie.

But now indeede my burthen is great; now *Plato* his name is layde upon mee, whom I must confesse, of all Philosophers, I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence, and with great reason: Sith of all Philosophers, he is the most poetically. Yet if he will defile the Fountaine, out of which his flowing streames have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reasons hee did it. First truly, a man might maliciously object, that *Plato* being a Philosopher, was a naturall enemie of Poets: for indeede, after the Philosophers, had picked out of the sweets



misteries of Poetrie, the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in method, and making a Schoole-arte of that which the Poets did onely teach, by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurne at their guides, like ungratefull Prentises, were not content to set up shops for themselves, but sought by all meanes to discredit their Maisters. Which by the force of delight beeing barred them, the lesse they could overthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeede, they found for *Homer*, seaven Cities strove, who should have him for their Citizen; where many Citties banished Philosophers, as not fitte members to live among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* verses, many *Athenians* had their lyves saved of the *Siracusians*: when the *Athenians* themselves, thought many Philosophers, unwoorthie to live. . . .

Againe, a man might aske out of what Common-wealth Plato did banish them? insooth, thence where he himselfe alloweth communitie of women: So as belike, this banishment grewe not for effeminate wantonnes, sith little should poetically Sonnets be hurtfull, when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honor philosophicall instructions, and blesse the wits which bred them: so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to Poetrie. . . .

But what need more? Aristotle writes the Arte of Poesie; and why is it should not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the use to be gathered of them, and how if they should not be read? And who reades *Plutarchs* eyther history or philosophy, shall finde, hee trymmeth both theyr garments, with gards of Poesie. But I list not to defend Poesie, with the helpe of her underling, Historiography, let it suffice, that it is a fit soyle for prayse to dwell upon: and what disprayse may set upon it, is eyther easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So that sith the excellencies of it, may be so easily, and so justly confirmed, and the low-creeping objections, so soone troden downe; it not being an Art of lyes, but of true doctrine: not of effeminateenes, but of notable stirring of courage: not of abusing mans witte, but of strengthening mans wit: not banished, but honored by *Plato*: let us rather plant more Laurels, for to engarland our Poets heads, (which honor of being laureat, as besides them, onely tryumphant Captaines weare, is a sufficient authority to shewe the price they ought to be had in,) then suffer the ill-favouring breath of such wrong-speakers, once to blowe upon the cleere springs of Poesie.

SONNET PREFIXED TO THE FOREGOING.

By HENRY CONSTABLE.

[About 1555 to before 1616.]

GIVE pardon, blessed soul! to my bold cries,  
 If they, importune, interrupt thy song,  
 Which now with joyful notes thou sing'st among  
 The angel-quiristers of th' heavenly skies.  
 Give pardon eke, sweet soul! to my slow cries,  
 That since I saw thee now it is so long;  
 And yet the tears that unto thee belong,  
 To thee as yet they did not sacrifice;  
 I did not know that thou wert dead before,  
 I did not feel the grief I did sustain;  
 The greater stroke astonisheth the more,  
 Astonishment takes from us sense of pain:  
 I stood amazed when others' tears begun,  
 And now begin to weep when they have done.



UNA AND THE LION.

By EDMUND SPENSER.

(From "The Faerie Queen.")

[EDMUND SPENSER, English poet, was born in London about 1552, and attended Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He became intimate with Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, and through the latter's influence procured (1580) the post of private secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, the queen's deputy in Ireland. For his services in suppressing Desmond's rebellion, he obtained 3000 acres of the forfeited Desmond estates, including Kilcolman Castle and manor. At Raleigh's suggestion he went to London in 1589, and the next year brought out the first three books of "The Faerie Queene," which so pleased Elizabeth that she gave him a yearly pension of £50. In 1591 he returned to Kilcolman in poverty, and wrote "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." Seven years later his house was burned by the Irish rebels, and on January, 1599, he died in poverty at Westminster. By his own request he was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the funeral expenses being paid by the Earl of Essex. Besides the above works, Spenser wrote: "The Shepherd's Calendar," "Amoretti," "Astrophel," "Four Hymns," etc.]

NAUGHT is there under heaven's wide hollowness,  
 That moves more dear compassion of mind,  
 Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness

Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind,  
 I, whether lately through her brightness blind,  
 Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,  
 Which I do owe unto all womankind,  
 Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,  
 When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empassionèd so deep,  
 For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,  
 That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,  
 To think how she through guileful handeling,  
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,  
 Though fair as ever living wight was fair,  
 Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,  
 Is from her knight divorcèd in despair,  
 And her due loves derived to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while  
 Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,  
 Far from all people's preace, as in exile,  
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,  
 To seek her knight; who, subtilely betrayed  
 Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,  
 Had her abandoned; she of naught afraid,  
 Through woods and wateness wide him daily sought,  
 Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,  
 From her unhasty beast she did alight;  
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay  
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;  
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,  
 And laid her stole aside: Her angel's face,  
 As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,  
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;  
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood,  
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,  
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood.  
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have at once devoured her tender corse;  
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,  
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,  
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,  
 And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;  
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weat.  
 O how can beauty master the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!  
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,  
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion;  
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

“The lion, lord of every beast in field,”  
 Quoth she, “his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,  
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late  
 Him pricked in pity of my sad estate : —  
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,  
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate  
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored  
 As the god of my life ? why hath he me abhorred ? ”

Redounding tears did choke th’ end of her plaint,  
 Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood ;  
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,  
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood.  
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.  
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,  
 Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,  
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,  
 To seek her strayèd champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,  
 But with her went along, as a strong guard  
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate  
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard ;  
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;  
 And, when she waked, he waited diligent,  
 With humble service to her will prepared :  
 From her fair eyes he took commandment,  
 And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

Long she thus travelèd through deserts wide,  
 By which she thought her wand’ring knight should pass,  
 Yet never show of living wight espied ;  
 Till that at length she found the trodden grass  
 In which the track of people’s footing was,  
 Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar ;

The same she follows, till at last she has  
A damsel spied slow-footing her before,  
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approaching, she to her gan call,  
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh **at** hand:  
But the rude wench her answered naught at **all**;  
She could not hear, nor speak, nor understand:  
Till, seeing by her side the lion stand,  
With sudden fear her pitcher down she threw  
And fled away; for never in that land  
Face of fair lady she before did view,  
And that dread lion's look her cast in deadly hue.

Full fast she fled, ne ever looked behind,  
As if her life upon the wager lay;  
And home she came, whereas her mother blind  
Sat in eternal night; naught could she say;  
But, sudden catching hold, did her dismay  
With quaking hands, and other signs of fear;  
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,  
Gan shut the door. By this arrivèd there  
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

Which when none yielded, her unruly page  
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,  
And let her in; where, of his cruel rage  
Nigh dead with fear, and faint astonishment,  
She found them both in darksome corner pent:  
Where that old woman day and night did pray  
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent;  
Nine hundred *Paternosters* every day,  
And thrice nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painful penance more,  
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,  
And next her wrinkled skin, rough sackcloth wore  
And thrice-three times did fast from any bit:  
But now for fear her beads she did forget.  
Whose needless dread for to remove away,  
Fair Una framèd words and count'nance fit;  
Which hardly done, at length she gan them pray,  
That in their cottage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent; and cometh drowsy night,  
When every creature shrouded is in sleep;

Sad Una down her lay in weary plight,  
 And at her feet the lion watch doth keep;  
 Instead of rest, she does lament, and weep,  
 For the late loss of her dear-lovèd knight,  
 And sighs, and groans, and evermore does steep  
 Her tender breast in bitter tears all night;  
 All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted high,  
 Above the shiny Cassiopeia's chair,  
 And all in deadly sleep did drownèd lie,  
 One knockèd at the door, and in would fare;  
 He knockèd fast, and often curst, and sware,  
 That ready entrance was not at his call;  
 For on his back a heavy load he bare  
 Of nightly stealths, and pillage several,  
 Which he had got abroad by purchase criminal.

He was, to weet, a stout and sturdy thief,  
 Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,  
 And poor men's boxes of their due relief,  
 Which given was to them for good intents:  
 The holy saints of their rich vestiments  
 He did disrobe, when all men careless slept;  
 And spoiled the priests of their habiliments;  
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,  
 Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,  
 Unto this house he brought, and did bestow  
 Upon the daughter of this woman blind,  
 Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,  
 With whom he whoredom used that few did know,  
 And fed her fat with feast of offerings,  
 And plenty, which in all the land did grow;  
 Ne spared he to give her gold and rings;  
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus, long the door with rage and threats he bet;  
 Yet of those fearful women none durst rise  
 (The lion frayèd them) him in to let;  
 He would no longer stay him to advise,  
 But open breaks the door in furious wise,  
 And ent'ring is; when that disdainful beast,  
 Encount'ring fierce, him sudden doth surprise;

And seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,  
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

Him booteth not resist, nor succor call,  
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand;  
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small,  
And quite dismemb'red hath: the thirsty land  
Drank up his life; his corse left on the strand.  
His fearful friends wear out the woeful night,  
Nè dare to weep, nor seem to understand  
The heavy hap which on them is alight;  
Afraid, lest to themselves the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,  
Up Una rose, up rose the lion eke;  
And on their former journey forward pass,  
In ways unknown, her wand'ring knight to seek,  
With pains far passing that long-wand'ring Greek,  
That for his love refusèd deity:  
Such were the labors of this lady meek,  
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly;  
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weenèd nigh.

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,  
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,  
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slain,  
For anguish great they gan to rend their hair,  
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear:  
And when they both had wept and wailed their fill,  
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deer,  
Half mad through malice and revenging will,  
To follow her that was the causer of their ill:

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,  
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry;  
Shamefully at her railing all the way,  
And her accusing of dishonesty,  
That was the flower of faith and chastity:  
And still, amidst her railing, she did pray  
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery,  
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;  
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

But, when she saw her prayers naught prevail,  
She back returnèd with some labor lost;

And in the way, as she did weep and wail,  
 A knight her met in mighty arms embost,  
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast;  
 But subtle Archimag, that Una sought  
 By traynes into new troubles to have tossed :  
 Of that old woman tidings he besought,  
 If that of such a lady she could tellen aught.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,  
 And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her hair,  
 Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,  
 That caused her shed so many a bitter tear;  
 And so forth told the story of her fear.  
 Much seemèd he to moan her hapless chance,  
 And after for that lady did inquire;  
 Which being taught, he forward gan advance  
 His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed lance.

Erelong he came where Una traveled slow,  
 And that wild champion waiting her beside;  
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show  
 Himself too nigh at hand, but turned wide  
 Unto an hill; from whence when she him spied,  
 By his like-seeming shield her knight by name  
 She weened it was, and towards him gan ride;  
 Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;  
 And with fair fearful humblesse towards him she came

And weeping said, "Ah, my long-lackèd lord,  
 Where have ye been thus long out of my sight?  
 Much feared I to have been quite abhorred,  
 Or aught have done, that ye displeasen might,  
 That should as death unto my dear heart light;  
 For since mine eye your joyous sight did miss,  
 My cheerful day is turned to cheerless night,  
 And eke my night of death the shadow is :  
 But welcome now, my light, and shining lamp of bliss!"

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest dame,  
 Far be it from your thought, and fro my will,  
 To think that knighthood I so much should shame,  
 As you to leave that have me lovèd still,  
 And chose in Faerie court, of mere good will,  
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.  
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill -



To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,  
Than I leave you, my life, yborn of heavenly birth.

“And sooth to say, why I left you so long,  
Was for to seek adventure in strange place;  
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong  
To many knights did daily work disgrace;  
But knight he now shall nevermore deface:  
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye please  
Well to accept, and evermore embrace  
My faithful service, that by land and seas  
Have vowed you to defend: now then your plaint appease.”

His lovely words her seemed due recompense  
Of all her passèd pains; one loving hour  
For many years of sorrow can dispense;  
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.  
She has forgot how many a woeful stowre  
For him she late endured; she speaks no more  
Of past: true is that true love hath no power  
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.  
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toiled so sore.

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,  
That long hath wand'ring in the ocean wide,  
Oft soused in swelling Tethys' saltish tear;  
And long time having tanned his tawny hide  
With blust'ring breath of heaven, that none can bide,  
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;  
Soon as the port from far he has espied,  
His cheerful whistle merrily doth sound,  
And Nereus crowns with cups; his mates him pledge around:

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;  
And eke th' enchanter joyous seemed no less  
Than the glad merchant, that does view from ground  
His ship far come from watery wilderness;  
He hurls out vows, and Neptune oft doth bless.  
So forth they passed; and all the way they spent  
Discoursing of her dreadful late distress,  
In which he asked her what the lion meant;  
Who told, her all that fell in journey, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see  
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,

Full strongly armed, and on a courser free,  
That through his fierceness foamèd all with sweat,  
And the sharp iron did for anger eat,  
When his hot rider spurred his chafèd side ;  
His look was stern, and seemèd still to threat  
Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide :  
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyed.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle pair,  
And saw the red cross which the knight did bear,  
He burnt in fire ; and gan eftsoones prepare  
Himself to battle with his couchèd spear.  
Loath was that other, and did faint through fear,  
To taste th' untrièd dint of deadly steel :  
But yet his lady did so well him cheer,  
That hope of new good hap he gan to feel ;  
So bent his spear, and spurred his horse with iron heel.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce  
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head spear,  
Through vainly crossèd shield he quite did pierce ;  
And, had his staggering steed not shrunk for fear,  
Through shield and body eke he should him bear :  
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,  
That from his saddle quite he did him bear :  
He tumbling rudely down to ground did rush,  
And from his gorèd wound a well of blood did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,  
He to him leapt, in mind to reave his life,  
And proudly said : " Lo, there the worthy meed  
Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife ;  
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,  
In peace may passen over Lethe lake ;  
When mourning altars, purged with enemy's life,  
The black infernal furies do aslake :  
Life from Sansfoy thou took'st, Sansloy shall from thee take."

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,  
Till Una cried : " O hold that heavy hand,  
Dear sir, whatever that thou be in place :  
Enough is that thy foe doth vanquished stand  
Now at thy mercy ; mercy not withstand ;  
For he is one the truest knight alive,  
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land :

And, whilst him fortune favored, fair did thrive  
In bloody field; therefore of life him not deprive."

Her piteous words might not abate his rage;  
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would  
Have slain him straight; but when he sees his age,  
And hoary head of Archimago old,  
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,  
And, half ashamed, wond'ered at the sight:  
For the old man well knew he, though untold,  
In charms and magic to have wondrous might;  
Ne ever went in field, ne in round lists to fight;

And said: "Why, Archimago, luckless sire,  
What do I see? what hard mishap is this,  
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?  
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,  
Instead of foe to wound my friend amiss?"  
He answered naught, but in a trance still lay,  
And on those guileful dazed eyes of his  
The cloud of death did sit; which done away,  
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay:

But to the virgin comes; who all this while  
Amazed stands, herself so mocked to see  
By him who has the guerdon of his guile,  
For so misfeigning her true knight to be:  
Yet is she now in more perplexity,  
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,  
From whom her booteth not at all to flee:  
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,  
Her from her palfrey plucked, her visage to behold.

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe  
And high disdain, whenas his sovereign dame  
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,  
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came,  
And, ramping on his shield, did ween the same  
Have reft away with his sharp rending claws:  
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame  
His courage more, that from his griping paws  
He hath his shield redeemed; and forth his sword he draws.

Q then, too weak and feeble was the force  
Of savage beast, his puissance to withstand!

For he was strong, and of so mighty corse,  
 As ever wielded spear in warlike hand;  
 And feats of arms did wisely understand.  
 Eftsoones he piercèd through his chafèd chest  
 With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,  
 And lanced his lordly heart: with death opprest  
 He roared aloud, whiles life forsook his stubborn breast.

Who now is left to keep the fòrlorn maid  
 From raging spoil of lawless victor's will?  
 Her faithful guard removed; her hope dismayed;  
 Herself a yielded prey to save or spill!  
 He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,  
 With foul reproaches and disdainful spite  
 Her vilely entertains; and, will or nill,  
 Bears her away upon his courser light:  
 Her prayers naught prevail: his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting pain,  
 And piteous plaints, she filleth his dull ears,  
 That stony heart could riven have in twain;  
 And all the way she wets with flowing tears:  
 But he, enraged with rancor, nothing hears.  
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,  
 But follows her far off, ne aught he fears  
 To be partaker of her wand'ring woe:  
 More mild in beastly kind, than that her beastly foe.



## SONNET ON THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,  
 Within that temple where the vestal flame  
 Was wont to burn; and passing by that way  
 To see that buried dust of living fame,  
 Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept,  
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:  
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,  
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen;  
 (For they this Queen attended;) in whose stead  
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:  
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,  
 And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce;  
 Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,  
 And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

## THREE PHASES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

[JOHN RICHARD GREEN was born at Oxford in 1837 ; graduated at Jesus College ; became a clergyman, and in 1868 librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth. His earliest bent was toward studying the germs of English history, and after many short papers his "Short History of the English People" (1874) made him famous. In spite of an incurable disease and great weakness, and of ardent service in practical church work, he published "The Making of England" in 1882, and had nearly completed "The Conquest of England" (completed and published by his widow) when he died, March 7, 1883. He published some other works, and suggested the *English Historical Review*.]

## THE PRIMITIVE TEUTONS.

FOR the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ the one country which we know to have borne the name of Angeln or England lay within the district which is now called Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula that parts the Baltic from the northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with a sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district, however, seem to have been merely an outlying fragment of what was called the Engle or English folk, the bulk of whom lay probably in what is now Lower Hanover and Oldenburg. On one side of them the Saxons of Westphalia held the land from the Weser to the Rhine ; on the other, the Eastphalian Saxons stretched away to the Elbe. North again of the fragment of the English folk in Sleswick lay another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic family ; and at the moment when history discovers them they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions. There is little ground indeed for believing that the three tribes looked on themselves as one people, or that we can as yet apply to them, save by anticipation, the common name of Englishmen. But each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live,

and it is from the union of all of them when its conquest was complete that the English people has sprung. . . .

Changes of which we know nothing had long before the time at which our history opens grouped these little commonwealths together in larger communities, whether we name them tribe, people, or folk. The ties of race and kindred were no doubt drawn tighter by the needs of war. The organization of each folk, as such, sprang in all likelihood mainly from war, from a common greed of conquest, a common need of defense. Its form at any rate was wholly military. The folkmoot was in fact the war host, the gathering of every freeman of the tribe in arms. The head of the folk, a head which existed only so long as war went on, was the leader whom the host chose to command it. Its witenagemote or meeting of wise men was the host's council of war, the gathering of those ealdormen who had brought the men of the villages to the field. The host was formed by levies from the various districts of the tribe; the larger of which probably owed their name of "hundreds" to the hundred warriors each originally sent to it. In historic times, however, the regularity of such a military organization, if it ever existed, had passed away, and the quotas varied with the varying customs of each district. But men, whether many or few, were still due from each district to the host, and a cry of war at once called town-reeve and hundred-reeve with their followers to the field. . . .

The energy of these peoples found vent in a restlessness which drove them to take part in the general attack of the German race on the Empire of Rome. For busy tillers and busy fishers as Englishmen were, they were at heart fighters, and their world was a world of war. Tribe warred with tribe, and village with village; even within the township itself feuds parted household from household, and passions of hatred and vengeance were handed on from father to son. Their mood was above all a mood of fighting men, venturesome, self-reliant, proud, with a dash of hardness and cruelty in it, but ennobled by the virtues which spring from war, by personal courage and loyalty to plighted word, by a high and stern sense of manhood and the worth of man. A grim joy in hard fighting was already a characteristic of the race. War was the Englishman's "shield play" and "sword game"; the gleeman's verse took fresh fire as he sang of the rush of the host and the crash of its shield line. Their arms and weapons, helmet and mail shirt, tall spear and javelin, sword and seax, the short, broad dagger

that hung at each warrior's girdle, gathered to them much of the legend and the art which gave color and poetry to the life of Englishmen. Each sword had its name like a living thing. And next to their love of war came their love of the sea. Everywhere throughout Beowulf's song, as everywhere throughout the life that it pictures, we catch the salt whiff of the sea. The Englishman was as proud of his sea craft as of his war craft; sword in teeth he plunged into the sea to meet walrus and sea lion; he told of his whale chase amid the icy waters of the north. Hardly less than his love for the sea was the love he bore to the ship that traversed it. In the fond playfulness of English verse the ship was "the wave floater," "the foam-necked," "like a bird" as it skimmed the wave crest, "like a swan" as its curved prow breasted the "swan road" of the sea.

Their passion for the sea marked out for them their part in the general movement of the German nations. While Goth and Lombard were slowly advancing over the mountain and plain, the boats of the Englishmen pushed faster over the sea. Bands of English rovers, outdriven by stress of fight, had long found a home there, and lived as they could by sack of vessel or coast. Chance has preserved for us in a Sleswick peat bog one of the war keels of these early pirates. The boat is flat-bottomed, seventy feet long and eight or nine feet wide, its sides of oak boards fastened with bark ropes and iron bolts. Fifty oars drove it over the waves with a freight of warriors whose arms, axes, swords, lances, and knives were found heaped together in its hold. Like the galleys of the Middle Ages, such boats could only creep cautiously along from harbor to harbor in rough weather; but in smooth water their swiftness fitted them admirably for the piracy by which the men of these tribes were already making themselves dreaded. Its flat bottom enabled them to beach the vessel on any fitting coast; and a step on shore at once transformed the boatmen into a war band. From the first the daring of the English race broke out in the secrecy and suddenness of the pirates' swoop, in the fierceness of their onset, in the careless glee with which they seized either sword or oar. "Foes are they," sang a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war and the storm their friend; they are sea wolves that prey on the pillage of the world!"

Of the three English tribes the Saxons lay nearest to the empire, and they were naturally the first to touch the Roman

world; before the close of the third century, indeed, their boats appeared in such force in the English Channel as to call for a special fleet to resist them. The piracy of our fathers had thus brought them to the shores of a land which, dear as it is now to Englishmen, had not as yet been trodden by English feet. This land was Britain. When the Saxon boats touched its coast the island was the westernmost province of the Roman Empire. In the fifty-fifth year before Christ a descent of Julius Cæsar revealed it to the Roman world; and a century after Cæsar's landing the Emperor Claudius undertook its conquest. The work was swiftly carried out. Before thirty years were over the bulk of the island had passed beneath the Roman sway and the Roman frontier had been carried to the Firths of Forth and of Clyde. The work of civilization followed fast on the work of the sword. To the last, indeed, the distance of the island from the seat of empire left her less Romanized than any other province of the west. The bulk of the population scattered over the country seem in spite of imperial edicts to have clung to their old law as to their old language, and to have retained some traditional allegiance to their native chief. But Roman civilization rested mainly on city life, and in Britain as elsewhere the city was thoroughly Roman. In towns such as Lincoln or York, governed by their own municipal officers, guarded by massive walls, and linked together by a network of magnificent roads which reached from one end of the island to the other, manners, language, political life, all were of Rome.

For three hundred years the Roman sword secured order and peace without Britain and within, and with peace and order came a wide and rapid prosperity. Commerce sprang up in ports, among which London held the first rank; agriculture flourished till Britain became one of the corn-exporting countries of the world; the mineral resources of the province were explored in the tin mines of Cornwall, the lead mines of Somerset or Northumberland, and the iron mines of the Forest of Dean. But evils which sapped the strength of the whole empire told at last on the province of Britain. Wealth and population alike declined under a crushing system of taxation, under restrictions which fettered industry, under a despotism which crushed out all local independence. And with decay within came danger from without. For centuries past the Roman frontier had held back the barbaric world beyond it—the Parthian of the Euphrates, the Numidian of the African



desert, the German of the Danube or the Rhine. In Britain a wall drawn from Newcastle to Carlisle bridled the British tribes, the Picts as they were called, who had been sheltered from Roman conquest by the fastnesses of the Highlands. It was this mass of savage barbarism which broke upon the empire as it sank into decay. In its western dominions the triumph of these assailants was complete. The Franks conquered and colonized Gaul. The West Goths conquered and colonized Spain. The Vandals founded a kingdom in Africa. The Burgundians encamped in the border land between Italy and the Rhone. The East Goths ruled at last in Italy itself.

It was to defend Italy against the Goths that Rome in the opening of the fifth century withdrew her legions from Britain, and from that moment the province was left to struggle unaided against the Picts. Nor were these its only enemies. While marauders from Ireland, whose inhabitants then bore the name of Scots, harried the west, the boats of Saxon pirates, as we have seen, were swarming off its eastern and southern coasts. For forty years Britain held bravely out against these assailants; but civil strife broke its powers of resistance, and its rulers fell back at last on the fatal policy by which the empire invited its doom while striving to avert it — the policy of matching barbarian against barbarian. By the usual promises of land and pay a band of warriors was drawn for this purpose from Jutland in 449, with two ealdormen, Hengest and Horsa, at their head. If by English history we mean the history of Englishmen in the land which from that time they made their own, it is with this landing of Hengest's war band that English history begins.

#### JOHN AND THE GREAT CHARTER.

"Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John." The terrible verdict of his contemporaries has passed into the sober judgment of history. Externally John possessed all the quickness, the vivacity, the cleverness, the good humor, the social charm, which distinguished his house. His worst enemies owned that he toiled steadily and closely at the work of administration. He was fond of learned men like Gerald of Wales. He had a strange gift of attracting friends and of winning the love of women. But in his inner soul John was the worst outcome of the Angevins. He united into one mass of wickedness their insolence, their selfishness, their unbridled

lust, their cruelty and tyranny, their shamelessness, their superstition, their cynical indifference to honor or truth. In mere boyhood he tore, with brutal levity, the beards of the Irish chieftains who came to own him as their lord. His ingratitude and perfidy brought his father with sorrow to the grave. To his brother he was the worst of traitors. All Christendom believed him to be the murderer of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany. He abandoned one wife and was faithless to another. His punishments were refinements of cruelty, the starvation of children, the crushing old men under copes of lead. His court was a brothel where no woman was safe from the royal lust, and where his cynicism loved to publish the news of his victim's shame. He was as craven in his superstition as he was daring in his impiety. Though he scoffed at priests and turned his back on the mass, even amid the solemnities of his coronation, he never stirred on a journey without hanging relics round his neck. But with the wickedness of his race he inherited its profound ability. His plan for the relief of Château Gaillard, the rapid march by which he shattered Arthur's hopes at Mirabel, showed an inborn genius for war. In the rapidity and breadth of his political combinations he far surpassed the statesmen of his time. Throughout his reign we see him quick to discern the difficulties of his position, and inexhaustible in the resources with which he met them. The overthrow of his continental power only spurred him to the formation of a league which all but brought Philip to the ground; and the sudden revolt of England was parried by a shameless alliance with the papacy. The closer study of John's history clears away the charges of sloth and incapacity with which men tried to explain the greatness of his fall. The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that the king who lost Normandy, became the vassal of the pope, and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom, was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins.

From the moment of his return to England in 1204 John's whole energies were bent to the recovery of his dominions on the Continent. He impatiently collected money and men for the support of those adherents of the house of Anjou who were still struggling against the arms of France in Poitou and Guienne, and in the summer of 1205 he gathered an army at Portsmouth and prepared to cross the channel. But his project was suddenly thwarted by the resolute opposition of the

primate, Hubert Walter, and the Earl of Pembroke, William Marshal. So completely had both the baronage and the church been humbled by his father that the attitude of their representatives revealed to the king a new spirit of national freedom which was rising around him, and John at once braced himself to a struggle with it. The death of Hubert Walter in July, only a few days after his protest, removed his most formidable opponent, and the king resolved to neutralize the opposition of the church by placing a creature of his own at its head. John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, was elected by the monks of Canterbury at his bidding, and enthroned as primate. But in a previous though informal gathering the convent had already chosen its subprior, Reginald, as archbishop. The rival claimants hastened to appeal to Rome, and their appeal reached the papal court before Christmas. The result of the contest was a startling one both for themselves and for the king. After a year's careful examination Innocent the Third, who now occupied the papal throne, quashed at the close of 1206 both the contested elections. The decision was probably a just one, but Innocent was far from stopping there. The monks who appeared before him brought powers from the convent to choose a new primate should their earlier nomination be set aside; and John, secretly assured of their choice of Grey, had promised to confirm their election. But the bribes which the king lavished at Rome failed to win the pope over to his plan; and whether from mere love of power, for he was pushing the papal claims of supremacy over Christendom further than any of his predecessors, or as may fairly be supposed in despair of a free election within English bounds, Innocent commanded the monks to elect in his presence Stephen Langton to the archiepiscopal see.

Personally a better choice could not have been made, for Stephen was a man who, by sheer weight of learning and holiness of life, had risen to the dignity of cardinal, and whose after career placed him in the front rank of English patriots. But in itself the step was an usurpation of the right both of the church and of the crown. The king at once met it with resistance. When Innocent consecrated the new primate in June, 1207, and threatened the realm with interdict if Langton were any longer excluded from his see, John replied by a counter threat that the interdict should be followed by the banishment of the clergy and the mutilation of every Italian

he could seize in the realm. How little he feared the priesthood he showed when the clergy refused his demand of a thirteenth of movables for the whole country, and Archbishop Geoffry of York resisted the tax before the council. John banished the archbishop and extorted the money. Innocent, however, was not a man to draw back from his purpose, and in March, 1208, the interdict he had threatened fell upon the land. All worship, save that of a few privileged orders, all administration of sacraments, save that of private baptism, ceased over the length and breadth of the country: the church bells were silent, the dead lay unburied on the ground. Many of the bishops fled from the country. The church in fact, so long the main support of the royal power against the baronage, was now driven into opposition. Its change of attitude was to be of vast moment in the struggle which was impending; but John recked little of the future; he replied to the interdict by confiscating the lands of the clergy who observed it, by subjecting them in spite of their privileges to the royal courts, and by leaving outrages on them unpunished. "Let him go," said John, when a Welshman was brought before him for the murder of a priest; "he has killed my enemy." In 1209 the pope proceeded to the further sentence of excommunication, and the king was formally cut off from the pale of the church. But the new sentence was met with the same defiance as the old. Five of the bishops fled over sea, and secret disaffection was spreading widely, but there was no public avoidance of the excommunicated king. An archdeacon of Norwich who withdrew from his service was crushed to death under a cope of lead, and the hint was sufficient to prevent either prelate or noble from following his example.

The attitude of John showed the power which the administrative reforms of his father had given to the crown. He stood alone, with nobles estranged from him and the church against him, but his strength seemed utterly unbroken. From the first moment of his rule John had defied the baronage. The promise to satisfy their demand for redress of wrongs in the past reign — a promise made at his election — remained unfulfilled; when the demand was repeated he answered it by seizing their castles and taking their children as hostages for their loyalty. The cost of his fruitless threats of war had been met by heavy and repeated taxation, by increased land tax and increased scutage. The quarrel with the church and fear of

their revolt only deepened his oppression of the nobles. He drove De Braose, one of the most powerful of the lords marchers, to die in exile, while his wife and grandchildren were believed to have been starved to death in the royal prisons. On the nobles who still clung panic-stricken to the court of the excommunicate king, John heaped outrages worse than death. Illegal exactions, the seizure of their castles, the preference shown to foreigners, were small provocations compared with his attacks on the honor of their wives and daughters. But the baronage still submitted. The financial exactions, indeed, became light as John filled his treasury with the goods of the church; the king's vigor was seen in the rapidity with which he crushed a rising of the nobles in Ireland and foiled an outbreak of the Welsh; while the triumphs of his father had taught the baronage its weakness in any single-handed struggle against the crown. Hated therefore as he was, the land remained still. Only one weapon was now left in Innocent's hands. Men held then that a king, once excommunicate, ceased to be a Christian or to have claims on the obedience of Christian subjects. As spiritual heads of Christendom, the popes had ere now asserted their right to remove such a ruler from his throne and to give it to a worthier than he; and it was this right which Innocent at last felt himself driven to exercise. After useless threats he issued in 1212 a bull of deposition against John, absolved his subjects from their allegiance, proclaimed a crusade against him as an enemy to Christianity and the church, and committed the execution of the sentence to the king of the French. John met the announcement of this step with the same scorn as before. His insolent disdain suffered the Roman legate, Cardinal Pandulf, to proclaim his deposition to his face at Northampton. When Philip collected an army for an attack on England, an enormous host gathered at the king's call on Barham Down; and the English fleet dispelled all danger of invasion by crossing the channel, by capturing a number of French ships, and by burning Dieppe.

But it was not in England only that the king showed his strength and activity. Vile as he was, John possessed in a high degree the political ability of his race, and in the diplomatic efforts with which he met the danger from France he showed himself his father's equal. The barons of Poitou were roused to attack Philip from the south. John bought the aid

of the Count of Flanders on his northern border. The German king, Otto, pledged himself to bring the knighthood of Germany to support an invasion of France. But at the moment of his success in diplomacy John suddenly gave way. It was, in fact, the revelation of a danger at home which shook him from his attitude of contemptuous defiance. The bull of deposition gave fresh energy to every enemy. The Scotch king was in correspondence with Innocent. The Welsh princes who had just been forced to submission broke out again in war. John hanged their hostages, and called his host to muster for a fresh inroad into Wales, but the army met only to become a fresh source of danger. Powerless to oppose the king openly, the baronage had plunged almost to a man into secret conspiracies. The hostility of Philip had dispelled their dread of isolated action; many, indeed, had even promised aid to the French king on his landing. John found himself in the midst of hidden enemies; and nothing could have saved him but the haste—whether of panic or quick decision—with which he disbanded his army and took refuge in Nottingham Castle. The arrest of some of the barons showed how true were his fears, for the heads of the French conspiracy, Robert Fitz-Walter and Eustace de Vesci, at once fled oversea to Philip. His daring self-confidence, the skill of his diplomacy, could no longer hide from John the utter loneliness of his position. At war with Rome, with France, with Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, at war with the church, he saw himself disarmed by this sudden revelation of treason in the one force left at his disposal. With characteristic suddenness he gave way. He endeavored by remission of fines to win back his people. He negotiated eagerly with the pope, consented to receive the archbishop, and promised to repay the money he had extorted from the church. . . . On the 15th of May, 1213, he knelt before the legate Pandulf, surrendered his kingdom to the Roman see, took it back again as a tributary vassal, swore fealty and did liege homage to the pope.

In after times men believed that England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as she had never felt before. "He has become the pope's man," the whole country was said to have murmured; "he has forfeited the very name of king; from a free man he has degraded himself into a serf." But this was the belief of a time still to come, when the rapid growth of national feeling which this step and its issues did

more than anything to foster made men look back on the scene between John and Pandulf as a national dishonor. We see little trace of such a feeling in the contemporary accounts of the time. All seem rather to have regarded it as a complete settlement of the difficulties in which king and kingdom were involved. As a political measure its success was immediate and complete. The French army at once broke up in impotent rage; and when Philip turned on the enemy John had raised up for him in Flanders, 500 English ships under the Earl of Salisbury fell upon the fleet which accompanied the French army along the coast and utterly destroyed it. The league which John had so long matured at once disclosed itself. Otto, reënforcing his German army by the knighthood of Flanders and Boulogne as well as by a body of mercenaries in the pay of the English king, invaded France from the north. John called on his baronage to follow him oversea for an attack on Philip from the south.

Their plea that he remained excommunicate was set aside by the arrival of Langton and his formal absolution of the king on a renewal of his coronation oath and a pledge to put away all evil customs. But the barons still stood aloof. They would serve at home, they said, but they refused to cross the sea. Those of the north took a more decided attitude of opposition. From this point, indeed, the northern barons began to play their part in our constitutional history. Lacies, Vescies, Percies, Stutevilles, Bruces, houses such as those of De Ros or De Vaux, all had sprung to greatness on the ruins of the Mowbrays and the great houses of the conquest, and had done service to the crown in its strife with the older feudatories. But loyal as was their tradition, they were English to the core; they had neither lands nor interest oversea, and they now declared themselves bound by no tenure to follow the king in foreign wars. Furious at this check to his plans, John marched in arms northwards to bring these barons to submission. But he had now to reckon with a new antagonist in the justiciar, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter. Geoffrey had hitherto bent to the king's will; but the political sagacity which he drew from the school of Henry the Second, in which he had been trained, showed him the need of concession, and his wealth, his wide kinship, and his experience of affairs gave his interposition a decisive weight. He seized on the political opportunity which was offered by the gathering of a council at St. Albans at the opening of August with the

purpose of assessing the damages done to the church. Besides the bishops and barons, a reeve and his four men were summoned to this council from each royal demesne, no doubt simply as witnesses of the sums due to the plundered clergy. Their presence, however, was of great import. It is the first instance which our history presents of the summons of such representatives to a national council, and the instance took fresh weight from the great matters which came to be discussed. In the king's name the justiciar promised good government for the time to come, and forbade all royal officers to practice extortion as they prized life and limb. The king's peace was pledged to those who had opposed him in the past; and observance of the laws of Henry the First was enjoined upon all within the realm.

But it was not in Geoffry Fitz-Peter that English freedom was to find its champion and the baronage their leader. From the moment of his landing in England Stephen Langton had taken up the constitutional position of the primate in upholding the old customs and rights of the realm against the personal despotism of the kings. As Anselm had withstood William the Red, as Theobald had withstood Stephen, so Langton prepared to withstand and rescue his country from the tyranny of John. He had already forced him to swear to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor, in other words the traditional liberties of the realm. When the baronage refused to sail for Poitou, he compelled the king to deal with them not by arms but by process of law. But the work which he now undertook was far greater and weightier than this. The pledges of Henry the First had long been forgotten when the justiciar brought them to light, but Langton saw the vast importance of such a precedent. At the close of the month he produced Henry's charter in a fresh gathering of barons at St. Paul's, and it was at once welcomed as a base for the needed reforms. From London Langton hastened to the king, whom he reached at Northampton on his way to attack the nobles of the north, and wrested from him a promise to bring his strife with them to legal judgment before assailing them in arms. With his allies gathering abroad John had doubtless no wish to be entangled in a long quarrel at home, and the archbishop's mediation allowed him to withdraw with seeming dignity. After a demonstration, therefore, at Durham, John marched hastily south again, and reached London in October. His justiciar at once laid before him the claims of the councils of St. Alban's and St. Paul's;



but the death of Geoffry at this juncture freed him from the pressure which his minister was putting upon him. "Now, by God's feet," cried John, "I am for the first time king and lord of England," and he intrusted the vacant justiciarship to a Poitevin, Peter des Roches, the Bishop of Winchester, whose temper was in harmony with his own. But the death of Geoffry only called the archbishop to the front, and Langton at once demanded the king's assent to the charter of Henry the First. In seizing on this charter as a basis for national action Langton showed a political ability of the highest order. The enthusiasm with which its recital was welcomed showed the sagacity with which the archbishop had chosen his ground. From that moment the baronage was no longer drawn together in secret conspiracies by a sense of common wrong or a vague longing for common deliverance: they were openly united in a definite claim of national freedom and national law.

John could as yet only meet the claim by delay. His policy had still to wait for its fruits at Rome, his diplomacy to reap its harvest in Flanders, ere he could deal with England. From the hour of his submission to the papacy his one thought had been that of vengeance on the barons, who, as he held, had betrayed him; but vengeance was impossible till he should return a conqueror from the fields of France. It was a sense of this danger which nerved the baronage to their obstinate refusal to follow him oversea: but furious as he was at their resistance, the archbishop's interposition condemned John still to wait for the hour of his revenge. In the spring of 1214 he crossed with what forces he could gather to Poitou, rallied its nobles round him, passed the Loire in triumph, and won back again Angers, the home of his race. At the same time Otto and the Count of Flanders, their German and Flemish knight-hood strengthened by reënforcements from Boulogne as well as by a body of English troops under the Earl of Salisbury, threatened France from the north. For the moment Philip seemed lost: and yet on the fortunes of Philip hung the fortunes of English freedom. But in this crisis of her fate, France was true to herself and her king. From every borough of Northern France the townsmen marched to his rescue, and the village priests led their flocks to battle with the church banners flying at their head. The two armies met at the close of July near the bridge of Bouvines, between Lille and Tournay, and from the first the day went against the allies. The Flemish

knights were the first to fly; then the Germans in the center of the host were crushed by the overwhelming numbers of the French; last of all the English on the right of it were broken by a fierce onset of the Bishop of Beauvais, who charged, mace in hand, and struck the Earl of Salisbury to the ground. The news of this complete overthrow reached John in the midst of his triumphs in the south, and scattered his hopes to the winds. He was at once deserted by the Poitevin nobles; and a hasty retreat alone enabled him to return in October, baffled and humiliated, to his island kingdom.

His return forced on the crisis to which events had so long been drifting. The victory at Bouvines gave strength to his opponents. The open resistance of the northern barons nerved the rest of their order to action. The great houses, who had cast away their older feudal traditions for a more national policy, were drawn by the crisis into close union with the families which had sprung from the ministers and councilors of the two Henries. To the first group belonged such men as Saher de Quinci, the Earl of Winchester, Geoffrey of Mandeville, Earl of Essex, the Earl of Clare, Fulk Fitz-Warin, William Mallet, the houses of Fitz-Alan and Gant. Among the second group were Henry Bohun and Roger Bigod, the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk, the younger William Marshal, and Robert de Vere. Robert Fitz-Walter, who took the command of their united force, represented both parties equally, for he was sprung from the Norman house of Brionne, while the justiciar of Henry the Second, Richard de Lucy, had been his grandfather. Secretly, and on the pretext of pilgrimage, these nobles met at St. Edmundsbury, resolute to bear no longer with John's delays. If he refused to restore their liberties they swore to make war on him till he confirmed them by charter under the king's seal, and they parted to raise forces with the purpose of presenting their demands at Christmas. John, knowing nothing of the coming storm, pursued his policy of winning over the church by granting it freedom of election, while he imbibited still more the strife with his nobles by demanding scutage from the northern nobles who had refused to follow him to Poitou. But the barons were now ready to act, and early in January in the memorable year 1215 they appeared in arms to lay, as they had planned, their demands before the king.

John was taken by surprise. He asked for a truce till

Easter tide, and spent the interval in fevered efforts to avoid the blow. Again he offered freedom to the church, and took vows as a Crusader, against whom war was a sacrilege, while he called for a general oath of allegiance and fealty from the whole body of his subjects. But month after month only showed the king the uselessness of further resistance. Though Pandulf was with him, his vassalage had as yet brought little fruit in the way of aid from Rome; the commissioners whom he sent to plead his cause at the shire courts brought back news that no man would help him against the charter that the barons claimed; and his efforts to detach the clergy from the league of his opponents utterly failed. The nation was against the king. He was far, indeed, from being utterly deserted. His ministers still clung to him, men such as Geoffrey de Lucy, Geoffrey de Furnival, Thomas Basset, and William Briwere, statesmen trained in the administrative school of his father and who, dissent as they might from John's mere oppression, still looked on the power of the crown as the one barrier against feudal anarchy: and beside them stood some of the great nobles of royal blood, his father's bastard Earl William of Salisbury, his cousin Earl William of Warenne, and Henry Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of Henry the First. With him too remained Ranulf, Earl of Chester, and the wisest and noblest of the barons, William Marshal the elder, Earl of Pembroke. William Marshal had shared in the rising of the younger Henry against Henry the Second, and stood by him as he died; he had shared in the overthrow of William Longchamp and in the outlawry of John. He was now an old man, firm, as we shall see in his after course, to recall the government to the path of freedom and law, but shrinking from a strife which might bring back the anarchy of Stephen's day, and looking for reforms rather in the bringing constitutional pressure to bear upon the king than in forcing them from him by arms.

But cling as such men might to John, they clung to him rather as mediators than adherents. Their sympathies went with the demands of the barons when the delay which had been granted was over, and the nobles again gathered in arms at Brackley, in Northamptonshire, to lay their claims before the king. Nothing marks more strongly the absolutely despotic idea of his sovereignty which John had formed than the passionate surprise which breaks out in his reply. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom?" he cried. "I will never grant such

liberties as will make me a slave ! ” The imperialist theories of the lawyers of his father’s court had done their work. Held at bay by the practical sense of Henry, they had told on the more headstrong nature of his sons. Richard and John both held with Glanvill that the will of the prince was the law of the land ; and to fetter that will by the customs and franchises which were embodied in the barons’ claims seemed to John a monstrous usurpation of his rights. But no imperialist theories had touched the minds of his people. The country rose as one man at his refusal. At the close of May London threw open her gates to the forces of the barons, now arrayed under Robert Fitz-Walter as “ Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church.” Exeter and Lincoln followed the example of the capital ; promises of aid came from Scotland and Wales ; the northern barons marched hastily under Eustace de Vesci to join their comrades in London. Even the nobles who had as yet clung to the king, but whose hopes of conciliation were blasted by his obstinacy, yielded at last to the summons of the “ Army of God.” Pandulf, indeed, and Archbishop Langton still remained with John, but they counseled, as Earl Ranulf and William Marshal counseled, his acceptance of the charter. None, in fact, counseled its rejection save his new justiciar, the Poitevin Peter des Roches, and other foreigners, who knew the barons purposed driving them from the land. But even the number of these was small ; there was a moment when John found himself with but seven knights at his back and before him a nation in arms. Quick as he was, he had been taken utterly by surprise. It was in vain that, in the short respite he had gained from Christmas to Easter, he had summoned mercenaries to his aid and appealed to his new suzerain, the pope. Summons and appeal were alike too late. Nursing wrath in his heart, John bowed to necessity and called the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames, between Windsor and Staines, near a marshy meadow by the river side, the meadow of Runnymede. The king encamped on one bank of the river, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July in the island between them, but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John’s purpose of unconditional submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day. . . .

In itself the charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new constitutional principles. The charter of

Henry the First formed the basis of the whole, and the additions to it are, for the most part, formal recognitions of the judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry the Second. What was new in it was its origin. In form, like the charter on which it was based, it was nothing but a royal grant. In actual fact it was a treaty between the whole English people and its king. . . . It was, [too,] far from being a mere copy of what had gone before. The vague expressions of the old charter were now exchanged for precise and elaborate provisions. The bonds of unwritten custom which the older grant did little more than recognize had proved too weak to hold the Angevins; and the baronage set them aside for the restraints of written and defined law.

#### THE ENGLAND OF SHAKESPEARE.

If the "Faerie Queen" expressed the higher elements of the Elizabethan age, the whole of that age, its lower elements and its higher alike, was expressed in the English drama. We have already pointed out the circumstances which throughout Europe were giving a poetic impulse to the newly aroused intelligence of men, and this impulse everywhere took a dramatic shape. The artificial French tragedy which began about this time with Garnier was not, indeed, destined to exert any influence over English poetry till a later age; but the influence of the Italian comedy, which had begun half a century earlier with Machiavelli and Ariosto, was felt directly through the novels or stories, which served as plots for our dramatists. It left its stamp, indeed, on some of the worst characteristics of the English stage. The features of our drama that startled the moral temper of the time and won the deadly hatred of the Puritans—its grossness and profanity, its tendency to scenes of horror and crime, its profuse employment of cruelty and lust as grounds of dramatic action, its daring use of the horrible and the unnatural whenever they enable it to display the more terrible and revolting sides of human passion—were derived from the Italian stage. It is doubtful how much the English playwright may have owed to the Spanish drama, which under Lope and Cervantes sprang suddenly into a grandeur that almost rivaled their own. In the intermixture of tragedy and comedy, in the abandonment of the solemn uniformity of poetic diction for the colloquial language of real life, the use of unexpected incidents, the complication of their plots

and intrigues, the dramas of England and Spain are remarkably alike; but the likeness seems rather to have sprung from a similarity in the circumstances to which both owed their rise than to any direct connection of the one with the other. The real origin of the English drama, in fact, lay not in any influence from without, but in the influence of England itself. The temper of the nation was dramatic. Ever since the Reformation the palace, the inns of court, and the university had been vying with one another in the production of plays; and so early was their popularity that even under Henry the Eighth it was found necessary to create "a master of the revels" to supervise them. Every progress of Elizabeth from shire to shire was a succession of shows and interludes. Dian with her nymphs met the queen as she returned from hunting; Love presented her with his golden arrow as she passed through the gates of Norwich. From the earlier years of her reign the new spirit of the renaissance had been pouring itself into the rough mold of the mystery plays, whose allegorical virtues and vices, or Scriptural heroes and heroines, had handed on the spirit of the drama through the Middle Ages. Adaptations from classical pieces began to alternate with the purely religious "moralities"; and an attempt at a livelier style of expression and invention appeared in the popular comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle"; while Sackville, Lord Dorset, in his tragedy of "Gorboduc" made a bold effort at sublimity of diction, and introduced the use of blank verse as the vehicle of dramatic dialogue.

#### THEATER AND PLAYWRIGHTS IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

It was not to the tentative efforts of scholars and nobles that the English stage was indebted for the amazing outburst of genius which dates from the year 1576, when "the Earl of Leicester's servants" erected the first public theater in Blackfriars. It was the people itself that created its stage. The theater, indeed, was commonly only the courtyard of an inn, or a mere booth, such as is still seen in a country fair: The bulk of the audience sat beneath the open sky in the "pit" or yard; a few covered seats in the galleries which ran round it formed the boxes of the wealthier spectators, while patrons and nobles found seats upon the actual boards. All the appliances were of the roughest sort; a few flowers served to indicate a garden, crowds and armies were represented by a dozen scene-

shifters with swords and butklers, heroes rode in and out on hobbyhorses, and a scroll on a post told whether the scene was at Athens or London. There were no female actors, and the grossness which startles us in words which fell from women's lips took a different color when every woman's part was acted by a boy. But difficulties such as these were more than compensated by the popular character of the drama itself. Rude as the theater might be, all the world was there. The stage was crowded with nobles and courtiers. Apprentices and citizens thronged the benches in the yard below. The rough mob of the pit inspired, as it felt, the vigorous life, the rapid transitions, the passionate energy, the reality, the lifelike medley and confusion, the racy dialogue, the chat, the wit, the pathos, the sublimity, the rant and buffoonery, the coarse horrors and vulgar bloodshedding, the immense range over all classes of society, the intimacy with the foulest as well as the fairest developments of human temper, which characterized the English stage. The new drama represented "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." The people itself brought its nobleness and its vileness to the boards. No stage was ever so human, no poetic life so intense. Wild, reckless, defiant of all past tradition, of all conventional laws, the English dramatists owned no teacher, no source of poetic inspiration, but the people itself.

Few events in our literary history are so startling as this sudden rise of the Elizabethan drama. The first public theater was erected only in the middle of the queen's reign. Before the close of it eighteen theaters existed in London alone. Fifty dramatic poets, many of the first order, appeared in the fifty years which precede the closing of the theaters by the Puritans; and great as is the number of their works which have perished, we still possess a hundred dramas, all written within this period, and of which at least a half are excellent. A glance at their authors shows us that the intellectual quickening of the age had now reached the mass of the people. Almost all of the new playwrights were fairly educated, and many were university men. But instead of courtly singers of the Sidney and Spenser sort we see the advent of the "poor scholar." The earliest dramatists, such as Nash, Peele, Kyd, Greene, or Marlowe, were for the most part poor, and reckless in their poverty; wild livers, defiant of law or common fame, in revolt against the usages and religion of their day, "atheists" in general repute, "holding Moses for a juggler," haunting the brothel and the alehouse,

and dying starved or in tavern brawls. But with their appearance began the Elizabethan drama. The few plays which have reached us of an earlier date are either cold imitations of the classical and Italian comedy, or rude farces like "Ralph Roister Doister," or tragedies such as "Gorbuduc," where, poetic as occasional passages may be, there is little promise of dramatic development. But in the year which preceded the coming of the Armada, the whole aspect of the stage suddenly changes, and the new dramatists range themselves around two men of very different genius, Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe.

Of Greene, as the creator of our lighter English prose, we have already spoken. But his work as a poet was of yet greater importance, for his perception of character and the relations of social life, the playfulness of his fancy, and the liveliness of his style, exerted an influence on his contemporaries which was equaled by that of none but Marlowe and Peele. In spite of the rudeness of his plots and the unequal character of his work, Greene must be regarded as the creator of our modern comedy. No figure better paints the group of young playwrights. He left Cambridge to travel through Italy and Spain, and to bring back the debauchery of the one and the skepticism of the other. In the words of remorse he wrote before his death, he paints himself as a drunkard and a roisterer, winning money only by ceaseless pamphlets and plays to waste it on wine and women, and drinking the cup of life to the dregs. Hell and the after world were the butts of his ceaseless mockery. If he had not feared the judges of the queen's courts more than he feared God, he said, in bitter jest, he should often have turned cutpurse. He married, and loved his wife, but she was soon deserted; and the wretched profligate found himself again plunged into excesses which he loathed, though he could not live without them. But wild as was the life of Greene, his pen was pure. He is steadily on virtue's side in the love pamphlets and novelettes he poured out in endless succession, and whose plots were dramatized by the school which gathered round him.

The life of Marlowe was as riotous, his skepticism even more daring, than the life and skepticism of Greene. His early death alone saved him, in all probability, from a prosecution for atheism. He was charged with calling Moses a juggler, and with boasting that, if he undertook to write a new religion, it should be a better religion than the Christianity he saw around him. But he stood far ahead of his fellows as a creator



of English tragedy. Born in 1564, at the opening of Elizabeth's reign, the son of a Canterbury shoemaker, but educated at Cambridge, Marlowe burst on the world in the year which preceded the triumph over the Armada with a play which at once wrought a revolution in the English stage. Bombastic and extravagant as it was—and extravagance reached its height in a scene where captive kings, the "pampered jades of Asia," drew their conqueror's car across the stage—"Tamburlaine" not only indicated the revolt of the new drama against the timid inanities of euphuism, but gave an earnest of that imaginative daring, the secret of which Marlowe was to bequeath to the playwrights who followed him. He perished at thirty in a shameful brawl, but in his brief career he had struck the grander notes of the coming drama. His *Jew of Malta* was the herald of *Shylock*. He opened in "*Edward the Second*" the series of historical plays which gave us "*Cæsar*" and "*Richard the Third*." His "*Faustus*" is riotous, grotesque, and full of a mad thirst for pleasure, but it was the first dramatic attempt to touch the problem of the relations of man to the unseen world. Extravagant, unequal, stooping even to the ridiculous in his cumbrous and vulgar buffoonery, there is a force in Marlowe, a conscious grandeur of tone, a range of passion, which sets him above all his contemporaries save one. In the higher qualities of imagination, as in the majesty and sweetness of his "mighty line," he is inferior to Shakespeare alone.

A few daring jests, a brawl, and a fatal stab make up the life of Marlowe; but even details such as these are wanting to the life of William Shakespeare. Of hardly any great poet, indeed, do we know so little. For the story of his youth we have only one or two trifling legends, and these almost certainly false. Not a single letter or characteristic saying, not one of the jests "spoken at the Mermaid," hardly a single anecdote, remain to illustrate his busy life in London. His look and figure in later age have been preserved by the bust over his tomb at Stratford, and a hundred years after his death he was still remembered in his native town; but the minute diligence of the inquirers of the Georgian time was able to glean hardly a single detail, even of the most trivial order, which could throw light upon the years of retirement before his death. It is owing, perhaps, to the harmony and unity of his temper that no salient peculiarity seems to have left its

trace on the memory of his contemporaries ; it is the very grandeur of his genius which precludes us from discovering any personal trait in his works. His supposed self-revelation in the sonnets is so obscure that only a few outlines can be traced even by the boldest conjecture. In his dramas he is all his characters, and his characters range over all mankind. There is not one, or the act or word of one, that we can identify personally with the poet himself.

## DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Old Romance.)

### BECOME A PHYSICIAN, HE CONJURES UP THE DEVIL.

PROCEEDING in the same track as we have said, this proud Doctor further attached himself to his bold and bad practices ; he did those things which he ought not, and omitted the things which he ought to do, pursuing his dangerous speculations both day and night. There was nothing either in heaven or on earth that could escape the boldness of his profane inquiries ; he mounted, as it were, on wings, carrying his audacious questions and calculations to such a length, by means of unhallowed processes, such as magical figures, characters, and other forbidden means, that soon he determined to invoke the devil, in order to assist him in his diabolical sorceries.

And so it happened ; for as he was one evening walking in a thick, dark wood, a short way from Wittenberg, which he afterwards found was called the Spesser Voud, it suddenly came into his head that that would be the right place to begin his magical circles. Forthwith he boldly marked out a cross in fourfold figures, containing a large circle, with his wand, and within these he drew two smaller circles, in one of which he himself stood. It was in the dusk of evening, between the ninth and tenth hour, when the Prince of Darkness, well aware of the whole proceeding, laughed outright for triumph, and said within himself, " Ha ! ha ! I must cool this mood of yours, if you will only approach a little nearer the brink, so that we may catch you both body and soul."

With this view, he artfully sent a messenger, as if he were himself unwilling to appear, and avoided his conjurations, which

had the effect of further provoking the Doctor's wishes and curiosity. At the same time, as he continued to invoke, the devil raised a great hurly-burly over his head, as if he were about to burst his confines and sail into view. The trees bowed down their heads to the ground, and the wood began to be filled with demons, who drew nearer and nearer to the circle with a hideous din and uproar, like the rushing of swift chariots lighted with a thousand fiery trains, that shone like a conflagration all around. Then commenced the diabolic rout with all kind of dancing and waltzing, a scaramouch encounter of spears and swords was heard clattering far and wide; and this continued so long that the Doctor was on the point of leaping out of the circle to decamp. But mustering fresh courage, he remained firm, and with still more impious efforts he summoned the devil repeatedly to appear. Upon this the latter began to exhibit a variety of strange delusions: first, it seemed as if a vast brood of birds' or dragons' wings were flapping overhead; and then, as the strongest conjurations concluded, the strange appearance drew nigh with piteous lamentations, and again vanished. In a short while afterwards, there fell a fiery fagot close to him, which again mounted into a sheet of flame, which hung like a canopy over the spot where he stood. At this sight even Faustus began to tremble, though he also exulted in the idea that he was thus compelling the devil himself to obey him, and he earnestly pursued his unhallowed labors, bent upon knowing the result.

In this fatal design he doubtless succeeded, as he was afterwards known, in a certain society, to have boasted that he had brought under his power, and could command the services of, the chiefest potentate in the wide world. One of the students in company, upon this, observed, "That there was no greater potentate than the emperor, the pope, or the king, acknowledged upon earth." But the Doctor warmly retorted, "Sir, the one under my orders is greater than any of these!" as if he wished to allude to the sixth chapter of the apostle Paul to the Ephesians: "The Prince of this World," etc., but he would explain himself no further.

And in truth, after several more invocations of the kind, the figure which had appeared to him in the wood began to send forth a flame of fire, which, mounting to the height of a man, at last assumed a human shape, and bounded round the circle in which Faustus stood. Then the demon assumed the form of

a monk, and entered into a dialogue with the Doctor, inquiring hastily, "What might be his pleasure?" To this the Doctor answered, that it was his pleasure that he should attend upon him on the ensuing night at his house, exactly at twelve o'clock; which at first the demon flatly refused to do. Then Faustus again invoked him by the power of his superior, that he should accede to his proposal, and obey him too when he came; all of which the infernal spirit was at length compelled to do.

#### DIFFERENT AUDIENCES BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE DEVIL'S AMBASSADOR.

When Doctor Faustus returned to his own house early in the morning, he found the demon seated, uninvited, in his chamber, who candidly said he had appeared to know what the Doctor's commands were.

Now, it is very extraordinary, but very true, that when Heaven has wholly abandoned a man to his own evil machinations, a spirit has thus the power of playing off all such tricks upon him, coming like a troublesome servant uncalled for, and often refusing to come when he is called. So that, as the proverb has it, such evil-minded persons will see the devil in spite of themselves, here and there, and at all times except when they want his assistance. Forthwith in his turn, the Doctor, somewhat cavalierly dismissing the demon, set to work with his magical arts afresh, in order to give him the trouble of returning, like an ill-humored master ringing for his servant before he has well got downstairs. The next time the Doctor showed him the articles of the compact which he had drawn up, namely: *Imprimis*, That the demon should obey him in everything he required, or chose to exact, during the whole term of the Doctor's natural life. Secondly, That he should be bound to answer every question upon every subject put to him, without any quibble or demur. Thirdly, That he must there reply to all the different interrogatories that the Doctor chose to trouble him with. This the infernal spirit flatly refused to do, excusing himself by declaring that he had no such authority from the prince under whom he held office to sign any such articles. "It is quite out of my power, friend Faustus, to venture on such a step; it remains with our royal master himself." "What am I to understand from this?" inquired the Doctor; "do you want power to do it, do you say?" "That I do indeed," replied

the spirit. "Let me hear the reason, then, now." "You must know, Faustus," said the other, "that there is a supreme power over us, as there is over the earth. We have our governors, officers, and catchpolls, of whom I am 'one and many'; we name ourselves Legion: in fact, ours is a kingdom of legions; because when Lucifer himself, owing to his pride and arrogance, fell with fierce downfall and punishment, he brought along with him a legion of devils. He is called Prince of the Orient, from holding dominion over those eastern regions. He likewise holds sway in the south, in the north, and in the west. And inasmuch as Lucifer the fallen holds all his influence and empire under the sway of heaven, so we demons had it left in our power to render ourselves subservient and serviceable to mankind. Were this not so, it would be impossible for any mortal to bring Lucifer under his power, who then sends his messengers as he has now sent me to you. It is true that we have never yet acquainted mankind with the real nature of our state and government; not even the wisest among you can fathom them; a knowledge which is reserved for those only who travel thither on their own account." The Doctor was not a little startled at hearing this, and said, "I have no desire to earn that knowledge and be damned for your pleasure." "Will you not?" replied the spirit; "that will perhaps not help you in the end; for your evil heart and life have already merited condemnation." Doctor Faustus replied, "You may as soon think of catching good St. Valentine; so take yourself speedily off—away!"

As the demon was departing, the Doctor, seized with some fresh doubts, again called him back, and enjoined him to appear in the evening about vespers, to hear something further which he had to propose; to which the spirit assented, and took his departure.

From this first scene the abandoned heart and imagination of this man are made evident; and although the devil had fairly warned him by singing the "song of poor Judas," as we say, he still clung to his diabolical thoughts and projects.

## SECOND INTERVIEW BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE DEMON NAMED MEPHISTOPHELES.

Towards the appointed evening the same busy fiend again made his appearance, between three and four o'clock. He now

promised entire service and obedience, according as he had received permission from his master; adding, that he was enjoined to carry back word of the Doctor's intentions. "Yet I must first hear, Faustus, what was your object in again summoning me into your presence?" Doctor Faustus gave him a mysterious, but at the same time very dangerous answer, as concerned his soul: for he told him plainly that he desired to become either a complete demon, or to enter into league with demons; in addition to which he mentioned the articles which here follow:—

First, That he might freely assume a diabolical shape whenever he judged proper. Secondly, That his demon should bind himself to perform everything that the Doctor thought fit and expedient. Thirdly, That he should ever be faithful and obedient to him. Fourthly, That he was to hold himself ready to appear at the Doctor's house at the slightest notice, and in such shape as should prove most convenient and agreeable. Fifthly, That he should perform his household duties invisibly, or only appear to the Doctor, as he judged best. In respect to these several articles and conditions, the demon promised unconditional submission, except that he wished to add some slight clauses, when every difficulty in the way of the negotiation would be removed. It will be right to touch upon the leading points in these clauses.

*Imprimis:* Let Doctor Faustus swear, promise, and sign, that he holds the said service and obedience from the devil, upon a lease of years, to have and to hold. Secondly, That the Doctor, for further assurance of the same, shall sign and witness it with his own hand and blood. Thirdly, That he shall declare all Christians to be his natural enemies. Fourthly, He must forswear the Christian faith. Fifthly, That he must watch and pray, that no one may prevail upon him to return to it. Before the signing and execution of these conditions, a certain number of years to be mentioned, at the expiration of which the demon was to return to fetch the Doctor away. Now, should he choose to accede to these conditions, there was nothing which heart could desire upon earth that should not be his; and he would also be at liberty to assume an invisible or diabolic shape whenever he pleased.

Doctor Faustus exulted greatly on hearing these terms, so much that he paid not the least heed to the safety of his mortal soul, while the wily demon took advantage of his eager-

ness to impress upon him the necessity of stoutly maintaining these several articles to the rigor of the letter. For the Doctor imagined, like many other children of this world, that the devil was probably not quite so black and ill-favored as he is described, nor his place of residence so uncomfortable as we suppose.

### THIRD DISPUTATION BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND HIS DEMON, RELATING TO THE PROPOSED TREATY.

After having executed the proposed deed, the Doctor summoned his familiar demon to his presence, ordering him to appear as a minor friar, with hood and skellet, and also to give some token by which to announce his approach. He next inquired of him what was his name; to which the spirit replied, "My name is Mephistopheles." They then proceeded to business, when this audacious and godless man confirmed his abandonment of the true faith and the true God—even the Creator who had fashioned him from his birth. He entered into this devilish league, the sole causes of which were his towering pride and ambition, discontented with all he had already seen and known, and aspiring, like the giants of heathen fable, to heap mountain upon mountain until they should mount to the skies. Yes, even like his master, that bad angel who would have set himself above the Lord—a boldness and arrogance which drove him with shameful flight from his heavenly abode, showing how those who will climb the highest shall be sure to incur the heaviest fall. This headstrong ambition impelled Faustus to meet all the demon's wishes, executed in contracts duly signed and sealed, all which terrific deeds, along with other writings, were discovered in his house after his death. These last are what are here described in this history, as a timely warning to all good and prudent Christians, in order that they may be deterred from affording the devil any advantage, or in any way sporting with their lives and souls; a madness which brought those of Doctor Faustus into such bitter jeopardy and devilish servitude, never to have an end.

After each of the parties had become bound in their mutual contract, Faustus, taking a sharp knife, opened a vein in his left hand, of which it has been asserted, there was afterwards read, branded upon it, these words: "*Homo Fuge*, Shun him,

"O man, and do that which is right." In this way the Doctor let himself bleed into one of his crucibles, which he then placed as an experiment upon a hot coal fire, and finally wrote therefrom the following testimonial; To wit; —

"I, Johannes Faustus, D. D. et M. D., hereby acknowledge with my own hand, for the further assurance of this deed, that in consideration of the manifold services and instructions of every kind, not to be obtained from any living mortal, I accept for my familiar and faithful demon, the demon hight Mephistopheles, late Chargé d'Affaires to the infernal Prince of the Orient, but now subject to all my demands. Item, On the other hand, I do hereby hire and bind myself to him, after the expiration of four and twenty years from the date of this deed, that he may deal with me as he shall judge best; to govern, to handle, and to misguide in all that appertains to my life and soul, my good and my blood, renouncing all Christian communion upon earth, and all hope of celestial inheritance. Amen.

"As additional confirmation of the same, I consent to sign this contract with my own hand, as witness below, in my own blood, being at this present time of sound mind and understanding, rightly to will and to bequeath, etc.

"Subscribed,

"JOHANNES FAUSTUS, D. D. et M. D.,

*"Doctor of Divinity, and of Medicine, etc., experienced in all the Elements and Arts."*

#### A STRANGE VISIT FROM THE DEMON MEPHISTOPHELES, AND HIS EXHIBITION.

At the third dialogue, Doctor Faustus' demon announced his approach in a somewhat humorous style, in the following manner. He first went roaming through the whole house, like a man on fire, so that the beams and flames darted from him like arrows. And he was followed by a monkish procession, singing hymns, though no one could imagine what kind of a song it was they sung. But Faustus being greatly amused with this sort of exhibition, desired that the demon would not enter into the chamber until he had seen an end of the whole of this scene. Then forthwith was heard a battle-rout of swords and spears, as if at some mighty siege, so that it seemed as if the whole house was on the point of being assaulted and carried by storm. Next came riding by a splendid scene of



hunters and of hounds, all eager for the chase ; the horns blew, and a deer started forth, which was pursued until it sought refuge in the Doctor's room.

Then there rushed in after, a lion and a dragon, to dispute the prey, which presently commenced a fierce and bloody strife. The lion appeared full of irresistible strength and spirit, and yet he was at last overcome and slain by the other. Doctor Faustus' page afterwards said, that he had only seen a linkworm creeping over his book, quite jet black, and it crawled along the walls of the chamber, until at last chamber and all disappeared. Next were seen a beautiful peacock and peahen, as it were wreathed in one ; and first they separated and then they folded again together. Soon a great horned beast ran tilting at the Doctor, threatening to throw him aloft, but fell down and vanished just as it had reached his feet, and he was crying out stoutly for Mephistopheles. Indeed, it alarmed him not a little ; but next a large ape ran up and presented his paw to the Doctor ; it then sprang over his head and danced out of the room, at which he laughed heartily. Then followed a strong fog, which enveloped the whole room, so that he could hardly see. When this vanished, he found lying on the floor two huge bags, one full of silver and the other of gold. An organ now began to play, followed by a harpsichord, a lute, a violin, a harp, a bass viol, horns, drums, trumpets, with a variety of other instruments, all modulated and adapted to celestial voices, so much so that Doctor Faustus began to think that he was in Paradise. This music continued above an hour, and produced such an effect upon the Doctor's spirits, that he rather exulted than felt uneasy at the step he had just taken.

All these illusions, we may remark, were got up by the devil in order to confirm Doctor Faustus in his purpose, to harden and to lead him to fancy that he had not so much to dread as to enjoy in the infernal society into which he had entered. This exhibition being closed, Mephistopheles hastened into the Doctor's apartment, in semblance of a pious monk ; and Faustus said with a smile, " You have indeed treated me to some right strange and mérry scenes. These are what I like, and they have pleased me well. Only continue such mad work as this, my Mephistopheles, and count upon me rather as a friend than a master." Mephistopheles replied, " Oh, there was nothing to admire here ; I shall serve you in more important matters by-and-by, I hope, than these, provided you only observe your part of the engage-

ment; sights which will excite your utmost astonishment." The Doctor answered by presenting him with a copy of the contract; while Mephistopheles, on his side, insisted that Faustus should preserve another copy by him, to prevent all chance of litigation or mistake.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES' APPRENTICESHIP TO DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

All good Christians may easily conjecture what was the situation of the Doctor, deserted by the Lord and all the heavenly host, after having delivered his blood-signed contract into the demon's hands. a contract which no honest pious householder would put his name to, being more like the act of a fiend than of a mortal.

Doctor Faustus now resided in the house which had been his uncle's, and which the latter had bequeathed to him. There too he had taken into his service a young student as his secretary and attendant, a knowing rogue of the name of Christoffel Wagenar, who liked the sort of sport he saw, too easily imbibing his master's example, who promised to make him an expert fellow. And this was no difficult task, as, like most young people, he was well inclined to avail himself of such lessons as his master taught. Excepting this hopeful youth and his familiar demon, Faustus would have no boarders in his house. Mephistopheles still attended upon his master in the shape of a monk, and he was accustomed always to summon him as he sat in his study, which he constantly kept closed.

The Doctor next began to indulge in very luxurious living, feasting upon rarities, and eating and drinking only of the best. For when he wished to have the best wine, he sent his familiar to the cellars of the most distinguished personages of the place, as those of a certain prince, of the Duke of Beijiren, and of the Bishop of Salzburg, whereby they were all considerably diminished. By the same method he obtained the most costly meats, cooked by the same magical arts, as his demon could convey them with the swiftness of a bird, and dart as quickly through an open window.

Thus all the houses and palaces of the neighboring counts and princes, and all their best furnished tables, were laid under contribution; insomuch that the Doctor and his secretary appeared in elegant apparel, the clothes and silks having been ordered upon commission by his demon, who visited the shops

at Nuremberg, at Strasburg, and at Frankfort, in the night, taking very long credit for his pains. The same happened to the shoemakers, and numerous others among the operatives, who have all so strong a prejudice against this kind of sale of their articles during the night. And, in short, though they were stolen, they were always something excellent and good in their way; while Mephistopheles evaded all informations and pursuits.

For these services his familiar was to receive twenty-five crowns per week, amounting to an annual income of thirteen hundred, with which Mephistopheles was quite content. Doctor Faustus now continued to lead the life of a confirmed epicurean both by day and night, until he lost all notion of heaven and hell, and flattered himself that life and soul would alike perish together. His familiar had long been persuading him to enter into a demoniacal association, previous to naturalizing himself in the infernal state; to which his master, heedless of everything but good cheer, and conceiving the whole little more than an idle imagination, or mere fudge, at length consented, and said, "Let my name be entered in your books, friend Mephistopheles, come what will, as soon as you please." Mephistopheles next advised him to think of adding to his establishment by taking to himself a wife. "Stop," cried Faustus, laughing, "that is a more serious consideration, friend; it will require some more discussion." And the demon joined heartily in his laugh.

Scarcely, however, had he adopted his first proposal and finished these words, when a violent storm of wind shook the house, as if everything was about to fall topsy-turvy. The doors and windows sprang ajar, and there was so strong a smell of sulphur that any one would have thought the whole house was on fire. Doctor Faustus attempted to run downstairs, but found himself seized by a strong arm, and pushed back into the room with so much violence that he could move neither hand nor foot. A blaze of fire encircled him on all sides, as if ready to consume him, and he cried out for Mephistopheles with all his might, to assist, to save, and to obey him. Upon this the devil himself appeared, but in such grisly and savage forms as quite terrified the Doctor. "What is the meaning of all this," exclaimed Satan, "howling like a dog? what think you now?" The Doctor, aware that he must have in some way infringed upon his compact with Mephistopheles, very humbly entreated the devil's pardon, to which the Prince of Darkness briefly replied, "Then

see you better to it, and stick to your promise, I advise you!" and with this he disappeared.

Mephistopheles now attended his master and said, "As long, sir, as you continue true to your engagements, you may always rely upon my anticipating your wishes, in everything most agreeable; and in proof of this, you shall every evening be presented with a lady of such surprising beauty, as not to be exceeded by anything you have ever seen in this city. Cast your eye on all sides, choose where and whom you will, and the same shall be sure to attend upon your pleasure." This proposal consoled and pleased Doctor Faustus exceedingly, and he greatly regretted that he had so long continued in his single and unsociable state. Henceforward his head was full of nothing but beautiful women both day and night, insomuch that the devil had no further trouble in keeping him to his promise (for the Doctor had just before been plotting to save himself by retiring to a monastery and leading a chaste single life, which had so greatly enraged the devil), whereas he now considered the whole of his previous life, unenlivened by the charms of female society, as little better than lost. One favorite succeeded to another; he never dreamed of one and the same during four and twenty hours, and the devil triumphed in the success of his plan.

## FAUSTUS.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, English dramatist and predecessor of Shakespeare, was the son of a shoemaker of Canterbury, where he was born 1563 or 1564. Having completed his studies in Cambridge, he settled in London and attached himself as dramatist to the "Lord Admiral's Company." Of his subsequent career there is no definite information, but he is said to have led a dissipated life, and was killed by a serving man in a tavern brawl at Deptford (May, 1593). His principal dramatic works are: "Tamburlaine," "Dr. Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II." There are indications that he assisted in writing some of the earlier Shakespearian plays, particularly "Henry VI." Included in his poetical works are the unfinished "Hero and Leander" (completed by George Chapman), and the popular ditty, "Come, live with me and be my love," frequently quoted and imitated by later writers.]

*Scene: FAUSTUS discovered in his Study.*

**Faustus**—Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned:  
And canst thou not be saved?

What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?  
 Away with such vain fancies, and despair;  
 Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:  
 Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:  
 Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,  
 "Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"  
 Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.  
 To God? He loves thee not;  
 The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,  
 Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub:  
 To him I'll build an altar and a church,  
 And offer lukewarm blood of newborn babes.

*Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.*

*Good Angel —*

Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

*Faustus —*

Contrition, prayer, repentance — what of them?

*Good Angel —*

O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

*Evil Angel —*

Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,

That make men foolish that do trust them most.

*Good Angel —*

Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

*Evil Angel —*

No, Faustus; think of honor and of wealth.

*[Exeunt Angels.]*

*Faustus —*

Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,

What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;

Cast no more doubts. — Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer; —

Is't not midnight? — Come, Mephistophilis,

*Veni, veni, Mephistophile.*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

*Mephistophilis —*

That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,

So he will buy my service with his soul.

*Faustus —*

Already Faustus hath hazarded that or thee.

*Mephistophilis* —

But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,  
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;  
For that security craves great Lucifer.  
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

*Faustus* —

Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good  
Will my soul do thy lord?

*Mephistophilis* —

Enlarge his kingdom.

*Faustus* —

Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

*Mephistophilis* —

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

*Faustus* —

Why, have you any pain that torture others?

*Mephistophilis* —

As great as have the human souls of men.  
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?  
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,  
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

*Faustus* —

Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

*Mephistophilis* —

Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,  
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day  
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;  
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

*Faustus* [*stabbing his arm*] —

Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,  
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood  
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,  
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!  
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,  
And let it be propitious for my wish.

*Mephistophilis* —

But, Faustus, thou must  
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

*Faustus* —

Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,  
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

*Mephistophilis* —

I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

[*Exit.*

*Faustus* —

What might the staying of my blood portend?  
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?  
*Faustus gives to thee his soul:* ah, there it stayed!  
 Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?  
 Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

*Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.*

*Mephistophilis* —

Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

*Faustus* —

So, now the blood begins to clear again;

Now will I make an end immediately. [Writes.

*Mephistophilis* —

O, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [Aside.

*Faustus* —

*Consummatum est*, this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

*Homo fuge*: whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ; —

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

*Homo fuge*: yet shall not Faustus fly.

*Mephistophilis* —

I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[Aside, and then exit.

*Enter WAGNER.*

*Wagner* —

I think my master means to die shortly,

For he hath given to me all his goods:

And yet, methinks, if that death were near,

He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill

Amongst the students, as even now he doth,

Who are at supper with such bellycheer

As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.

See, where they come! belike the feast is ended. [Exit.

*Enter FAUSTUS with two or three Scholars, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

*First Scholar* — Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived; therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the

world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

*Faustus —*

Gentlemen,  
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,  
And Faustus's custom is not to deny  
The just request of those that wish him well,  
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,  
No otherways for pomp and majesty  
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,  
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.  
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.*

*Second Scholar —*

Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,  
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

*Third Scholar —*

No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued  
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,  
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

*First Scholar —*

Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,  
And only paragon of excellence,  
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed  
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

*Faustus —*

Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

[*Exeunt Scholars.*

*Enter an Old Man.*

*Old Man —*

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail  
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,  
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal  
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!  
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,  
Tears falling from repentant heaviness  
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,  
To stench whereof corrupts the inward soul  
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin  
As no commiseration may expel,  
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Savior sweet,  
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

*Faustus —*

Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?



Damned art thou, Faustus, damned ; despair and die !  
 Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice  
 Says, " Faustus, come ; thine hour is almost come ;"  
 And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.

*Old Man* —

Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate stabs !  
 I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,  
 And, with a vial full of precious grace,  
 Offers to pour the same into thy soul :  
 Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

*Faustus* —

Ah, my sweet friend, I feel  
 Thy words to comfort my distressed soul !  
 Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

*Old Man* —

I go, sweet Faustus ; but with heavy cheer,  
 Fearing the ruin of thy hapless soul.

[*Exit.*

*Faustus* —

Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now ?  
 I do repent ; and yet I do despair :  
 Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast :  
 What shall I do to shun the snares of death ?

*Mephistophilis* —

Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul  
 For disobedience to my sovereign lord :  
 Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

*Faustus* —

Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord  
 To pardon my unjust presumption,  
 And with my blood again I will confirm  
 My former vow I made to Lucifer.

*Mephistophilis* —

Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,  
 Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

*Faustus* —

Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,  
 That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,  
 With greatest torments that our hell affords.

*Mephistophilis* —

His faith is great ; I cannot touch his soul ;  
 But what I may afflict his body with  
 I will attempt, which is but little worth.

*Faustus* —

One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,

To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—  
 That I might have unto my paramour  
 That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,  
 Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean  
 Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,  
 And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

*Mephistophilis* —

Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,  
 Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

*Reënter HELEN.*

*Faustus* —

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium? —  
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. — [*Kisses her.*  
 Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies! —  
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.  
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,  
 And all is dross that is not Helena.  
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,  
 Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;  
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,  
 And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest;  
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,  
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.  
 O, thou art fairer than the evening air  
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;  
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter  
 When he appeared to hapless Semele;  
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;  
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Old Man.*

*Old Man* —

Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,  
 That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,  
 And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

*Enter Devils.*

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:  
 As in this furnace God shall try my faith,  
 My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.  
 Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile

At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!  
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt — on one side Devils, on the other, Old Man.*]

*Enter FAUSTUS, with Scholars.*

*Faustus* — Ah, gentlemen!

*First Scholar* — What ails Faustus?

*Faustus* — Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

*Second Scholar* — What means Faustus?

*Third Scholar* — Belike he is grown into some sickness by being oversolitary.

*First Scholar* — If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. — 'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

*Faustus* — A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

*Second Scholar* — Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

*Faustus* — But Faustus' offense can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertén-berg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell forever, hell, ah, hell, forever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell forever?

*Third Scholar* — Yet, Faustus, call on God.

*Faustus* — On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

*All* — Who, Faustus?

*Faustus* — Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

*All* — God forbid!

*Faustus* — God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

*First Scholar* — Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

*Faustus* — Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

*Second Scholar* — O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

*Faustus* — Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

*Third Scholar* — God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

*First Scholar* — Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

*Faustus* — Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

*Second Scholar* — Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

*Faustus* — Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

*All* — Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt Scholars. — The clock strikes eleven.*]

*Faustus* —

Ah, Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,

And then thou must be damned perpetually!

- Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,  
That time may cease, and midnight never come;  
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make  
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but  
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

O, I'll leap up to my God! — Who pulls me down? —

See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ! —

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer! —

Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!

No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth:

Earth, gape! O no, it will not harbor me!

You stars that reigned at my nativity,  
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,  
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,  
 Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud[s],  
 That, when you vomit forth into the air,  
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,  
 So that my soul may but ascend to heaven !

*[The clock strikes the half-hour.]*

Ah, half the hour is past ! 'twill all be past anon.

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,  
 Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,  
 Impose some end to my incessant pain ;  
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,  
 A hundred thousand, and at last be saved !  
 O, no end is limited to damnèd souls !  
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?  
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?  
 Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,  
 This soul should fly from me, and I be changed  
 Unto some brutish beast ! all beasts are happy,  
 For, when they die,  
 Their souls are soon dissolved in elements ;  
 But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.  
 Cursed be the parents that engendered me !  
 No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer  
 That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

*[The clock strikes twelve.]*

O, it strikes, it strikes ! Now, body, turn to air,  
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell !

*[Thunder and lightning.]*

O soul, be changed into little water drops,  
 And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found !

*Enter Devils.*

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me !  
 Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile !  
 Ugly hell, gape not ! come not, Lucifer !  
 I'll burn my books ! — Ah, Mephistophilis !

*[Exeunt Devils with FAUSTUS.]*

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chorus —*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
 'And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,

That some time grew within this learnèd man.  
 Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,  
 Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,  
 Only to wonder at unlawful things,  
 Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits  
 To practice more than heavenly power permits.

[*Exit.*]

*Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.*



## A MALTESE MILLIONAIRE.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

(From "The Jew of Malta.")

BARABAS *discovered in his Countinghouse, with Heaps of Gold before him.*

*Barabas —*

So that of thus much that return was made:  
 And of the third part of the Persian ships,  
 There was the venture summed and satisfied.  
 As for those Sabans, and the men of Uz,  
 That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,  
 Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.  
 Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash.  
 Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay  
 The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,  
 Whereof a man may easily in a day  
 Tell that which may maintain him all his life.  
 The needy groom that never fingered groat,  
 Would make a miracle of thus much coin:  
 But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,  
 And all his lifetime hath been tired,  
 Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,  
 Would in his age be loath to labor so,  
 And for a pound to sweat himself to death.  
 Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,  
 That trade in metal of the purest mold;  
 The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks  
 Without control can pick his riches up,  
 And in his house heap pearls like pebblestones,  
 Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;  
 Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, and amethysts,

Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,  
 Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,  
 And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,  
 As one of them indifferently rated,  
 And of a carat of this quantity,  
 May serve in peril of calamity  
 To ransom great kings from captivity.  
 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;  
 And thus methinks should men of judgment frame  
 Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,  
 And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose  
 Infinite riches in a little room.  
 But now how stands the wind?  
 Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?<sup>1</sup>  
 Ha! to the east? yes: see, how stand the vanes?  
 East and by south: why then I hope my ships  
 I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles  
 Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks:  
 Mine argosies from Alexandria,  
 Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,  
 Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore  
 To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.  
 But who comes here?

*Enter a Merchant.*

How now?

*Merchant—*

Barabas, thy ships are safe,  
 Riding in Malta road: and all the merchants  
 With other merchandise are safe arrived,  
 And have sent me to know whether yourself  
 Will come and custom them.<sup>2</sup>

*Barabas—*

The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught.

*Merchant—*

They are.

*Barabas—*

Why then go bid them come ashore,  
 And bring with them their bills of entry:  
 I hope our credit in the customhouse  
 Will serve as well as I were present there.

<sup>1</sup> A stuffed kingfisher (the halcyon), suspended by a string, was supposed to show the direction of the wind. *Halcyon days* were *calm days*, the belief being that the weather was always calm when kingfishers were breeding.

<sup>2</sup> Pay the duties.

Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,  
And twenty wagons to bring up the ware.  
But art thou master in a ship of mine,  
And is thy credit not enough for that?

*Merchant* —

The very custom barely comes to more  
Than many merchants of the town are worth,  
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

*Barabas* —

Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man:  
Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

*Merchant* —

I go.

*Barabas* —

So then, there's somewhat come.  
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

*Merchant* —

Of the "Speranza," sir.

*Barabas* —

And saw'st thou not  
Mine argosy at Alexandria?  
'Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire,  
But at the entry there into the sea,  
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,  
'Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

• *Merchant* —

I neither saw them, nor inquired of them:  
But this we heard some of our seamen say,  
They wondered how you durst with so much wealth  
Trust such a crazed vessel, and so far.

*Barabas* —

Tush, they are wise! I know her and her strength.  
But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,  
And bid my factor bring his loading in. [*Exit Merchant.*]  
And yet I wonder at this argosy.

*Enter a second Merchant.*

*Second Merchant* —

Thine argosy from Alexandria,  
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta road,  
Laden with riches, and exceeding store  
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

*Barabas* —

How chance you came not with those other ships  
That sailed by Egypt?

*Second Merchant* —

Sir, we saw 'em not.



*Barabas* —

Belike they coasted round by Candy shore  
About their oils, or other businesses.  
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far  
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

*Second Merchant* —

Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,  
That never left us till within a league,  
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

*Barabas* —

O! — they were going up to Sicily: —  
Well, go,  
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch  
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharged.

*Second Merchant* —

I go.

[*Exit.*]

*Barabas* —

Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,  
And thus are we on every side enriched:  
These are the blessings promised to the Jews,  
And herein was old Abram's happiness:  
What more may heaven do for earthly man  
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,  
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,  
Making the seas their servants, and the winds  
To drive their substance with successful blasts?  
Who hateth me but for my happiness?  
Or who is honored now but for his wealth?  
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,  
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:  
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,  
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,  
Which methinks fits not their profession.  
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,  
And for his conscience lives in beggary.  
They say we are a scattered nation:  
I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up  
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith. .  
I must confess we come not to be kings;  
That's not our fault: alas, our number's few,  
And crowns come either by succession,  
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,  
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.  
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christian kings,  
That thirst so much for principality.

PIERCE PENILESSE HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE  
DIVELL.

BY THOMAS NASHE.

[THOMAS NASHE was one of the ablest of the professional men of letters in Shakespeare's time — pamphleteer, poet, and playwright. He was born about 1564, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, 1585. He died about 1601. Of his numerous works, including a war of satire with Gabriel Harvey in which his wit and gayety are conspicuous, the "Supplication of Pierce Penilesse" is best remembered.]

## PREFACE.

HAVING spent manie yeeres in studying how to live, and livde a long time without mony: having tired my youth with follie, and surfetted my minde with vanitie, I began at length to looke backe to repentaunce, & addresse my endeavors to prosperitie: But all in vaine, I sate up late, and rose earely, contented with the colde, and conversed with scarcitie: for all my labours turned to losse, my vulgar Muse was despised and neglected, my paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I my selfe (in prime of my best wit) laid open to povertie. Whereupon (in a malecontent humor) I accused my fortune, raild on my patrones, bit my pen, rent my papers, & ragde in all points like a mad man. In which agony tormenting my selfe a long time, I grew by degrees to a milder discontent: and pausing a while over my standish, I resolved in verse to paynt forth my passion: which, best agreeing with the vaine of my unrest, I began to complaine in this sort: —

Why is't damnation to dispaire and dye,  
When life is my true happinesse disease?  
My soule, my soule, thy safetie makes me flie  
The faultie meanes, that might my paine appease.  
Divines and dying men may talke of hell,  
But in my heart, her severall torments dwell:

Ah worthlesse Wit, to traine me to this woe,  
Deceitfull Artes, that nourish Discontent:  
Ill thrive the Follie that bewicht me so:  
Vaine thoughts adieu, for now I will repent.  
And / yet my wantes perswade me to proceede,  
Since none takes pitie of a Scholler's neede.

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,  
 And ban the aire, wherein I breathe a Wretch:  
 Since Miserie hath daunted all my mirth,  
 And I am quite undone through promise-breach.  
 Oh frends, no frends, that then ungently frowne,  
 When changing Fortune casts us head-long downe.

Without redresse complaynes my carelesse verse,  
 And Mydas-cares relent not at my moane:  
 In some farre Land will I my griefes reherse,  
 Mongst them that will be mov'd when I shall groane.  
 England (adien) the Soyle that brought me foorth,  
 Adieu unkinde, where skill is nothing woorth.

These Rymes thus abruptly set downe, I tost my imagination a thousand waies, to see if I could finde any meanes to relieve my estate: But all my thoughts consorted to this conclusion, that the world was uncharitable, & I ordained to be miserable. Thereby I grew to consider how many base men that wanted those partes which I had, enjoyed content at will, & had wealth at command: I calde to minde a Cobler, that was worth five hundred pound, an Hostler that had built a goodly Inne, & might dispense forty pounds yerely by his Land, a Carre-man in a lether pilche, that had whipt out a thousand pound out of his horse taile: and have I more witte than all these (thought I to my selfe)? am I better borne? am I better brought up? yea, and better favored? and yet I am a begger? What is the cause? how am I crost, or whence is this curse?

Even from hence, that men that should employ such as I am, are enamoured of their own wits, and think whatever they do is excellent, though it be never so scurvie; that Learning (of the ignorant) is rated after the value of the inke and paper: and a Scrivener better paid for an obligation, than a Scholler for the best Poeme he can make; that everie grosse brainde Idiot is suffered to come into print, who if he set foorth a Pamphlet of the praise of Pudding-pricks, or write a Treatise of Tom Thumme, or y<sup>e</sup> exploits of Untrusse; it is bought up thicke & three-folde, when better things lie dead. How then can we chuse but be needy, when ther are so many droans amongst us? or ever prove rich, y<sup>t</sup> toile a whole yeare for faire looks?

Gentle Sir Philip Sidney, thou knewst what belongd to a Scholler, thou knewest what paines, what toile, what travell, conduct to perfection: wel couldst thou give every Vertue his

encouragement, every Art his due, every writer his desert : cause none more vertuous, witty, or learned than thy selfe.

But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory, too few to cherish the Sonn of the Muses, or water those budding hopes with their plentie, which thy bountie erst planted.

Beleeve me, Gentlemen, for some crosse mishappes, have taught me experience, there is not that strickt observation of honour, which hath bene heretofore. Men of great calling take it of merite, to have their names eternizde by Poets ; and whatsoever pamphlet or dedication encounters them, they put it up their sleeves, and scarce give him thankses that presents it. Much better is it for those golden Pens to raise such ungratefull Peasants from the Dung-hill of obscuritie, and make them equal in fame to the Worthies of olde, when their doting selfe-love shall challenge it of dutie, and not onely give them nothing themselves, but impoverish liberalitie in others.

This is the lamentable condition of our 'Times, that men of Arte must seek almes of Cormorants, & those that deserve best, be kept under by Dunces, who count it a policie to keep them bare, because they should follow their bookes the better : thinking belike, that, as preferment hath made themselves idle, that were earst painfull in meaner places, so it wold likewise slacken the endeavours of those Students, that as yet strive to excell in hope of advauncement. A good policie to suppress superfluous liberalitie. But, had it bene practised when they were promoted, the Yeomandry of the Realme had been better to passe than it is, and one Droane should not have driven so manie Bees from their hony-combes.

I, I, weele give loosers leave to talke: it is no matter what *Sic probo* and his pennillesse companions prate, whilst we have the gold in our coffers: this is it that will make a knave an honest man, & my neighbour Cramptons stripling a better Gentleman than his Grand sier. O it is a trim thing when Pride, the sonne, goes before, & Shame, the father, followes after. Such presidents there are in our Cōmon-wealth a great many ; not so much of them whome learning & Industrie hath exalted, (whome I prefer before *Genus et proavos*) as of Carterly upstarts, that out-face Towne & Countrey in their velvets, when Sir Rowland Russet-coat, their dad, goes sagging every day in his round gascoynes of white cotton, & hath much a do (poore pennie-father) to keepe his unthrifit elbowes in reparations.

Marry, happy are they, say I, that have such fathers to worke for them, whilst they plaie: for where other men turne over manie leaves to get bread and cheese in their olde age, and studie twentie yeares to distill golde out of incke, our yooing maisters doo nothing but devise how to spend and aske counsaile of the wine and capons, how they may quickliest consume their patrimonies. As for me, I live secure from all such perturbations: for (thanks bee to God) I am *vacuus viator* and care not, though I meete the Commissioners of New-market-heath at high midnight, for any crosses, Images, or pictures that I carry about mee, more than needes.

Than needes, quoth I, nay, I would be ashamde of it, if *Opus & Usus* were not knocking at my doore twentie times a weeke when I am not within: the more is the pitie, that such a franke Gentleman as I, should want; but, since the dice doo runne so untowardly on my side, I am partly provided of a remedy. For wheras, those that stand most on their honour, have shut up their purses, & shift us off with court-hollie-bread: & on the other side, a number of hypocriticall hot-spurres, that have GOD alwayes in their mouthes, will give nothing for Gods sake: I have clapt up a handsome supplication to the Divell, and sent it by a good fellow, that I know will deliver it.

And because you may belceve mee the better, I care not if I acquaint you with the circumstance.

I was informd of late daies, that a certaine blinde Retailer called the Divell, used to lend money upon pawnes or any thing, and would let one for a neede have a thousand poundes uppon a Statute Merchaunt of his soule: or if a man plide him throughly, would trust him uppon a Bill of his hand, without any more circumstaunce. Besides, he was noted for a privie Benefactor to Traytors and Parasites, and to advaunce fooles and asses farre sooner than any: to be a greedie pursuer of newes, and so famous a Politician in Purchasing, that Hel, which at the beginning was but an obscure Village, is now become a huge citie, wherunto all cuntryes are Tributary.

These manifest conjectures of Plentie, assembled in one common-place of ability, I determined to clawe Avarice by the elboe, til his full belly gave me a full hand, and let him blood with my pen (if it might be) in the veine of liberality: and so (in short time) was this Paper-monster, Pierce Penillesse, begotten.



## THE SUPPLICATION.

To the high and mightie Prince of Darknesse,  
 Donsell dell Lucifer, King of Acheron, Stix,  
 and Phlegeton, duke of Tartary, mar-  
 quesse of Cocytus, and Lord  
 high Regent of Lymbo:  
 his distressed

Orator, Pierce Penillesse, wisheth encrease of damna-  
 tyon and malediction eternall, per Jesum Christum  
 Dominum Nostrum.

Most humbly sueth unto your sinfulness, your single soald  
 Orator, Pierce Penillesse : that whereas your impious excellence  
 hath had the poore tennement of his purse any time this halfe  
 yeer for your dauncing schoole, and he (notwithstanding) hath  
 received no penny nor crosse for farme, according to the usuall  
 manner, it may please your gracelesse Majestie to consider of  
 him, and give order to your servant Avarice he may be dis-  
 patched: insomuch as no man heere in London can have a  
 dauncing schoole without rent, and his wit and knavery cannot  
 be maintained with nothing. Or, if this be not so plausible to  
 your honourable infernalship, it might seeme good to your  
 helhood to make extent upon the soules of a number of unchari-  
 table Cormorants, who, having incurd the daunger of a Premu-  
 nire with meddling with matters that properly concerne your  
 owne person, deserve no longer to live (as men) amongst men,  
 but to bee incorporated in the society of divells. By which  
 meanes the mightie controller of fortune and imperious sub-  
 verter of desteny, delicious gold, the poore man's God, and  
 Idoll of Princes (that lookes pale and wanne through long  
 imprisonment) might at length be restored to his powrfull  
 Monarchie, and eftsoon bee sette at liberty, to helpe his friends  
 that have neede of him.

I knowe a great sort of good fellowes that would venture  
 farre for his freedom, and a number of needy Lawyers (who  
 now mourn in threedbare gownes for his thraldome) that would  
 goe neere to poison his keepers with false Latine, if that might  
 procure his enlargement: but inexorable yron detaines him in  
 the dungeon of the night, so that (poore creature) hee can  
 neither traffique with the Mercers and Tailers as he wont, nor  
 dominere in Tavernes as he ought.

Famine, Lent, and dessolation, sit in onyonskind jackets before the doore of his indurance, as a Chorus in the Tragedy of Hospitality, to tell hunger & poverty thers no reliefe for them there : and in the inner part of this ugly habitation stands Greedinesse, prepared to devoure all that enter, attyred in a Capouch of written parchment, buttond downe before with Labels of waxe, and lin'd with sheepes fells for warmenes : his cap furd with cats skinnes, after the Muscovie fashion, and all to be tasseld with Angle-hookes, in stead of Aglets, ready to catch hold of all those to whom hee shewes any humblenes : for his breeches, they were made of the lists of broad cloaths, which he had by letters pattents assured him and his heyres, to the utter overthrowe of Bowcases and cushin makers, and bumbasted they were, like Beere barrells, with statute Marchants and forfeitures : but of all, his shooes were the strangest, which, being nothing else but a couple of crab shells, were toothd at the toes with two sharp sixpennie nailes, that digd up every dunghill they came by for gold, and snarld at the stones as hee went in the street, because they weare so common for men, women, and children, to tread upon, and hee could not devise how to wrest an odde fine out of any of them.

Thus walks hee up and downe all his life time, with an yron crow in his hand instead of a staffe, and a Sarjants Mace in his mouth, (which night and day he gnaws upon) and either busies himselfe in setting silver line twigs, to entangle yoong Gentlemen, and casting foorth silken shraps, to catch Woodcocks, or in syving of Muckehills and shop-dust, whereof he will boult a whole cartload to gaine a bowd Pinne.

On the other side, Dame Niggardize, his wife, in a sedge rugge kirtle, that had beene a mat time out of minde, a coarse hempen raile about her shoulders, borrowed of the one end of a hop-bag, an apron made of Almanackes out of date, (such as stand upon screens, or on the backside of a dore in a Chandlers shop) & an old wives pudding pan on her head, thrumd with the parings of her nailes, sate barrelling up the droppings of her nose, in steede of oil, to saime wool withall, and would not adventure to spit without halfe a dozen of porrengers at her elbow.

The house, (or rather the hell) where these two Earth-wormes encaptived this beautifull Substaunce, was vast, large, strong built, and well furnished, all save the Kitchin : for that was no bigger than the Cooks roome in a ship, with a little

court chimney, about the compasse of a Parenthesis in proclamation-print; then judge you what diminutive dishes came out of this doves-neast. So likewise, of the Buttrie: for whereas in houses of such stately foundation, that are built to outward shewe so magnificent, every Office is answerable to the Hall, which is principall, there the Buttrie was no more but a blind Cole-house, under a paire of stayres, wherein (uprising & down lying) was but one single kilderkin of small beere, that wold make a man, with a carrouse of a spooneful, runne through an Alphabet of faces. Nor usd they any glasses or cups (as other men), but onely little farthing ounce boxes, whereof one of them fild up with froath (in manner and forme of an Ale-house) was a meales allowance for the whole houshold. It were lamentable to tell what miserie the Rattes and Myce endured in this hard world: how, when all supply of vitualls failed them, they went a Boot-haling one night to Sinior Greedinesse bed-chamber, where finding nothing but emptines and vastitie, they encountred (after long inquisitiō) with a cod-peece. . . . Uppon that they set, and with a couragious assault rent it cleane away from the breeches, and then carried it in triumph, like a coffin, on their shoulders betwixt them. The verie spiders and dust weavers, that wont to set up their loomes in every windowe, decaied and undone through the extreame dearth of the place, (that affoorded them no matter to worke on) were constrained to breake, against their wills, and goe dwell in the countrey, out of the reach of the broome and the wing: and generally, not a flea nor a cricket that carried anie brave minde, that would stay there after he had once tasted the order of their fare. Onely unfortunate golde (a predestinat slave to drudges and fooles) lives in endlesse bondage ther amongst them, and may no way be releast, except you send the rot halfe a yeare amongst his keepers, and so make them away with murrion, one after another.

O but a far greater enormitie raigneth in the heart of the Court: Pride, the perverter of all Vertue, sitteth appareled in the Merchants spoiles, and ruine of yoong Citizens, and scorneth Learning, that gave their up-start Fathers titles of Gentry.

All malcontent sits the greasie sonne of a Cloathier, and complaines (like a decaied Earle) of the ruine of ancient houses: whereas, the Weavers loomes first framed the web of his honour, and the locks of wool, that bushes and brambles have tooke for



toule of insolent sheepe, that would needs strive for the wall of a fir-bush, have made him of the tenths of their tarre, a Squier of low degree : and of the collections of the scatterings, a Justice, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, of Peace and of Coram. Hee will bee humorous, forsooth, and have a broode of fashions by himselfe. Sometimes (because Love commonly weares the liverie of Witte) hee will be an *Inamorato Poeta*, and sonnet a whole quire of paper in praise of Lady Swin-snout, his yeolow-fac'd Mistres, and weare a feather of her rain-beaten fanne for a favor, like a scree-horse. Al *Italionato* is his talke, and his spade peake is as sharpe as if he had been a Pioner before the walls of Roan. Hee will despise the barbarisme of his owne Countrey, and tell a whole Legend of lyes of his travailes unto Constantinople. If he be challenged to fight, for his delaterye excuse, hee objects that it is not the custome of the Spaniard, or the Germaine, to looke backe to every dog that barkes. You shall see a dapper Jacke, that hath beene but over at Deepe, wring his face round about, as a man would stirre up a mustard pot, and talk English through the teeth, like Jaques Scabd-hams, or Monsieur Mingo de Moustrap : when (poore slave) he hath but dipt his bread in wilde Boares greace, and come home againe : or beene bitten by the shinnes by a Wolfe : and faith, he hath adventured uppon the Barricadoes of Gurney, or Guingan, and fought with the yoong Guise hand to hand.

Some thinke to be counted rare Politicians and Statesmen, by beeing solitary : as who should say, I am a wise man, a brave man, *Secreta mea mihi : Frustra sapit, qui sibi non sapit* : and there is no man worthy of my companie or friendship : when, although he goes ungartred like a malecontent Cutpursse, and wearres his hat over his eies like one of the cursed crue, yet cannot his stabbing dagger, or his nittie love-locke, keepe him out of the Legend of fantastick cockscombs. I pray ye, good Mounsier Divell, take some order, that the stretches be not pestered with them so as they are. Is it not a pitiful thing that a fellow that eates not a good meales meat in a weeke, but beggereth his belly quite and cleane, to make his backe a certaine kind of a brokerly Gentleman : and nowe & then (once or twice in a Tearme) comes to the eighteene pence Ordenary, because hee would be seen amongst Cavaliers and brave courtiers, living otherwise all the yeere long with salt Butter & Holland cheese in his chamber, should take uppe a scornfull melancholy in his gate and countenance, course

& talke, as though our common-welth were but a mockery of government, and our Majestrates fooles, who wronged him in not looking into his deserts, not imploying him in State matters, and that, if more regard were not had of him very shortly, the whole Realme should have a misse of him, & he would go (I mary would he) where he should be more accounted off.

Is it not wonderfull ill-provided, I say, that this disdainfull companion is not made one of the fraternity of Foole, to talke before great States, with some olde mothe-eaten Polititian, of mending high waies, and leading Armies into Fraunce?

A young Heyre, or Cockney, that is his Mothers darling, if he have playde the waste-good at the Innes of the Court, or about London, and that neither his Students pension, nor his unthriftes credite, will serve to maintaine his Collidge of whores any longer, falles in a quarrelling humor with his fortune, because she made him not King of the Indies, and sweares and stares, after ten in the hundreth, that nere a such Pesant, as his Father or brother, shall keepe him under: hee will to the sea, and teare the gold out of the Spaniards throats, but he will have it, byrladie: and when he comes there, poore soule, hee lyes in brine, in Balist, and is lamentable sicke of the scurvies: his daintie fare is turned to a hungry feast of Dogs and Cats, or Haberdine and poore John, at the most, and which is the lamentablest of all, that without Mustard.

As a mad Russion, on a time, being in daunger of shipwrack by a tempest, and seeing all other at their vowes and praiers, that if it would please God, of his infinite goodnesse, to delyver them out of that imminent daunger, one woulde abjure this sinne whereunto he was adicted: an other, make satisfaction for that vyolence he had committed: he, in a desperate jest, began thus to reconcile his soule to heaven.

O Lord, if it may seeme good to thee to deliver me from this feare of untimely death, I vowe before thy Throne, and all thy starry Host, never to eate Haberdine more whilst I live.

Well, so it fell out, that the sky cleared and the tempest ceased, and this carelesse wretche, that made such a mockery of praier, readie to set foote a Land, cryed out: not without Mustard, good Lord, not without Mustard: as though it had been the greatest torment in the world, to have eaten Haberdine without Mustard. But this by the way, what pennance can be

greater for Pride, than to let it swinge in hys owne halter? *Dulce bellum inexpertis*: theres no man loves the smoake of his owne Countrey, that hath not been syngde in the flame of another soyle. It is a pleasant thing, over a full pot, to read the fable of thirstie Tantalus: but a hard matter to digest salt meates at Sea, with stinking water.

Anoth misery of Pride it is, when men that have good parts, and beare the name of deepe scholars, cannot be content to participate one faith with all Christendome, but, because they will get a name to their vaine-glory they will set their selfe-love to study to invent new sects of singularity, thinking to live when they are dead, by having their sects called after their names, as Donatists of Donatus, Arrians of Arrius, & a number more new faith-founders, that have made England the exchange of Innovations, & almost as much confusion of Religion in every Quarter, as there was of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel. Whence, a number that fetch the Articles of their Beleefe out of Aristotle, & thinke of heaven and hell as the Heathen Philosophers, take occasion to deride our Ecclesiasticall State, all ceremonies of Divine worship, as bug-beares and scar-crowes, because (like Herodes souldiers) we divide Christs garment amongst us in so many peeces, and of the vesture of salvation make some of us Babies & apes coates, and others straight trusses & Divells breeches: some gally-gascoines, or a shipmans hose, like the Anabaptists & adulterous Familists: others with the Martinists, a hood with two faces, to hide their hypocrisie: and, to conclude, some, like the Barrowists and Greenwodians, a garment full of the plague, which is not to be worne before it be new washt.

Hence Atheists triumph and rejoyce, and talke as prophanely of the Bible, as of Bevis of Hampton. I heare say there be Mathematitions abroad that will proove men before Adam, and they are harboured in high places, who will maintaine it to the death, that there are no divells.

It is a shame (senior Belzibub!) that you should suffer your selfe thus to be tearmed a bastard, or not approve to your predestinate children, not only that they have a father, but that you are hee that must owne them. These are but the suburbs of the sinne we have in hand: I must describe to you a large cittie, wholly inhabited with this damnable enormitie.

## THE GROATSWORTH OF WIT.

BY ROBERT GREENE.

[ROBERT GREENE, one of the band of bohemian *littérateurs*, wits, and adventurers who form a remarkable feature of Elizabeth's time, was born at Norwich in 1560, and died in 1592 of a debauch, wholly deserted, after a disreputable but not infertile life. He wrote plays, romances, and poems: the best are his songs and eclogues, but he is chiefly remembered now for the bitter attack on Shakespeare in the work published at his dying request, "Greene's Groatsworth of Wit purchased with a Million of Repentance," and the retraction it brought from the publisher later on. Both are given here.]

GREENE will send you now his groatsworth of wit, that never shewed a mites-worth in his life: and though no man now be by, to doe me good, yet ere I die, I will by my repentance indeavour to doe all men good.

Deceiving world, that with alluring toyes,  
 Hast made my life the subject of thy scorne:  
 And scornest now to lend thy fading joyes.  
 To lengthen my life, whom friends have left forlorne.  
 How well are they that die ere they be borne,  
 And never see thy sleights, which few men shun,  
 Till unawares the helplesse are undon.

Oft have I sung of love, and of his fire;  
 But now I finde that Poet was advizde,  
 Which made full feasts increasers of desire,  
 And prooves weake love was with the poore despizde.  
 For when the life with foode is not suffizde,  
 What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,  
 What pleasance, can proceede from such a wight?

Witnesse my want, the murderer of my wit;  
 My ravisht sense, of woonted furie reft,  
 Wants such conceit, as should in Poims fit.  
 Set downe the sorrow wherein I am left:  
 But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft:  
 Because so long they lent them me to use,  
 And I so long their bountie did abuse.

O that a yeare were granted me to live,  
 And for that yeare my former wits restorde:  
 What rules of life, what counsell would I give?  
 How should my sinne with sorrow be deplored?  
 But I must die of every man abhorde.

Time loosely spent will not againe be wonne,  
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

O *horrenda-fames*, how terrible are thy assaultes : but *Vermis conscientie*, more wounding are thy stings. Ah, gentlemen, that live to reade my broken and confused lines, looke not I should (as I was woont) delight you with vaine fantasies, but gather my follies altogether, and, as you would deale with so many parricides, cast them into the fire : call them Telegones, for now they kill their father, and everie lewd line in them written, is a deep piercing wound to my heart ; every idle houre spent by any in reading them, brings a million of sorrowes to my soule. O that the teares of a miserable man (for never any man was yet more miserable) might wash their memorie out with my death ; and that those works with me together might be interd. But sith they cannot, let this my last worke witnes against them with me, how I detest them. Blacke is the remembrance of my blacke works, blacker then night, blacker then death, blacker then hell.

Learne wit by my repentance (Gentlemen) and let these fewe rules following be regarded in your lives.

First, in all your actions set God before your eyes ; for the feare of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom : Let his word be a lanterne to your feete, and a light unto your paths, then shall you stand as firme rocks, and not be mocked.

Beware of looking backe, for God will not be mocked ; of him that hath received much, much shall be demanded. . . .

If thou be poore, be also patient, and strive not to grow rich by indirect means ; for goods so gotten shall vanish away like smoke. . . .

If thou be a sonne or servant, despise not reproofe ; for though correction be bitter at the first, it bringeth pleasure in the end.

Had I regarded the first of these rules, or beene obedient at the last ; I had not now at my last ende, beene left thus desolate. But now, though to my selfe I give *Consilium post facta* ; yet to others they may serve for timely precepts. And therefore (while life gives leave) will send warning to my olde consorts, which have lived as loosely as myselfe ; albeit weakenesse will scarce suffer me to write, yet to my fellowe Schollers about this Cittie, will I direct these few insuing lines.

*To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintance,  
that spend their wits in making plaies, R. G.  
wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom  
to prevent his extremities.*

IF WOFULL experience may moove you (Gentlemen) to beware, or unheard of wretchednes intreate you to take heed: I doubt not but you will looke backe with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not, (for with thee will I first begin) thou famous gracer of Tragedians, that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his heart, There is no God, should now give glorie unto his greatnesse; for, penetrating is his power, his hand lies heauiie upon me, he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have left, he is a God that can punish enimies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver? Is it pestilent Machivilian pollicie that thou hast studied? O punish follie! What are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time, the generation of mankind. For if *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, hold in those that are able to command: and if it be lawfull *Fas & nefas* to doe any thing that is beneficiall; onely Tyrants should possesse the earth; and they, striving to exceede in tyranny, should each to other bee a slaughter man; till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age man's life should ende. The brother of this Diabolicall Atheisme is dead, and in his life had never the felicitie he aimed at: but as he began in craft, lived in feare, and ended in despaire. *Quum inscrutabilia sunt Dei iudicia?* This murderer of many brethren, had his conscience seared like Caine: this betrayer of him that gave his life for him, inherited the portion of Judas: this Apostata perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou, my friend, be his Disciple? Looke unto me, by him perswaded to that libertie, and thou shalt finde it an infernall bondage. I knowe the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but wilfull striving against knowne truth, exceedeth al the terrors of my soule. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremitie; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I joyne young Juvenall, that byting Satyrist, that lastlie with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweete boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inveigh against vaine men, for thou canst do it, no

man better, no man so wel : thou hast a libertie to reprove all, and name none : for one being spoken to, al are offended ; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage ; tread on a worrne, and it will turne : then blame not schollers vexed with sharpe lines, if they reprove thy too much libertie of reprove.

And thou no lesse deserving then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour ; driven (as my selfe) to extreame shifts ; a little have I to say to thee : and were it not an idolatrous oth, I would sweare by sweet S. George, thou art unworthie better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned : for unto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleave : those Puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they al have beene beholding : is it not like that you, to whome they all have beene beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken ? Yes, trust them not : for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you : and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might intreate your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses : & let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer, and the kindest of them all wil never prove a kinde nurse : yet, whilst you may, seeke you better Masters ; for it is pittie men of such rare wits, should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram Gentlemen : but let their owne works serve to witnesse against their owne wickednesse, if they persever to maintaine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leave them to the mercie of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them : for the rest, if skills not though they make a jeast at them.

But now returne I againe to you three, knowing my miserie is to you no news : and let me heartily intreate you to bee warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths ; for, from the blasphemers house, a curse

shall not depart. Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Flie lust, as the deathsmān of the soule, and defile not the Temple of the holy ghost. Abhorre those Epicures, whose loose life hath made religion lothsome to your eares; and when they sooth you with tearmes of Maistership, remember Robert Greene, whome they have often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many Tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintaine; these with wind-puft wrath may be extinguisht, which drunkennes put out, which negligence let fall; for mans time of it selfe is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it; there is no substance left for life to feede on. Trust not then (I beseech yee) to such weake staies: for they are as changeable in minde, as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forst to leave where I would begin: for a whole booke cannot containe their wrongs, which I am forst to knit up in some few lines of words.

*Desirous that you should live, though  
himselfe be dying.*

ROBERT GREENE.

#### CHETTLE'S APOLOGY FOR THE FOREGOING.

##### *To the Gentlemen Readers.*

IT HATH beene a custome, Gentle men, (in my mind commendable) among former Authors (whose workes are no lesse beautified with eloquente phrase, than garnished with excellent example) to begin an exordium to the Readers of their time: much more convenient I take it, should the writers in these daies (wherein that gravitie of enditing by the elder excercised, is not observ'd, nor that modest decorum kept, which they continued) submit their labours to the favourable censures of their learned overseers. For seeing nothing can be said, that hath not been before said, the singularitie of some mens conceits, (otherwayes excellent well deserving) are no more to be soothed, than the peremptorie posies of two very sufficient Translators commended. To come in print is not to seeke praise, but to crave pardon; I am urg'd to the one; and bold



to begge the other : he that offendes, being forst, is more excusable than the wilfull faultie ; though both be guilty, there is difference in the guilt. To observe custome, and avoide as I may, cavill, opposing your favors against my feare, Ile shew reason for my present writing, and after proceed to sue for pardon. About three moneths since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry Booke sellers hands, among other his Groatworth of wit, in which a letter written to divers play-makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken ; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a living Author : and after tossing it two and fro, no remedy, but it must light on me. How I have all the time of my conversing in printing hindred the bitter inveying against schollers, it hath been very well knowne ; and how in that I dealt, I can sufficiently proove. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be : The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have usde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the Author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than be exelent in the qualitie he professes : Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that aprooves his Art. For the first, whose learning I reverence, and at the perusing of Greenes Booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ ; or had it beene true, yet to publish it, was intollerable ; him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve. I had onely in the copy this share : it was il written, as sometimes Greenes hand was none of the best ; licensd it must be, ere it could bee printed, which could never be if it might not be read. To be brieve, I writ it over ; and as neare as I could, followed the copy ; onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in ; for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine nor Maister Nashes, as some unjustly have affirmed. Neither was he the writer of an Epistle to the second part of Gerileon, though by the workemans error T. N. were set to the end : that I confesse to be mine, and repent it not.

Thus Gentlemen, having noted the private causes that made me nominate my selfe in print ; being aswell to purge Maister Nashe of that he did not, as to justifie what I did, and withall

to confirme what M. Greene did : I beseech yee accept the public-like cause, which is both the desire of your delight, and common benefite : for though the toye bee shadowed under the Title of Kind-hearts Dreame, it discovers the false hearts of divers that wake to commit mischiefe. Had not the former reasons been, it had come forth without a father : and then shuld I have had no cause to feare offending, or reason to sue for favor. Now am I in doubt of the one, though I hope of the other ; which if I obtaine, you shall bind me hereafter to bee silent, till I can present yee with something more acceptable.

HENRIE CHETTLÉ

## POEMS OF JOHN DONNE.

[1573-1631.]

[JOHN DONNE, English clergyman and poet, son of a rich London merchant from an old Welsh Catholic family, was born in 1573 ; studied at Oxford from eleven to fourteen, at Cambridge later, but could not graduate on account of his religion. Studying for the bar at seventeen, he investigated points of faith and turned Protestant. He wrote nearly all his poems before coming of age. He traveled abroad 1594-1597, returned and became secretary to Lord Keeper Egerton (Lord Ellesmere), afterward lord chancellor ; but on the discovery of his secret marriage with Egerton's niece, the Lord Keeper discharged and imprisoned him, and he had to recover his wife by a suit at law. After various wanderings and random employments he wrote "The Pseudo-martyr," against the Catholics ; and James I., admiring it, advised him to take orders, and after sending him on an embassy to his daughter, the Queen of Bohemia, made him dean of St. Paul's and vicar of St. Dunstan's. He died in 1631.]

### VALEDICTION, FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As VIRTUOUS men pass mildly away,  
And whisper to their souls to go,  
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,  
"The breath goes now," and some say, "No" ;

So let us melt and make no noise,  
No tear floods nor sigh tempests move,  
'Twere profanation of our joys,  
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears ;  
Men reckon what it did and meant ;

But trepidation of the spheres,  
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lover's love  
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit  
Absence, because it doth remove  
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined  
That ourselves know not what it is,  
Inter-assurèd of the mind,  
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,  
Though I must go, endure not yet  
A breach, but an expansion,  
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

#### THE UNDERTAKING.

I have done one braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did;  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart  
The skill of specular stone,  
When he, which can have learned the art  
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,  
Others (because no more  
Such stuff to work upon there is)  
Would love but as before:

But he who loveliness within  
Hath found, all outward loathes;  
For he who color loves, and skin,  
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do  
Virtue [attired] in woman see,  
And dare love that, and say so too,  
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placèd so,  
From profane men you hide,

Which will no faith on this bestow,  
Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing  
Then all the Worthies did,  
And a braver thence will spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

TO SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;  
Linn anywhere; continuance maketh Hell.  
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,  
Carrying his own house still, is still at home:  
Follow (for he's easy paced) this snail,  
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.  
But in the world's sea do not like cork sleep  
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep  
Sink like a lead without a line: but as  
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,  
Nor making sound, so closely thy course go;  
Let men dispute whether thou breathe or no:  
Only in this be no Galenist. To make  
Court's hot ambitions wholesome, do not take  
A dram of country's dullness; do not add  
Correctives, but as chymics purge the bad.

HIS WILL.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,  
Great Love, some legacies; here I bequeath  
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,  
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;  
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;  
To women, or the sea, my tears;  
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore  
By making me serve her who had twenty more,  
That I should give to none, but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give,  
My truth to them who at the court do live;  
Mine ingenuity and openness  
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;  
My silence to any, who abroad hath been;  
My money to a Capuchin.  
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me

To love there, where no love received can be,  
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;  
All my good works unto the schismatics  
Of Amsterdam; my best civility  
And courtship, to an university;  
My modesty I give to shoulders bare;  
My patience let gamesters share.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me  
Love her that holds my love disparity,  
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those  
Which were my friends; my industry to foes;  
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;  
My sickness to physicians, or excess;  
To Nature, all that I in rhyme have writ;

And to my company my wit;  
Thou, Love, by making me adore  
Her, who begot this love in me before,  
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I did but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls  
I give my physic books; my written rolls  
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;  
My brazen medals, unto them which live  
In want of bread; to them which pass among

All foreigners, my English tongue,  
Thou, Love, by making me love one  
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion  
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more; but I'll undo  
The world by dying; because love dies too.  
Then all your beauties will be no more worth  
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;  
And all your graces no more use shall have  
Than a sun dial on a grave.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me  
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,  
To invent and practice this one way to annihilate all three.

## ANTONIO AND SHYLOCK: THE TRIAL.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

(From "The Merchant of Venice.")

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, April, 1564 ; died there, April 23, 1616. About 1587 he went to London and became an actor. By 1589 he collaborated in play-writing ; about 1593 he began to work alone, later reviving his plays with others' work expunged. "Love's Labour's Lost" (1589) was his first, "King Henry VIII." (1613) his last. He was a theater manager for many years, but perhaps retired a year or two before death.]

*Scene: Venice. — A Court of Justice.*

*Present: DUKE, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, and others.*

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke —*

Make room, and let him stand before our face. —  
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, mere strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But, touched with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back ;  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never trained  
To offices of tender courtesy.  
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shylock —*

I have possessed your grace of what I purpose ;  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :

But, say, it is my humor: Is it answered?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?  
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;—  
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose  
Cannot contain their urine: For affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:  
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a swollen bagpipe; but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

*Bassanio* —

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shylock* —

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bassanio* —

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shylock* —

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bassanio* —

Every offense is not a hate at first.

*Shylock* —

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*Antonio* —

I pray you, think you question with the Jew;  
You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use questions with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
His Jewish heart: — Therefore, I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no further means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bassanio* —

For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

*Shylock* —

If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke* —

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?

*Shylock* —

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?  
You have among you many a purchased slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them: — Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?  
Why sweat they under burdens ? Let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be seasoned with such viands. You will answer,  
The slaves are ours: — So do I answer you:  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:  
If you deny me, fie upon your law !  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:  
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it ?

*Duke* —

Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Salarino* —

My lord, here stays without

A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*Duke* —

Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

*Bassanio* —

Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ? courage yet !  
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Antonio* —

I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:



You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk. Presents a Letter.*

[Clerk reads.] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

*Portia* —

I did, my lord.

*Duke* —

You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

*Portia* —

I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke* —

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Portia* —

Is your name Shylock?

*Shylock* —

Shylock is my name.

*Portia* —

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

[To ANTONIO.]

*Antonio* —

Ay, so he says.

*Portia* —

Do you confess the bond?

*Antonio* —

I do.

*Portia* — Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shylock* —

On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Portia* —

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above his sceptered sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke this much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shylock* —

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Portia* —

Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bassanio* —

Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;  
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong:  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Portia* —

It must not be: there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*Shylock* —

A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel! —  
O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

*Portia* —

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shylock* —

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Portia* —

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

*Shylock* —

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
No, not for Venice.

*Portia* —

Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart: — Be merciful;  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shylock* —

When it is paid according to the tenor. —  
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Antonio* —

Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Portia* —

Why then, thus it is:  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shylock* —

O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Portia* —

For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shylock* —

'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Portia* —

Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shylock* — Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond; — Doth it not, noble judge? —  
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

*Portia* —  
It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh.

*Shylock* — I have them ready.

*Portia* —  
Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shylock* —  
Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Portia* —  
It is not so expressed: But what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shylock* —  
I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Portia* —  
Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

*Antonio* —  
But little; I am armed, and well prepared. —  
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honorable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,  
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bassanio* —  
Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Portia* —

Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gratiano* —

I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Nerissa* —

'Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shylock* —

These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;  
'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside*]  
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Portia* —

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shylock* —

Most rightful judge!

*Portia* —

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shylock* —

Most learned judge! — A sentence; come, prepare.

*Portia* —

Tarry a little; — there is something else.  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gratiano* —

O upright judge! — Mark, Jew; — O learned judge!

*Shylock* —

Is that the law?

*Portia* —

Thyself shall see the act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,  
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.

*Gratiano* —

O learned judge! — Mark, Jew; — a learned judge!

*Shylock* —

I take this offer then; — pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bassanio* — Here is the money.

*Portia* —

Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! — no haste; —  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gratiano* —

O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Portia* —

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound, — be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair, —  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gratiano* —

A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Portia* —

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shylock* —

Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bassanio* —

I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Portia* —

He hath refused it in the open court;  
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

*Gratiano* —

A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel —  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shylock* —

Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Portia* —

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shylock* —

Why then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Portia* —

Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —  
If it be proved against an alien,  
That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,  
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half  
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:  
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
 That indirectly, and directly too,  
 Thou hast contrived against the very life  
 Of the defendant: and thou hast incurred  
 The danger formerly by me rehearsed.  
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke



## IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

By SHAKESPEARE.

(From "As You Like It.")

*Duke —*

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
 This wide and universal theater  
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in.

*Jaques —*

All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

\* \* \* \* \*

CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

*Corin*—And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

*Touchstone*—Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Corin*—No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touchstone*—Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Corin*—No, truly.

*Touchstone*—Then thou art damned.

*Corin*—Nay, I hope.

*Touchstone*—Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Corin*—For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touchstone*—Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Corin*—Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touchstone*—Instance, briefly; come, instance.



*Corin* — Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touchstone* — Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Corin* — Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touchstone* — Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

*Corin* — And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touchstone* — Most shallow man! thou worm's meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Corin* — You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touchstone* — Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Corin* — Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touchstone* — That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ORLANDO and ROSALIND.

*Orlando* — Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Rosalind* — With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orlando* — Are you native of this place?

*Rosalind* — As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orlando* — Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Rosalind* — I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed the whole sex withal.

*Orlando* — Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Rosalind* — There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orlando* — I prithee, recount some of them.

*Rosalind* — No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orlando* — I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Rosalind* — There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orlando* — What were his marks?

*Rosalind* — A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue; then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orlando* — Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Rosalind* — Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. . . .

*Orlando* — I would not be cured, youth.

*Rosalind* — I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind* and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orlando* — Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

*Rosalind* — Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orlando* — With all my heart, good youth.

*Rosalind* — Nay, you must call me *Rosalind*. Come, sister, will you go?  
[*Exeunt.*]

## HAMLET IN THE CHURCHYARD.

By SHAKESPEARE.

[Hamlet, for whose love Ophelia has gone mad and drowned herself, meets her funeral cortège at the burial ground.]

*Enter Two Clowns, with spades, etc.*

1 *Clown* — Is she to be buried in Christian burial that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown* — I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clown* — How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

2 *Clown* — Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown* — It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clown* — Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clown* — Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown* — But is this law?

1 *Clown* — Ay, marry, is't; Crowner's Quest law.

2 *Clown* — Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

1 *Clown* — Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. — Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown* — Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown* — A' was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown* — Why, he had none.

1 *Clown* — What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says *Adam digged*: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself —

2 *Clown* — Go to.

1 *Clown* — What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown* — The gallows maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown* — I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown* — *Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?*

1 *Clown* — Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown* — Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown* — To't.

2 *Clown* — Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, afar off.*

1 *Clown* — Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say a *grave maker*: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Second Clown.*]

[*He digs and sings.*]

*In youth, when I did love, did love,*

*Methought it was very sweet,*

*To contract, oh! the time, for, ah! my behoove,*

*Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.*

*Hamlet* — Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave making?

*Horatio* — Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Hamlet* — 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clown* [*sings*] —

*But age, with his stealing steps,*

*Hath clawed me in his clutch,*

*And hath shipped me intil the land,*

*As if I had never been such.*

[*Throws up a skull.*]

*Hamlet* — That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Horatio* — It might, my lord.

*Hamlet* — Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good morrow, sweet lord!* How dost thou, sweet lord? This might be my lord Such-a-

one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; — might it not?

*Horatio* — Ay, my lord.

*Hamlet* — Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clown* [*sings*] —

*A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,  
For and a shrouding sheet:  
O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

[*Throws up another skull.*]

*Hamlet* — There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

*Horatio* — Not a jot more, my lord.

*Hamlet* — Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

*Horatio* — Ay, my lord, and of calfskins too.

*Hamlet* — They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. — Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clown* — Mine, sir. [*Sings.*]

*O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

*Hamlet* — I think it be thine, indeed: for thou liest in't.

1 *Clown* — You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

*Hamlet* — Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clown* — 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Hamlet* — What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clown* — For no man, sir.

*Hamlet* — What woman, then?

1 *Clown* — For none, neither.

*Hamlet* — Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clown* — One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Hamlet* — How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave maker?

1 *Clown* — Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Hamlet* — How long is that since?

1 *Clown* — Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Hamlet* — Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clown* — Why, because a' was mad: a' shall recover his wits there; or, if a' do not, it's no great matter there.

*Hamlet* — Why?

1 *Clown* — 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

*Hamlet* — How came he mad?

1 *Clown* — Very strangely, they say.

*Hamlet* — How *strangely*?

1 *Clown* — Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Hamlet* — Upon what ground?

1 *Clown* — Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Hamlet* — How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clown* — I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die, a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Hamlet* — Why he more than another?

1 *Clown* — Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a' will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

*Hamlet* — Whose was it?

1 *Clown* — A mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

*Hamlet* — Nay, I know not.

1 *Clown* — A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Hamlet* — This?

1 *Clown* — E'en that.

*Hamlet* — Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! — I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now

how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chopfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. — Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Horatio* — What's that, my lord?

*Hamlet* — Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Horatio* — E'en so.

*Hamlet* — And smelt so? pah! *[Puts down the skull.]*

*Horatio* — E'en so, my lord.

*Hamlet* — To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Horatio* — 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Hamlet* — No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

Oh that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the king.

*Enter Priests, etc., in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES, and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, etc.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?

And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

For do its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark.

*[Retiring with HORATIO.]*

*Laertes* —

What ceremony else?

*Hamlet* —

That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

*Laertes* —

What ceremony else?





## **Lear in the Storm**

From an old mezzotint





1 *Priest* —

Her obsequies have been as far enlarged  
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;  
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged  
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,  
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:  
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,  
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

*Laertes* —

Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest* —

No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead  
To sing a requiem and such rest to her  
As to peace parted souls.

*Laertes* —

Lay her i' the earth:

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

*Hamlet* —

What, the fair Ophelia!

*Queen* —

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]



## THE DEATH OF KING LEAR.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

*Enter LEAR with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Captain, and others following.*

*Lear* —

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever!  
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

*Kent* —

Is this the promised end?

*Edgar* —

Or image of that horror?

*Albany* —

Fall, and cease!

*Lear* —

This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent* —

O my good master!

*Lear* —

Prithee, away.

*Edgar* —

'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear* —

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!  
I might have saved her! now she's gone forever!  
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!  
What is't thou say'st? — Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman. —  
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

*Captain* —

'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear* —

Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion  
I would have made them skip. I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you?  
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.

*Kent* —

If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,  
One of them we behold.

*Lear* —

This's a dull sight. — Are you not Kent?

*Kent* —

The same,

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

*Lear* —

He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;  
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

*Kent* —

No, my good lord; I am the very man, —

*Lear* —

I'll see that straight.

*Kent* —

That from your first of difference and decay  
Have followed your sad steps. —

*Lear* —

You are welcome hither.

*Kent* —

Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly.  
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

*Lear* —

Ay, so I think.

*Albany* —

He knows not what he says: and vain it is  
That we present us to him.

*Edgar* —

Very bootless.

*Enter a Captain.*

*Captain* —

Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Albany* —

That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power. — [*To EDGAR and KENT*] You, to  
your rights;

With boot, and such addition as your honors

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

*Lear* —

And my poor Fool is hanged! No, no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.

Do you see this? Look on her, — look, — her lips, —

Look there, — look there!

[*Dies.*]

*Edgar* —

He faints. — My lord, my lord.

*Kent* —

Break, heart; I prithee, break!

*Edgar* —

Look up, my lord.

*Kent* —

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

*Edgar* —

He is gone, indeed.

*Kent* —

The wonder is that he hath endured so long:

He but usurped his life.

*Albany* —

Bear them from hence. Our present business

Is general woe. — [*To KENT and EDGAR*] Friends of my  
soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

*Kent* —

I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me, I must not say no.

*Albany* —

The weight of this sad time we must obey;  
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
 The oldest hath borne most; we that are young  
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long. [*Dead march*]



## CALIBAN AND THE SAILORS.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

(From "The Tempest.")

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.*

*Caliban* —

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
 By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
 Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
 Out of my way, unless he bid them; but  
 For every trifle are they set upon me:  
 Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,  
 And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which  
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
 Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
 All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,  
 Do hiss me into madness: — Lo! now! lo!

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,  
 For bringing wood in slowly; I'll fall flat;  
 Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Trinculo* — Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any  
 weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the  
 wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul  
 bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did  
 before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud can-  
 not choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a  
 fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient

and fishlike smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is coming again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Stephano — I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore; —*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:  
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate:  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:  
She loved not the savor of tar or of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*Caliban — Do not torment me: O!*

*Stephano — What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As<sup>4</sup>proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.*

*Caliban — The spirit torments me: O!*

*Stephano — This is some monster of the isle with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.*



*Caliban* — Do not torment me, prithee;  
I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Stephano* — He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Caliban* —  
Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt  
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:  
Now Prosper works upon thee.

*Stephano* — Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

*Trinculo* — I should know that voice: It should be — But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me! —

*Stephano* — Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trinculo* — Stephano! —

*Stephano* — Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster! I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trinculo* — Stephano! — if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; — be not afraid, — thy good friend Trinculo.

*Stephano* — If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed. How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trinculo* — I took him to be killed with a thunder stroke: — But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

*Stephano* — Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Caliban* —  
These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.  
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:  
I will kneel to him.

*Stephano* — How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither?

swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Caliban* —

I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy

True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Stephano* — Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

*Trinculo* — Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Stephano* — Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trinculo* — O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Stephano* — The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon calf? how does  
thine ague?

*Caliban* —

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Stephano* — Out o' the moon, I do assure thee; I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Caliban* —

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;

My mistress showed me thee, thy dog and bush.

*Stephano* — Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trinculo* — By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afeard of him? — a very weak monster: — The man i' the moon? — a most poor credulous monster: — Well drawn, monster in good sooth.

*Caliban* —

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island:

And kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

*Trinculo* — By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Caliban* —

I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Stephano* — Come on, then; down and swear.

*Trinculo* — I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

*Stephano* — Come, kiss.

*Trinculo* — — but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

*Caliban* —

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

*Trinculo* — A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Caliban* —

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

*Stephano* — I prithee now lead the way, without any more talking. — *Trinculo*, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle. Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Caliban* — *Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.* [*Sings drunkenly.*]

*Trinculo* — A howling monster; a drunken monster.

*Caliban* —

*No more dams I'll make for fish;  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca... Caliban  
Has a new master — Get a new man.*



## PROSPERO'S FAREWELL.

(From "The Tempest.")

Our revels now are ended: these our actors  
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air,  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

## TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY BEN JONSON.

[BENJAMIN JONSON was born at Westminster about 1573, and received his early education at the Westminster School under William Camden. Becoming disgusted with the trade of bricklayer, to which his stepfather had trained him, he left home and served as a soldier in Flanders. Returning, by or before 1597 he became a player and playwright to "The Admiral's Men." "Every Man in his Humour" was successfully produced at the Globe in 1598, Shakespeare himself being in the cast, and Jonson thenceforth ranked with the foremost dramatists of the period. His first success was followed by "Cynthia's Revels," "The Poetaster," "Sejanus," "Volpone, or the Fox," "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Catiline," "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass." He wrote also masques and entertainments for James I. and Charles I., and received pensions from both. Palsy, dropsy, and perhaps Charles's embarrassments, cut off his resources, and he died poor in 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, where a tablet bears the inscription,

"O rare Ben Jonson."]

*To the Memory of my Beloved Master, William Shakespeare, and what  
he hath left us.*

To DRAW no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;  
For silliest ignorance on these would light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.  
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,  
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further off, to make thee room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,

I mean with great but disproportioned Muses :  
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
 Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.  
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
 From thence to honor thee I will not seek  
 For names ; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,  
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
 And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,  
 Leave thee alone for the comparison  
 Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,  
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time !  
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
 Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm !  
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !  
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
 But antiquated and deserted lie,  
 As they were not of nature's family.  
 Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.  
 For though the poet's matter nature be,  
 His art doth give the fashion ; and, that he  
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat  
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
 Upon the Muses' anvil ; tune the same,  
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;  
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn ;  
 For a good poet's made as well as born,  
 And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue, even so the race  
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines :  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our water yet appear.  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
 That did so take Eliza and our James!  
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!  
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,  
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,  
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like  
     night,  
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!



## BEN JONSON ON SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

I REMEMBER the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," he replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

There happened in my time one noble speaker [Bacon] who was full of gravity in his speaking; his language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His

hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end.

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want.



## TO CELIA.

BY BEN JONSON.

(From "The Forest.")

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
 Doth ask a drink divine:  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee,  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not withered be.  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent'st it back to me;  
 Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.

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